

Anne Lamott • Susan Griffin • Adrienne Rich • Fran Peavey

# W H O L E R E V I E W E A R T H

No. 86  
Summer 1995

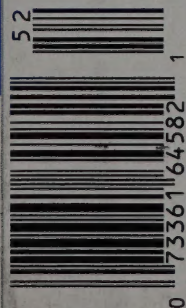
\$5.95

\$7.50 Canadian

Tools  
Ideas  
Books

## Oliver Sacks

*The Bedside Interview*



What Is Prosperity? • Houselessness and Homelessness  
Rheingold on the World Wide Web • The Bicycle As a Tool of Revolution  
Women and Water: Questions for the Ganges

# MATERIAL WORLD

RUSSIA

Remains of Empire

*The Kapralov Family*

2:00 P.M., DECEMBER 1, 1993 SUZDAL, RUSSIA

BIG PICTURE BY LOUIS PSIHOYOS AND JOHN KNOEBBER

## KAPRALOV FAMILY

Size of household  
4

Size of dwelling  
1,500 sq. ft. (140 sq. m.)

Number of  
Radios: 2, Stereos: 1,  
Telephones: 2,  
Televisions: 2, VCRs: 0,  
Automobiles: 1

Most valued  
possessions  
Domra (Mother)  
Video games, Conan Doyle  
novels  
(Oldest daughter)  
Stuffed animal,  
Barbie dolls  
(Youngest daughter)

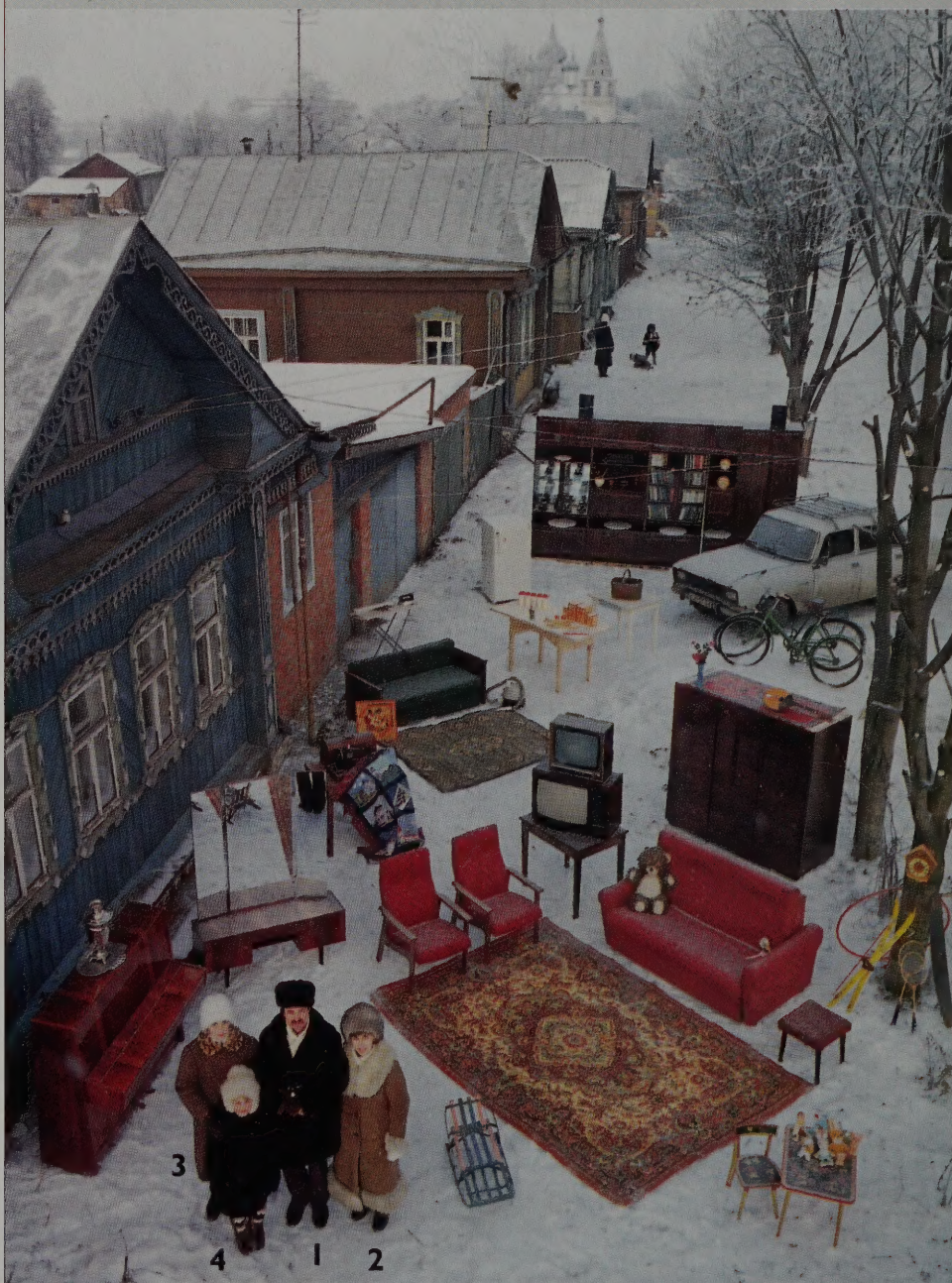
Per capita income (\$US)  
\$3,469

Percentage of  
Kapralov family income  
spent on food  
60%

... on clothing,  
household goods  
30%

Wishes for future  
To repair car, which will cost  
\$2,500 – \$3,000 (Mother)  
To have children live in  
society that has joined  
“mainstream of human  
civilization” (Mother)

1. Eugeny Kapralov,  
father, 37
2. Joanna Kapralov,  
mother, 36
3. Xenia Kapralov,  
daughter, 14
4. Anastasia Kapralov,  
daughter, 6



# A GLOBAL FAMILY PORTRAIT

## Objects in Photo

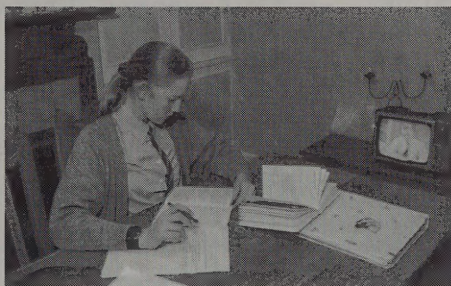
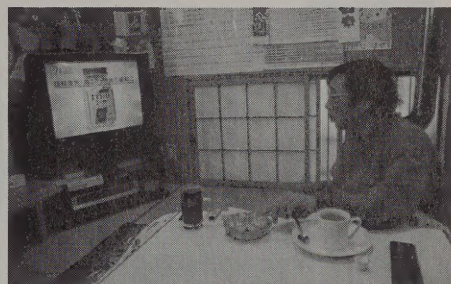
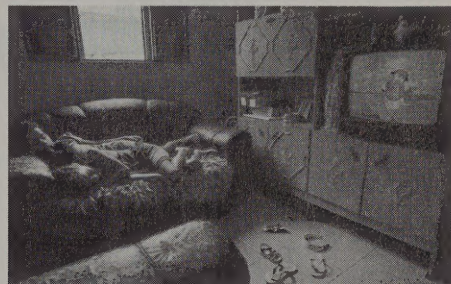
(Clockwise from lower left)

- Piano
- Samovar (heirloom urn to make tea)
- Dresser
- Full-length mirror (on dresser)
- Living-room chairs (2)
- Sewing machine and table
- Sewing-machine toolbox
- Quilt (on sewing machine)
- Rugs (2)
- Framed picture
- Sofa beds (2, 1 by each rug)
- Vacuum cleaner
- Ironing board and iron
- Garage
- Tables (2)
- Kitchen utensils, storage bins, pepper grinder (on table near 1st sofa bed)
- Wicker basket (on 2nd table)
- Refrigerator
- Large cabinet with china, serving utensils, stereo, books, icons (2), doilies (4)
- Family car
- Bicycles (2)
- Armoire for linens and blankets
- *Domra*
- Skis, hula-hoop, badminton rackets, saw, cuckoo clock (leaning against tree)
- Teddy bear and doll (on 2nd sofa bed)
- Ottoman (matches 2nd sofa bed)
- End table
- Televisions (2, on table)
- Child's table and chair
- Doll collection (on table)
- Sled

(Background)

- The Suzdal Kremlin (citadel), first built in twelfth century
- Cathedral of the Nativity of the Mother of God

## TELEVISIONS OF THE WORLD



IRAQ  
THAILAND  
ALBANIA  
GREAT BRITAIN

KUWAIT  
BRAZIL  
JAPAN  
MEXICO

*Material World* is reviewed on page 13.

# W H O L E R E V I E W E A R T H

NUMBER 86

SUMMER 1995



p. 110



## LIVELIHOOD

- 4 **What Is Prosperity?**  
*William Bryant Logan*
- 12 **To Invent What We Desire**  
*Adrienne Rich*
- 11 It's Not About a Salary  
• First Comes Love, Then Comes Money
- 13 Material World



## ECOLOGICAL DESIGN

- 14 **Designing Designers**  
*J. Baldwin*
- 17 Hindenburg • Beat This
- 18 Crossing Cultures • Beyond Dispute  
• Kinds of Power
- 19 A Dance with Death
- 20 The Creative Holography Index  
• Moonlight Chronicles
- 21 Diatoms to Dinosaurs  
• The Sand Dollar and the Slide Rule

## COVERS

**Front** \* The photograph of Oliver Sacks and the Eye was taken by William Mercer McLeod. The WER Design Department proceeded to pixelate the image using Photoshop.

**Back** \* Winslow Colwell's rendering of the Buckminsterfullerene molecule (C60). Buckyballs were accidentally "discovered" as a byproduct of another experiment; they may represent a major scientific breakthrough by virtue of their singular versatility. The molecule's extraordinary characteristics include the ability to be both superconducting and magnetic. Its hexagons and pentagons of carbon form a hollow, geodesic dome. See WER 76:54 for more.

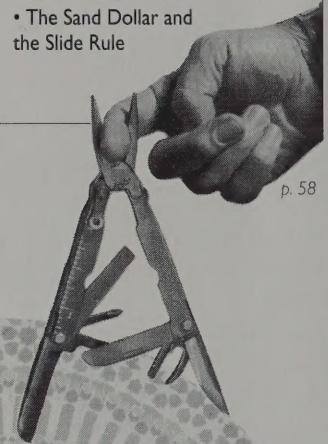
The Fuller quote is used by permission of the Buckminster Fuller Institute.



p. 22

## WHOLE SYSTEMS

- 22 **The Eros of Everyday Life**  
*Susan Griffin*
- 32 **Middle Eastern Women: After the Pioneers**  
*Mira Zussman*
- 34 **Music from the Middle East**  
*Tom McIntyre*
- 47 **Sex Bytes**  
*George Leonard*
- 28 Rocks from Space • Aurora  
• Astronomy for All Ages
- 29 Dynamics of Time and Space  
• To the Arctic
- 30 A Poetry Handbook  
• Reading Ruth
- 31 Found Treasures • Outercourse  
• Beyond God the Father
- 36 The Old-Time Herald • Fiddler
- 37 Stewart-MacDonald's  
• Fiddlers Crossing
- 38 World Music:  
The Rough Guide
- 39 Traveling Incognito  
• Jet Smart
- 40 Tao of Chaos  
• The Turquoise Bee
- 41 The Journey to the West  
• Monkey
- 42 A Different Mirror  
• Mama Lola • Pulling  
Our Own Strings
- 43 The Woman Who Fell  
From the Sky
- 44 Idols Behind Altars  
• Breath on the Mirror
- 45 The Flayed God
- 46 Fingers Pointing  
Toward the Sacred



p. 58



## SUSTAINABILITY

### 48 Women and Water: Questions for the Ganges

*Fran Peavey*

### 56 Liberation Notes From An Old Crank

*Jacquie Phelan*

### 60 The Age of Hedges

*Charles Elliott*

- 51 Insight and Action
- 52 Heart Politics
- 53 By Life's Grace • Stifled Laughter
- 54 The Indian Review of Books • Planetary Overload
- 55 Degrees of Disaster • A Thousand Leagues of Blue
- 58 Pipsqueak Pump 'n' Patch • Paratool • Sandflex • Tape Mate
- 59 Home Furniture • Treadle Flywheel Wood Lathe
- 62 4 Paws of Crab



p. 82



## LEARNING

### 90 Oliver Sacks: The Bedside Interview

*Tom McIntyre*

### 104 Pitbull

*J. D. Smith*

### 110 Field Notes

*Craig Childs*

- 94 An Anthropologist on Mars
- 101 Pacific Vista Productions
- 102 The Artist's Way • The Moral Animal
- 103 Subversive Laughter
- 106 The Wild Party • Kooks
- 107 Woosh
- 108 You Can't Be Too Careful • Death to Dust • The Body Atlas
- 109 The Body
- 111 Real Places



## COMMUNITY

### 66 Houselessness and Homelessness

*Jim Burklo*

### 72 Jaime De Angulo

*Hacsi Horvath*

### 76 Writing a Present

*Anne Lamott*

- 70 People of Color Environmental Groups Directory • Network to Reduce Overconsumption
- 71 A Book for Midwives • Crude Awakening
- 74 Selu: Seeking the Cornmother's Wisdom • Mabel McKay: Weaving the Dream
- 75 Standing in the Light
- 78 Fatheralong • Tales from the Crib
- 79 Journey to the Ants



## USING TECHNOLOGY

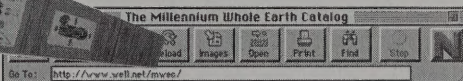
### 80 Rheingold Spins a New Web

### 84 MVEC on the WWW

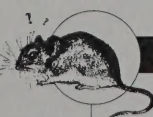
*Winslow Colwell*

### 86 How to Explore the World Wide Web Without Going Nuts

*Todd Tibbetts*



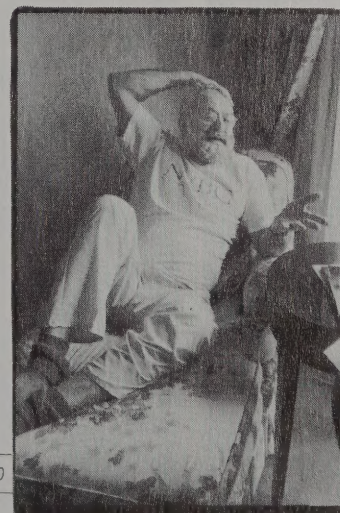
- 86 Teach Yourself Web Publishing with HTML in a Week
- 87 Painter 3.0 • Wacom ArtPad
- 88 The Secret Guide to Computers • just think
- 89 The Unix-Haters Handbook • Evolutionary Computation



## GATE 5 ROAD

### 112 1994 Index

- 120 Backscatter • MVEC Updates
- 122 Gossip • Masthead



Paul Whitehead

p. 90

- 124 Unclassifieds • Reader Services
- 126 Supporting Subscribers
- 128 Back Issues

This issue of WER was produced using Wacom ArtPads and ArtZ Digitalizing tablets. Complete reviews can be found on p. 87. Kathleen O'Neill's freehand self-portrait on that page was also done on her ArtPad.

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

*William Logan is writer-in-residence at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, in New York. He is also the author of a book about dirt. It's called *Dirt*, and it is forthcoming from Riverhead (a new division of Putnam, New York).*  
—JD



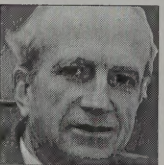
Ben Wattenberg



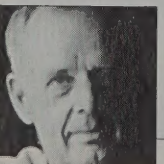
Thomas Power



Herman Daly



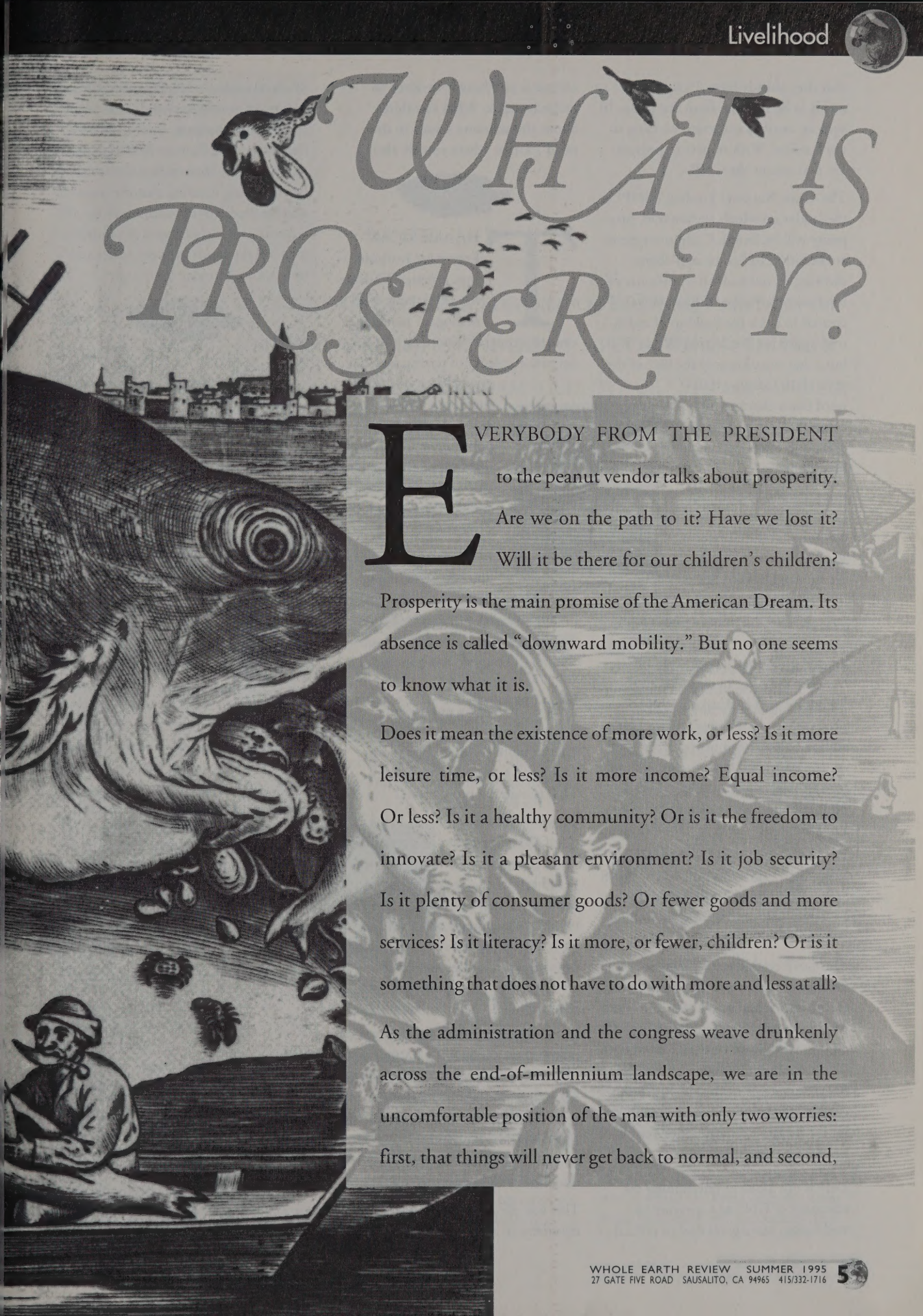
Gary Becker



Wendell Berry



Pieter Breughel, *Big Fish Devour Little Ones*.



# WHAT IS PROSPERITY?

**E**VERYBODY FROM THE PRESIDENT to the peanut vendor talks about prosperity. Are we on the path to it? Have we lost it? Will it be there for our children's children?

Prosperity is the main promise of the American Dream. Its absence is called "downward mobility." But no one seems to know what it is.

Does it mean the existence of more work, or less? Is it more leisure time, or less? Is it more income? Equal income? Or less? Is it a healthy community? Or is it the freedom to innovate? Is it a pleasant environment? Is it job security? Is it plenty of consumer goods? Or fewer goods and more services? Is it literacy? Is it more, or fewer, children? Or is it something that does not have to do with more and less at all?

As the administration and the congress weave drunkenly across the end-of-millennium landscape, we are in the uncomfortable position of the man with only two worries: first, that things will never get back to normal, and second,

that they already have. Prosperity seems to be slipping from our grasp. In such an anxious situation, we cling to the familiar. With respect to prosperity, that means the GNP.

The Gross National Product (GNP) is the ladder up which, we are told, prosperity will be found. Computers generate beautiful full-color step-charts showing its rise and fall. A measure of total monetary expenditures, it was created to chart the buildup of industrial might for the Second World War, but it has since become the idol of the guru class. Coaxing it upward like a charmer his cobra, the gurus exclaim, "See, don't you feel much better now!"

But do we? The IMF suggests that Venezuela increase its GNP to better service its debt; hundreds die in bread riots. A leaky underground gasoline tank poisons the soil at a defunct filling station. When the mess is cleaned up, the price goes straight into GNP. (As does the price of cleaning up the Valdez oil spill in Alaska.) A bridge needs repair, so it closes for two years, adding half an hour to your commute. All the associated costs — for you and for the bridge — are added to GNP. New jails are built to service the fallout from inner-city poverty; GNP keeps rising. Schools invest in metal detectors; see how prosperous we are! As the ozone shield weakens, sales of caps, sunglasses, and sunscreens skyrocket: what a boon to prosperity!

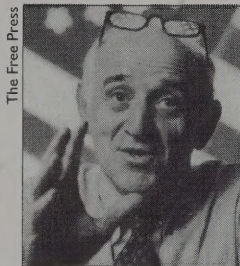
The GNP could best be imagined as a fat and constipated man. He keeps on eating both what is good for him and what is not. He gets fatter and sicker, and he can't figure out what is wrong. World Bank economist Herman Daly likes to quote John Ruskin with reference to the real meaning of the GNP. "It is," he says, "the gilded index of our far-reaching ruin."

Daly is not alone in questioning the adequacy of GNP as a measure of well-being, but a great deal of official

culture is still heavily invested in maintaining it. What you think about the measure seems to depend a lot on where you are sitting.



**T**HE AMERICAN Enterprise Institute, that premier Washington think tank, with its mahogany paneling, exudes prosperity according to one definition: plenty of terrific material goods. Even in the bathroom, one had to marvel at the electric shoe-polishing machine that bristled beneath a table atop which mouthwashes and face lotions sat on a silver tray.



The Free Press

Ben Wattenberg

In the corner office of fellow Ben Wattenberg — Washington's optimistic-in-chief, among whose recent titles is *The Good News Is The Bad News Is Wrong* — I popped the question: What is prosperity?

"When I'm talking prosperity," Wattenberg said, "I am talking more wealth, more ability to buy more goods and services with less work. That is material prosperity."

That is just the sort of well-being that GNP is geared to measure. But Wattenberg himself was dissatisfied with his answer. "It does not measure happiness," he went on. "It measures typically the absence of specific miseries." A sanguine conservative economist might have been delighted to stay away from the mushy ground of "happiness."

But Wattenberg kept gnawing on the question. He fidgeted in his seat. He ticked off on his hands some usual attributes of prosperity: a second car, literate kids, air conditioning. "Does that in itself yield a more meaningful life?" he asked. "That's a big problem. I don't know the answer to that."

This was the single non-optimistic comment in an hour's interview.

Wattenberg hazarded the guess that a reduction in misery would result in an increase in happiness. But, plainly, he had his doubts. Perhaps he had in mind certain inconvenient statistics, like the study showing that the most reliable predictor of heart attack in America is not cholesterol or salt intake but the hours between seven and nine AM on Monday mornings.



**I**F THIS QUINTESSENTIAL inside-the-beltway prognosticator is less than content with our measures of prosperity, what must they be thinking in the heartland? Seated in his office in a standard-issue cinderblock building at the University of Montana in Missoula, economist Thomas Michael Power is about as far from the beltway as you can get. But his book, *The Economic Pursuit of Quality*, has challenged many of the comfortable assumptions about the meaning of economic growth and the ways to measure it.

In Power's view, the measures of economic growth are a means not to chart well-being but to manufacture social insecurity. Growth means jobs, jobs mean purchasing power, purchasing power means more consumption and hence more economic activity. But for the most part, he contends, we rush to the malls and the medical groups not to provide basic necessities but to survive in the social race for status: which sneakers to buy the kids, which logos on the sweatshirts, whether to get their teeth straightened, what treatments to stop smoking.

"When one realizes that a good deal of our consumption is associated with trying to protect our relative status," says Power, "then that consumption ceases to be anything that contributes to our well-being. It becomes an unfortunate cost rather than a benefit." He likens such expenditures to the cost of the arms race or of a chronically ill person or a car that is always in the shop. You must spend a great deal on





each of them simply to keep them from getting worse. "We work hard, spend our money on these goods, and at the end we're in the same position relative to our neighbors that we were. Most of that is pure cost, pure waste. We collectively have not improved our well-being."

IF LOGGING IS REDUCED, GNP IS REDUCED, AND SO PROSPERITY APPEARS TO DECLINE. BUT WITHOUT THE LIMITS, THE LANDSCAPE ON WHICH THIS LIFE DEPENDS WOULD LIKELY BE SERIOUSLY DAMAGED. "WE GET VERY CONFUSED ABOUT WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO US," SAYS POWER, "AND END UP SUPPORTING VERY STRANGE PUBLIC POLICIES THAT NOT ONLY DON'T IMPROVE OUR WELL-BEING BUT VERY OFTEN REPRESENT A FAIRLY DIRECT ATTACK ON IT."

What, then, is prosperity to Power? He likes to recall a housewife, a spokesperson for WIFE (Women Involved in Forestry Economics) from Darby, Montana, who appeared on television to protest proposed cuts in the allowed timber harvest in the Bitterroot National Forest. Her husband would get less work and her family would suffer. "You can't eat the scenery," she said.

Power disagrees. Why, he asks, have the woman and her family chosen to live in the poorest county in the state? The southern end of the Bitterroot Valley is breathtakingly beautiful, but only Indian reservations have lower per capita income. By moving one hundred miles to Missoula, the family could double its income; by keeping on the interstate to Spokane, they could triple it; by driving all the way to Seattle, they could quadruple it. Why don't they move? Because, he contends, she believes that the rural setting is a healthy place to raise their kids, because she will be able to remain more with them in the home, because she has good neighbors, because the family

can supplement its food by hunting, because the husband will not be tied sixty hours a week to the commercial economy.

"In a very real sense," Power argues, "they have chosen to eat the scenery. Half to two-thirds of their income is represented by the location, the landscape and the social environment they have chosen."

Though common sense tells you that the argument has merit — after all, the flight to the suburbs after World War II surely represented the urge to find more harmonious

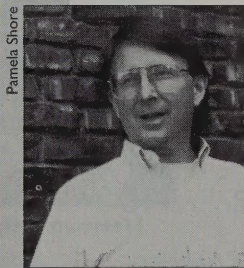
and healthful surroundings — GNP cannot express it. Quite the contrary. If logging is reduced, GNP is reduced, and so prosperity appears to decline. But without the limits, the landscape on which this life depends would likely be seriously damaged. "We get very confused about what's important to us," says Power, "and end up supporting very strange public policies that

not only don't improve our well-being but very often represent a fairly direct attack on it."

To him, the dependence on countable transactions is partly responsible for the destruction of communities. The idea of the "export base" — the widespread notion that a given city or region should concentrate on producing a small number of export items (like timber or copper or airplanes) appears to augment prosperity, because it generates more commercial activity and a higher GNP. In fact, Power argues, exports "are the conduits through which instability is brought into the local economy."

Local boosters put up banners to proclaim their place the Widget Capital of the World, but when widgets falter on the world market, their boon becomes their bane. "That isn't an economy at all," snaps Power. "It's a colony." Real prosperity comes from greater self-sufficiency. "The thing that most benefits a local economy," he says, "is diversification."

His idea of a prosperous Missoula is one in which the bread does not come from Salt Lake City, the cookies from



Pamela Shore

Thomas Power

Los Angeles, and the beer from St. Louis. The more money that comes into the local economy and stays there, the more chance people have for security and stability. He praises, for example, the switch from mass production of two-by-fours for export —

IN HERMAN DALY'S VIEW, GROWTH IS THE FAT MAN OF THE GNP: ASSIMILATING MORE AND MORE MATERIALS AND INCREASING IN PHYSICAL SIZE. DEVELOPMENT, ON THE OTHER HAND, COMES FROM GREATER EFFICIENCY. "YOU MOVE FROM TECHNOLOGIES THAT EMPHASIZE BIGGER JAWS TO TECHNOLOGIES THAT EMPHASIZE MORE EFFICIENT DIGESTION."

a practice that speeds deforestation and sheds jobs to automation — to timber businesses that require a skilled and stable workforce. He points to the half-dozen new companies in the Bitterroot Valley that mill and market finely finished log home kits for both home and export markets. Local production reinforces community values instead of destroying them.



**S**UCH IDEAS might be dismissed by the deans of the Dismal Science, but not only in Montana is this challenge being voiced.

Moles are at work in the very heart of economic power, promoting a view of prosperity that puts community before growth and qualities ahead of quantities.

The headquarters of the World Bank is less than a silver-dollar's toss from the White House itself. World Bank economist Herman Daly has promulgated the heretical notion that is the title of his book, *Steady-State Economics*.

Having cut his teeth in the bank's Latin American division, working on the intractable problems of mass poverty, urbanization, environmental destruction and debt, Daly has come to believe that prosperity results more from development than from growth. What is the difference?

In his view, growth is the fat man of the GNP: assimilating more and more materials and increasing in physical size. Development, on the other hand, comes from greater efficiency. "You move from technologies that emphasize bigger jaws to technologies that emphasize more efficient digestion," he says.

Classical economic theory was created in the eighteenth century for what Daly calls an "empty world." To Adam Smith, the natural world was an inexhaustible fund of resources that capital could tap and transform into useful products. Resources like soil, trees, oil, clean air were never treated as capital that might be depleted. In the "full world" of the late twentieth century,

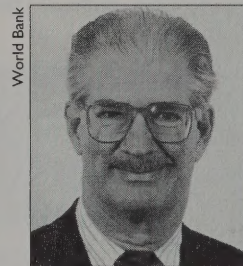
however, it has become clear that these resources are themselves a form of capital. Therefore, they must be economized.

What most disturbs people about Daly is how clearly he draws his conclusions from thoroughgoing economic theory. "What is income?" asks Daly. "It is a guide to prudent consumption. It tells us how much we can consume prudently without impoverishing ourselves in the future." To draw down natural capital is to reduce prosperity. If you overfish an area, for example, the value of the fish goes into income and you think that you are becoming more prosperous. In future years, you learn your mistake, when the catch falls off drastically. You have in fact consumed capital, by destroying the reproductive power of the fish.

Who could argue? It is as though a communist had bowed down before *The Wealth of Nations* — except that the inclusion of this category "natural capital" implies limits to growth. The orthodox economist recoils in horror, glimpsing government regulation on the horizon. He stammers that the market itself will recognize and include such variables as natural capital. Not so, says Daly, pointing to

the deforested slopes of Southern Europe and other long-term ecological catastrophes. Though Daly believes strongly in markets as the best means to allocate goods and services, he contends that they do not know their own limits. Even when goods are optimally located in a ship's hold, he says, if there is too much weight, the ship will sink.

Likewise, neither markets nor the GNP deal with how income is distributed. There is something in a market that knows no human answer. This, in Daly's view, is wrong: "The quality of all his relationships defines the individual far more than what he consumes during a certain period. This is what economics has forgotten about."



Herman Daly

Assuming the primacy of individuals, not communities, the market tends to convert social relations into commodity relations. In the days of Adam Smith, when traditional cultures were still strong and when capital itself tended to remain within a community or nation, the disruptive effect was not so pronounced as it is today.

With rapidly mobile capital, a world economy can devastate local communities overnight. An influx of capital sucks dry the countryside of a small nation, accumulating workers in the cities, and the GNP rises. But most of the income remains among the few. When the capital flow ebbs, the citizens are stuck in shantytowns without even the means to feed themselves. What kind of prosperity is that?

To Daly, prosperity means that a nation-state will stand up to transnational capital flows, insisting on the welfare of its people. "That's the important thing about free trade," he says. "You have to be free *not* to trade. Otherwise, you've lost an important dimension of freedom."



**F**ROM HIS OFFICE in Stanford's Hoover Institution, 1992 Nobel laureate Gary Becker has a very different vantage point. "I

think markets are great creations for taking the limited resources that most societies have and squeezing more prosperity out than has any other institution ever invented," he says.

Becker, the fourth of the University of Chicago's free marketeers to win a Nobel Prize, is best known for expanding market analysis from commodities into the usually "priceless" realm of families, marriage, crime, drug use, education, altruism, religion, and even suicide. All of these, he contends, are influenced by individuals making rational choices to get the most utility possible under the balancing influence of a market.

Becker refers without irony to people

as "decision units" and "consumer units." In each of his papers, shortly after he makes an arguable statement, the page scintillates into equations of the integral calculus. Here is the priest in the temple of economics transmuting the most basic human impulses into forests of numbers.

But by bringing classical economics full circle — from worship of the market in place of philosophy to a philosophy of markets for everything including worship — Becker raises fruitful questions about prosperity. It was he who in the 1960s coined the term "human capital" for all those unpriced qualities of human beings — education, cultural outlook, values — that were typically neglected in economic analysis. By considering what people would surrender in the realm of prices in order to acquire priceless attributes, he comes close to Henry David Thoreau, who conceived that the basic question when making a choice is "how much life will I exchange for it?" The Nobel committee, in making its award to him, praised him for creating a "household economics."

Anonymous



Gary Becker

Becker is rightly critical of GNP and other national income measures. "A lot that goes into prosperity is never measured in transactions," he says. "The old line goes, if you marry your housekeeper, you reduce national income."

Making a rapid calculation that discounts sleep and work time, Becker finds sixty hours per week that people use in some productive fashion without engaging in market transactions.

"We don't measure the value of all that," he says, "though it is precisely the accumulation of those values that we teach to our children."

All those investments in human capital, he claims, are counted as consumption, when in fact they are the largest investment that

any country makes. Machines and factories are not the primary contribution to a nation's productive capacity, but the will, the knowhow and the attitude of its people.

Having expanded market myopia into a philosophical principle, however, Becker is stuck with only one blunt instrument for increasing prosperity: market incentives. Say that addictive behavior is ravaging a community.

IN ONE CULTURE, INCREASING LITERACY MIGHT INDICATE GREATER PROSPERITY, WHILE IN ANOTHER THE SAME PARAMETER MIGHT SHOW THE COLLAPSE OF A TRADITIONAL CULTURE.

Becker suggests legalizing drugs and so bringing them into the realm of market price, where price increases become means to discourage consumption. With education, he advocates vouchers, which, though they might destroy public schools, would increase overall choice. Both ideas have merit, but they cannot deal with the actual complexity of situations where for example, high drug prices will simply maintain crimi-

nal activity whether or not drugs are legal, or a voucher system destroys the whole system of decentralized initiatives just beginning to blossom within the public schools themselves.

When you talk values and markets, you are talking apples and oranges. Take Baker's analysis of altruism. He can only measure "altruism" — the simple pleasure of benevolence — according to money given away in bequests or to charity. Certainly, decreased taxation will stimulate this sort of altruism. But is it really altruism at all? Is there not some need or wish preceding any rational choice that actually determines when a person gives away his or her substance? Isn't it as great an altruism to give up longheld resentment against a person and admit them again into your heart?



**P**ERHAPS THE trouble with our economy is economics, and we do not get what prosperity is about because we don't ask sufficiently simple questions. In the science of economics, a remarkable extrusion of the higher mathematics may be needed to prove that people tend to give away things to those whom they love. But in the real study of economy and well-being, this could be the starting point.

"Affection," says writer and farmer Wendell Berry, whose books of essays, including *Home Economics*, contain profound reflections on the health of economies. "Affection is the only basis on which you even have an economy."

Presented with the Beckerian notion that marriage is a rational market decision meant to maximize utility value, he explodes. "Nobody ever knew enough to get married!" Berry exclaims. "Nobody ever knew enough to raise a child. I think that you do things because you passionately want to do them. Either that, or you're made to do them, or they happen to you."

If Berry has any model of prosperity, it

is the husbandman, whose affection promotes the health of his herd. If you just wrote out instructions for care and feeding and gave them to a hired man, he argues, the herd would not prosper, unless the man was experienced in looking at steers and actually liked to look at them. "It has to be a part of that feeder's pleasure to stand and see how those animals are doing," he says. Affection is furthermore a kind of failsafe, because things never turn out as planned. "Virtually everything that happens was not predicted," says Berry, "but if you use things with affection, you'll be all right in the future, because you will have been sure not to destroy them."

The husbandman is also an active thinker. He is a different sort of economist, skilled at subtraction. Faced with a choice between extracting maximum milk from a cow, pumping her up with antibiotics and watching her die in three years, or allowing her to produce less milk under less stress for much longer, the husband does a simple calculation. As Berry tells it, "he says, 'It would be better to earn less and subtract less from it than it would be to earn more and subtract nearly everything from it.' And that is not even counting the indescribable pleasure of being around healthy animals." Even were the results identical, the former would be cheaper income, because it came with less expenditure of time, anxiety and sickness.

The Bible says, in Proverbs, "The good husbandman considers the state of his herd." The writer was not referring only to farmers, and neither is Berry. The saying refers to anyone who lives in a place and tries to make it as healthy as he can. It is a way to live with loyalty and to find meaning. "Our society teaches that if the small town seems to be closing in on you, you need another town; if the marriage is closing in on you, you need another spouse; if the job's closing in on you,

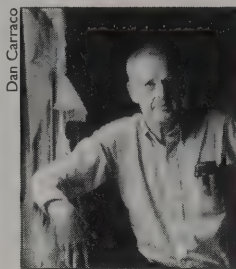
then get another job," he says, "but there's another approach: you commit yourself and hang on."

Prosperity comes from sticking with a community, a neighbor, a business, a friend. Coming to a difficulty is not a sign to jump ship and start all over. "If you stay with a thing," he says, "it will reveal more and more unsuspected wealth of an unsuspected kind." Against the university education that Berry's friend Wes Jackson says teaches only one subject, Upward Mobility, they would set another education in "homecoming."

Such an education would, as Sir Albert Howard wished, make a single great study of the lives of soil and plants and animals and man. It would include a rigorous accounting of costs and income in the way we live. It would encourage communities to resist the intrusion of waste dumpers, airport builders, powerplant magnates and other cosmopolitan exporters of danger. "If you are ready to say, I'll work for what is good for this community," he remarks, "then there is nothing you can safely say that you don't need to know."

This is not prosperity as riches or prosperity as success. "You have to get your satisfaction from small things that nobody knows about: the affection of children, decent jobs of work, solitude, the affection of your wife," says Berry. "You can't live from these other things. I found that out a long time ago."

Prosperity has little to do with more and less, as the GNP measures them. Unquestionably, it requires a base of material security, but that is not what it is. Efforts to quantify it fail. In one culture, increasing literacy might indicate greater prosperity, while in another the same parameter might show the collapse of a traditional culture. "Prosperity is not what is countable," as Amory Lovins recently put it. "It is what counts." ♡



Dan Carraro

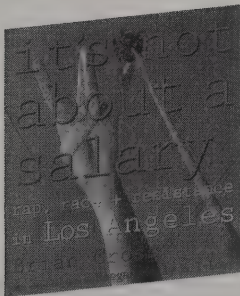
Wendell Berry

## It's Not About a Salary

With references as diverse as Walter Benjamin and Iceberg Slim, *It's Not About A Salary* traces the lineage of Los Angeles hip-hop back to forties hipster and nonsense-slinger Vout Slim Gaillard. An excellent history of rap music, told by the people who produce it, *It's Not About A Salary* never loses sight of the context of rap: aspects of inner-city life such as police brutality, gang-banging, helicopter surveillance, and shootings as everyday occurrences. Drawing interviews and quotes from many sources, the editor sidesteps the hype and irrelevant indignation that often accompany writing about rap culture, and delves straight into the funk. —Augustus Rose

• Hip-hop culture, as we move towards the mid-nineties, is under attack at every turn, whether in the expected blurtings of the myopic religious right or the horror of the (fast becoming obsolete) liberals in the pages of journals from the *Los Angeles Weekly* to the *New Republic* or the confused left unable to decipher the *realpolitik* from the posturing of the MTV generation. This is perhaps the most interesting part of the music: nobody seems able either to ignore or make sense of it.

■ To be non-judgmental meant creating a gang called NWA. To uninitiated listeners and later viewers the idea of Niggers With Attitude would appear to be their worst fears come to life. But to those aware of the codifications and theatricality the whole charade would be a tragic comedy of everyday life with its inside jokes and malice. To view this performance as a transparent window on the thoughts and words of day-to-day south central is profoundly limiting, but it was a marketing strategy that worked perfectly.



### It's Not About a Salary

(Rap, Race and Resistance in Los Angeles)  
Brian Cross. Verso, 1993; 140 pp.  
ISBN 0-86091-620-0

\$17.95 (\$20.95 postpaid) from Routledge, Chapman and Hall, Order Dept., 29 W. 35th Street, New York, NY 10001-2291; 212/244-6412



Suggah B blows up while T-Love watches on *The Soul Spot*, Hollywood, 1992.

## First Comes Love, Then Comes Money

*Single, unmarried, divorced, gay, and every other variety of unmarried people are particularly prone to financial misfortune, but the cultural and legal safety nets are rigged to catch only married people. Hence the value of this superb personal-finance book. It is built around a compassionate series of disaster scenarios. What if your closest person gets hit by a truck? What if your insurance premiums get snagged by some fine print? What if — well, what if you decide to grow up?*

*I wish I'd had this book when I was unmarried, and wish they'd hurry up with a married-people companion volume now. Other financial books may carry the nitty-gritty investment or taxation advice, but I have yet to see another one with the same full-hearted understanding of how financial decisions connect to the rest of our lives. —Art Kleiner*

■ Our society is deeply divided over the rights of unmarried couples, particularly homosexuals. As with so many other areas that fall within the realm of "privacy," we debate the state's need and its power to reward certain types of conduct and sanction others.

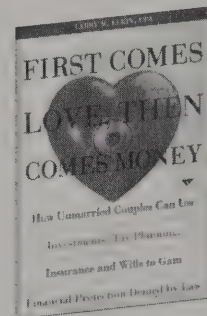
If we could take some of the moralizing out of the argument we might want to ask ourselves the following questions:

Do we want our laws to encourage people to enter into long-term commitments to each other, to rely on each other for emo-

tional and material support, and to protect the rights of people who enter into such relationships in good faith?

Is our society better off when two people can arrange a division of labor that is best suited to their skills, each knowing that the law values his or her contribution and will ensure an equitable division of resources when the couple is parted, by death or otherwise?

Should our government, founded on a respect for pluralism, proscribe certain partners as "inappropriate" for the minority who would choose them, merely because that choice would offend the moral or religious sensibilities of others?



### First Comes Love, Then Comes Money

Larry M. Elkin. Doubleday Currency, 1994; 258 pp. ISBN 0-385-47172-6

\$22.95 (\$25.45 postpaid) from Bantam, Doubleday, Dell, Fulfillment Dept., 2451 S. Wolf Road, Des Plaines, IL 60018; 800/323-9872



# To desire invent what we

BY ADRIENNE RICH

## **What does a poet need to know?**

—That poetry can occur, not just as a fierce, precarious charge in the imagination, or an almost physical wave of desire, but as something written down, that remains, so regardless of circumstance you can turn back to that fierce charge, that desire.

Not everyone who feels this charge, this desire, feels licensed to write.

—That you yourself, through recombinations and permutations of the languages you already know, can re-create that fierce charge, for yourself and others, on a page, something written down that remains.

Not everyone who is a poet feels her or his own languages are good enough.

—That this in itself can be a means of saving your life.

"Poetry is not a luxury" (Audre Lorde). Poetry is activity and survival.

—That this in itself can be an activity of keenest joy.

—That no culture, language, caste can claim superiority; across enormous social, national, geographic tracts, poetry lifts its head and looks you in the eye.

Wherever, whenever you live, this belongs to you.

—That in all ages and cultures, poets have been lost before they could be found and encouraged — lost in childbirth, lost to grinding toil, in massacres, pogroms, genocides, lost to hatred of the messages they bore, that could not be received.

Much that you need has been lost. The poems that we know are merely fragments.

—That to mis-take, to mis-prize, your own life and its landscapes, to imagine that poetry belongs by right to others (of another culture, gender, class, century) and not to you, means falling — if not into silence — into language others found in struggle with their own conditions. Then you become a mouthpiece for the lives of others, you inhabit their rhythms, their vocabularies, you lose track of your own desire in an adopted style.

We must use what we have to invent what we desire.

—That the poetries of men and women unlike you are a great polyglot city of resources, in whose streets you need to wander, whose sounds you need to listen to, without feeling you must live there.

We cannot work in isolation, or in fear of other voices.

—That to track your own desire, in your own language, is not an isolated task. You yourself are marked by family, gender, caste, landscape, the struggle to make a living, or the absence of such a struggle. The rich and the poor are equally marked. Poetry is never free of these markings even when it appears to be. Look into the images.

Finding "the intimate face of universal struggle" (June Jordan).

Reprinted from *What Is Found There: Notebooks on Poetry and Politics* by Adrienne Rich. Copyright © 1993 by Adrienne Rich. With permission of the publisher, W.W. Norton & Company, Inc.

## Material World

The original quest of anthropologists was to reveal the household. Academic anthros have completely lost touch, abandoning this core of human existence for rather silly and oversophisticated bantering about "what is a fact?" and "can one have a valid opinion about another's way of living?"

Peter Menzel has retrieved the human heart of our primal and primate existence: a clustering of kin (by blood, adoption, or friendship) and the shelter they gather within. He has done so simply, with an inventory of household objects and panoramic photographs of the kin-groups with their immediate wealth. The result is spectacular, especially with the warm and attentive "photographer's notes" that accompany each of the thirty households from Uzbekistan to Mali, Samoa to suburban USA.

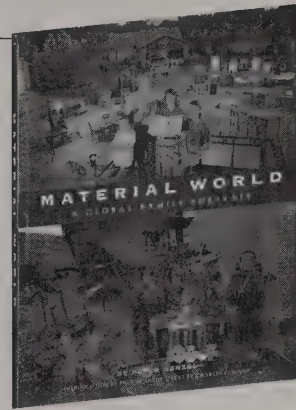
To insist on credit due, each simple panoramic photo required Menzel and associates to convince the family to remove all material objects from their home and arrange them outside their house. The photo may be simple but the humor, trust, and persuasion required to set up the shot are awesome.

*Material World* engenders subtle thinking about wealth. Menzel has chosen "average" families as determined by UN stats. This is not peep-holing into the lives of the rich-and-famous nor the usual media revelry in the weird, the peripheral, or the pitiful victims of floods or poison gas. We see a laughing family in Mali whose objects are so few that they themselves center the image. We see a serious Japanese family with so many objects that they seem diminished by the sheer presence of things. This is, in part, the nature of the photo image (you must retreat to encompass a kin-group with myriad products but can do close-ups of a family with few possessions). But it is also a statement of "spirit" — beyond a certain level of wealth, the VCR is not the pill of happiness.

Equally important, Menzel's team quietly and without any prearranged "agenda" reveals that safety and security from theft, hoodlums, and war is perhaps the most dominating concern of

households everywhere (Brazil, the CIS, the USA, Mali, Bosnia). Anywhere from 9 percent (USA) to 100 percent (Albania) of household cash income can go to food; the hours required for domestic labor and income generation vary all over the map, but freedom from the anxiety of murder of loved ones cannot be bought. Simultaneously, *Material World* displays the glory of the Earth's most prized product: the television (more important in these households than car or telephone).

*Material World's* domestic portraits go far beyond what many wrongly dismiss as the details of "prosaic, everyday life." It does a better job at revealing the emotions and condition of the planet than hundreds of pages of well-argued text. —Peter Warshall



### Material World

(A Global Family Portrait)  
Peter Menzel & Charles C. Mann.  
Sierra Club Books, 1994;  
256 pp. ISBN 0-87156-437-8  
\$30 (\$33 postpaid) from Sierra Club Store  
Orders, 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA  
94109; 800/935-1056



Peter Menzel

**Mali, the Natoma Family. 6:30 a.m. March 27, 1993, Kouakourou, Mali.**

**Size of household: 7 (1st house, including father), 4 (2nd house)**

**Size of dwelling: 540 sq.ft. 1st house, 450 sq. ft. 2nd house**

**Workweek: 112 hours (father), 112 hours (both mothers — all inside home)**

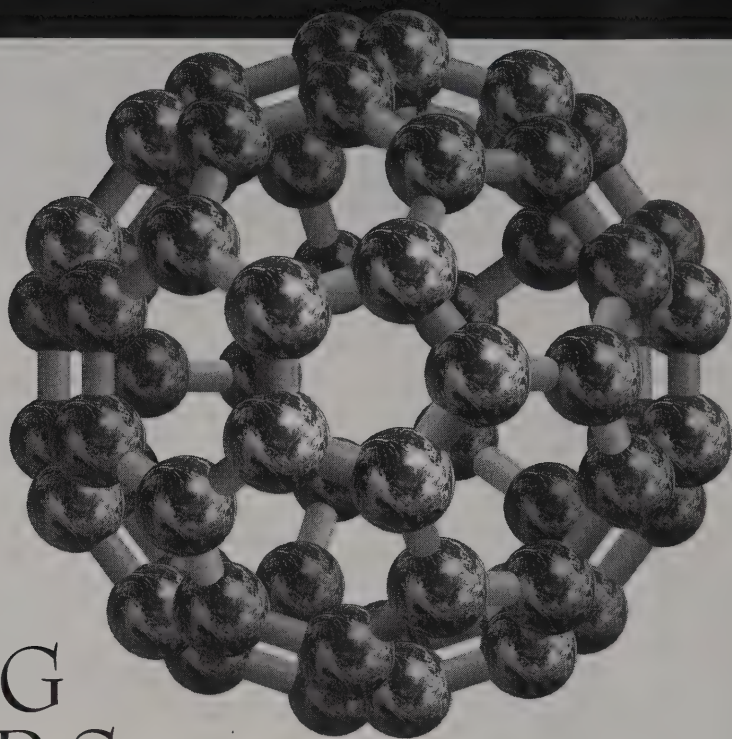
**Number of Radios: 1, Telephones: 0, Televisions: 0, VCRs: 0, Bicycles: 1, Automobiles: 0**

**Most valued possessions: Bicycle (father)**

**Per capita income (\$US): \$251**

**Wishes for future: Irrigation system, motorcycle, enclosed garden**

Making  
Things  
Right



# DESIGNING DESIGNERS

*Designers, and people acting as designers, manage the application of technology. It's an important mandate, too often carried out to the detriment of people, society, and nature. We can do better. This article is the first in a series discussing how ecological designers develop the plans and artifacts of a durable global society.*

BY  
J. BALDWIN

Illustration by Winslow Colwell

**H**OW DO YOU BECOME AN ECOLOGICAL DESIGNER? Start with education, of course, but you won't find it in many design schools (yet). Most offer excellent training in fashion and style — how to make things look desirable. Like cotton candy, it tastes good, but you can't live on it. Don't waste your time.

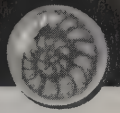
Engineering design is based in physics and chemistry. Engineers make things work. Performance-per-dollar comes first. Ecological concerns are attended only as necessary to meet legal standards. Some enlightened engineering schools now require biology courses — a good start, but useful only if integrated into every design class in the curriculum. There is a growing need for environmentally hip engineers. You could do worse.

Environmental studies are based in biology. Professors teach ecology and environmental management skills while tacitly presenting technology as the enemy. This may be good for heart and soul, but it isn't realistic in an irrevocably techno society. Biology-based environmental planners need to know about the technology

influenced by their decisions. Technophobia breeds technical ignorance (and ignoreance), which deters useful discourse. It also breeds the ridiculously extreme positions so easily and justifiably exploited by noisy anti-environmental half-truth mongers.

An education in architecture, landscape architecture, or city planning is probably the most comprehensive available right now, but most programs are short on ecology. A few industrial design schools offer similar combinations of engineering, aesthetics, and social matters. The sharper schools feature courses with "sustainable," "ecological," or "green" in the title. These are a good start, but they are not sufficient. Ecological understanding can't be tacked on as an afterthought: it should be at the heart of all design.





Because formal education only requires and rewards increasingly detailed specialization, you're going to have to educate yourself to get the broad-band knowledge you need for ecological design. You probably will not get "paid" with a degree for much of your effort, because integration is not yet an accepted academic discipline.

A "multidisciplinary" degree is a good start, but such degrees are usually difficult to arrange, and are often considered suspicious by those who judge people by their diploma. Besides, what you are aiming at is the *omnidisciplinary* education needed by a true world citizen. Discipline is a bit out of style these days, but it's important. Sound bites won't do. You'll never really graduate; you'll always be learning because things are always changing. There's no choice but continuous learning for a designer intimately engaged in evolution.

While you're loading your hopper, pay special attention to basic principles — surface-to-volume relationships and thermodynamics, for example. Be curious about everything — feeling bored is a warning that an important part of you is asleep. Buckminster Fuller stressed the need to be *comprehensive*, a much more powerful concept than a generalist's superficial knowledge of this & that. Comprehensivists study connections and interactions. Spend plenty of time outdoors, analyzing and integrating what you see. Nature isn't divided into departments — everything is connected to everything else. You need to know how, and why.

Specialists have their place, too, of course. Take note of who knows what so you can call on them when you need their detailed knowledge. The World Wide Web has made this easier, and may well hold the key to the survival of our species as we struggle to understand what "sustainable" really means: for the first time, concerted global action

can be rationally mounted, based on collected and individual knowledge. Ideas and discoveries come from individuals, but it's going to take massive worldwide cooperation to make things right.

Preparing your psyche may be more difficult than gathering knowledge and insight. In order to develop and apply your experience, you have to be sensitive to everything around you. With sensitivity comes pain (along with joy and wonder). We've been trained to avoid pain; "security" — a pain-free future — is the usual goal. Most security schemes amount to building a fortress. Fortress-building can be an innovative, satisfying activity giving a sense of accomplishment... at first. But defending your fortress is a futile exercise, probably doomed by (carefully designed) fiscal shenanigans in high places, out of your control.

Fortress-defenders must focus on safety. Any change may be a threat. Keeping things predictable is the basis of conservatism. Conservative and innovative don't often work well together. Conservatives often say that their attempts to hinder innovation are merely a reasonable call for caution. True

caution is good sense governing the *rate* of evolution. The rate can't be zero for long; things will evolve anyway, caution or no.

Independent designers can achieve dynamic security by being fast on their feet, assuring a desirable future by guiding evolution where possible. Cavalry instead of castle. The designers I know rarely do their most important work in a traditional (frustrating!) client-slave relationship. They live in a manner usually associated with artists: flexible, mobile, adaptable, putting discovery, challenge, and expression ahead of collecting goodies and a fancy home museum to store them in. Most ecological designers I know aren't home much anyway — they're out where the action is.

Travel can bring intimate experience in other societies and climates. Despite a lot of nationalistic and ethnic squabbling, murder, and general hoo-hah, the world is in the process of desovereignizing. Multinational corporations with the money and political clout that really runs the show are already global entities with freely circulating employees. Huge migrations are taking place all over the world as millions of people flee war, famine,

The International Ecological Design Society, announced in *WER 85*, stirs in its crib. As we suspected, there are a lot of designers, people acting as designers, and young folks learning how to be designers, who want to take part.

There has also been a show of interest from public television, two film producers, several publishers, the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum in New York, and individuals who know how to get things going on the Net. All this before officially announcing our existence!

I predict that our biggest challenge will be to establish a non-hierarchical way of managing the Society — designers are notorious for independent thinking (and, occasionally, flagrant ego-flapping). We don't need a glorious leader. Would Stafford Beer's "Team Syntegrity" (see *Beyond Dispute*, reviewed on p. 28) work?

Meanwhile, a temporary alliance with an established umbrella organization is under discussion. That would give us "training wheels" until the Society is able to generate enough momentum to finance a staffed headquarters. I'm not the only one who thinks the Society should be run by young'uns advised by mentors who are active at the cutting edge.

All this adds up to an unusually vigorous start for a new society.

—JB

and oppression. Tourism is by far the largest business in the world. Airline passenger miles are expected to double in five years. These are all signs that we are rapidly moving toward a global society. Your client is Everyone.

It's obvious to most (honest) educated people that environmental problems require global remedy. Whether this effort will be futile is still an open question. Either way, designers have an important role to play in how things will go, because every design that achieves widespread acceptance sets in motion a long train of events and effects. Any plan or design brings into being some sort of physical entity. The artifact is made of materials that are extracted by someone, often from someone, somewhere. Material supply is likely to be environmentally messy, and often means predation upon nature and less powerful societies. Social injustice is a major cause of disrupted ecology. Designers need to consider the effects of all their decisions. They might be inadvertently dooming a species or culture, or making life miserable enough to justify terrorism.

Materials have to be transported to the site of manufacture or end use. Transportation systems are notorious for "side effects" — the global spread of disease and invasive pests, tax-gobbling subsidized infrastructure, and severe pollution. Most transport systems are very energy-intensive as well. Good design minimizes moving stuff.

At the factory or job site, materials are formed or otherwise manipulated by tools and workers. The manufacturing or building processes usually have undesirable environmental effects, and always have vexing social and economic complications. All manufacturing and building processes generate



Site Analysis Diagram for Real Goods Trading Corp Headquarters, Hopland, CA. Sim Van der Ryn + Associates.

"exhaust." Despite a lot of eco-media noise about torrents of household wastes and throwaway diapers overloading landfills, about three-fourths of landfill is industrial waste and building debris. Waste, especially when wasted, is a sure sign of bad design.

Products other than stationary constructions must be moved to the user, often through channels with many steps, each with storage facilities and vehicles. If retail sale is the goal, a store or maybe a mall will be built. Mail order dodges some of this, but it has its own demands.

Advertising brings in the customers. Hucksters take a lot of heat these days, but without sufficient demand the economies of mass production are lost, and we're back to kings and peasants. Potential customers at least need to know that the products — including worthy ones — exist. For this reason, ecological designs need advertising, too. Ecological designers should do their own ads so that nothing gets lost in the translation. Good information about good design is good education.

In use, a design should be functional, handsome, and safe, with minimal nasty environmental effects and low lifetime operating and

maintenance costs. When damaged, worn out, or made obsolete by new technology, the artifact should be readily repairable, upgradeable, or easily converted into components and materials for the next round.

All of the above should concern any designer, and all design should be ecological. Because traditional clients generally forbid their designer-slaves to address many of the important, but short-term—"unprofitable" aspects, progress has been

slow. As I write this, auto companies are attempting to influence our shamefully corruptible congress to roll back the far-from-state-of-the-art pollution and fuel mileage standards already in effect. They ought to be making better cars.

Political decisions ultimately depend on available technology. Ecological designers must work individually and with their peers to develop better plans, procedures and hardware. Ecological design is more efficient and almost always more profitable in the long run. Politicians and businesses need to be reminded of that. Good ecological designs are the irrefutable proof.

Is it really possible to have technology that isn't terminally destructive, yet acceptably profitable to the powers that be? Theoretically yes, but there are going to be annoying imperfections as Ecological Design whuffles and grunts its way into mainline thought. We should not let hyper-righteous demands for immediate perfection slow us. Perfection isn't possible in an evolving universe, anyway. By doing their best, right now, ecological designers have already made many advances. There's a lot left to do.

Next issue, I'll begin to discuss in detail how ecological designers deal with the issues raised in this article. With working examples, yes indeed. ☺

## Hindenburg

The terminally combustible Hindenburg is, of course, the central character of this opulently illustrated chronology. (The paintings are especially impressive.) But a more interesting cautionary tale lurks between the lines of history: How did the enormous craft come to be built? Eight hundred feet long, the thing was only 70 feet shorter than the Titanic! The Goodyear Blimp would be a fat gnat next to it. The engineering path is easy to see, but the financial, social and, ultimately, the psychological aspects are subtle and fascinating as the doomed technology comes to its retrospectively inevitable, possibly temporary, dead end. It's a cautionary tale of politics and ego versus physics — the same sort of hubris that sank the Titanic and brought down the shuttle Challenger. Will we ever learn?

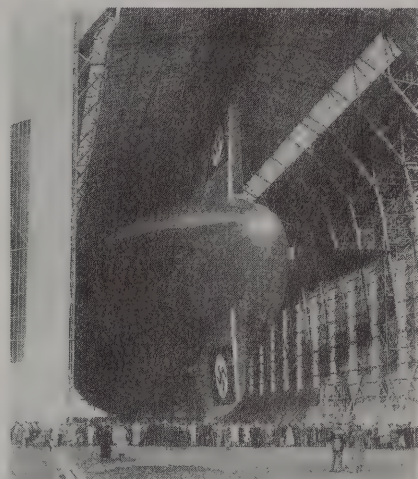
P.S. I actually saw the Hindenburg fly over New York City in 1937, when I was about four years old. It horrified me (it was HUGE); perhaps that's why I still remember it so clearly. —J. Baldwin



### Hindenburg:

#### An Illustrated History

(Reliving the Era of the Great Airships)  
Rick Archbold & Ken Marschall. Warner Books, 1994; 229 pp. ISBN 0-446-51784-4 \$60 (\$65.50 postpaid) from Little, Brown and Co., Order Dept., 200 West Street, Waltham, MA 02154; 800/343-9204



On May 14, 1936, upon the Hindenburg's return from her first flight to North America, she landed at the new airship station at Frankfurt, where the first of several planned sheds had been completed.



Passengers spent many pleasant hours on the promenade.



On the afternoon of August 25, 1927, with the Los Angeles floating at the Lakehurst high mast, a strong breeze suddenly lifted her tail into a layer of denser cold air, where it continued to rise even faster. The watch on board tried in vain to compensate by climbing up the steepening keel toward the tail, which reached an angle of about 85 degrees before it finally began to descend. Despite minor damage, the ship was ready to fly the next day, but the incident confirmed Rosendahl's determination to develop a shorter, or stub, mast to forestall such mishaps.

## Beat This

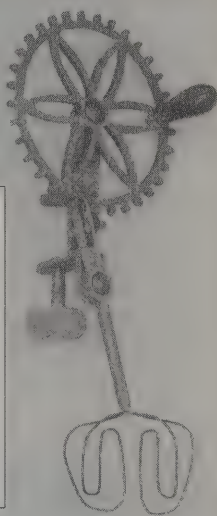
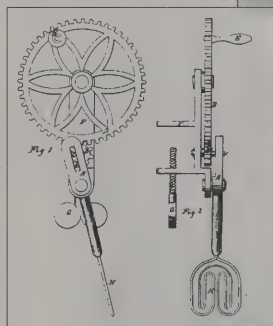
This is a collection of drawings and photos of seven hundred eggbeaters (complete with patent numbers and collector's prices) — the perfect gift for any eggbeater wackos you may know. The Whole Earth crew has noted (with amusement) that whenever someone idly riffs the pages, they soon sit down and really get into it. A better example of mechanical ingenuity, obsessive attention to minor matters, and quaint marketing would be hard to, uh, beat. Proletarian-tech at its instructive best! —J. whup-whup Baldwin

### Beat This



by Don Thornton

No I.D., but believed to be brass patent model. 9 1/2" \$500.



### Beat This

(The Eggbeater Chronicles)  
Don Thornton. 1994; 240 pp. ISBN 0-9641243-0-0 \$24.95 (\$28.95 postpaid) from Off Beat Books, 1345 Poplar Avenue, Sunnyvale, CA 94087; 408/737-0434, fax 408/737-0191

## Crossing Cultures

This collection of the author's *Japan Times* columns isn't another attempt to crack the Japanese facade; Karen Hill Anton is neither an apologist nor a critic. She is a participant, not an observer, in the Japanese way of life, and speaks only for herself. Her experiences of living and raising children there illuminate some of the unique joys, and challenges, of the country she calls home. Anton also gives the American reader a good look at our culture from the outside.  
—Karen Hawkins

• "I gave up being a New Yorker," she said. "In New York you must constantly assert yourself — if you don't, you won't get anywhere. You have to say everything; it's always necessary to verbalize every feeling, every thought, and I got so tired of it."

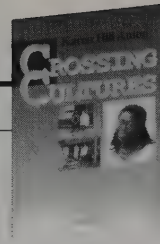
■ The student was expected to observe and endeavor, in the truest sense of those

### Crossing Cultures

Karen Hill Anton. *Japan Times*, 1993; 159 pp. ISBN 4-7890-0711-1  
\$17.95 (\$21.95 postpaid) from Kinokuniya Book Stores of America, 123 Onizuka Street, Suite 205, Los Angeles, CA 90012; For telephone orders English speakers call 800/595-2726, Japanese speakers call 800/456-7828, or fax 213/621-4456

words. It was instructive just to see how he sat, how he held his brush; and it was an inspiration to watch him writing, and to see how one stroke followed another — flowing in perfect order.

■ It seems like the national antipathy to un-organized activity, discouragement of daydreaming and aversion to free time heats up with the weather.



## Beyond Dispute

Buckminster Fuller's uncannily strong domes demonstrate that a "geodesic" pattern distributes forces (energy) most efficiently, especially if the structure is spherical. Correctly regarding information as a form of energy, cyberneticist Stafford Beer suggests that an information-handling system will be most efficient if it is geodesic. (Fuller thought so too; he began working on a geodesic computer memory in 1964). *Beyond Dispute* tells how Beer and his associates have developed this idea into "Team Syntegrity," a way for a group to self-organize for maximum efficiency. Instead of the familiar "tree" with the president at the top and increasingly isolated underlings beneath ("a mere instrument for discovering who is to blame"), Beer arranges management team members into an icosahedron — the same near-sphere polyhedron em-

## Kinds of Power

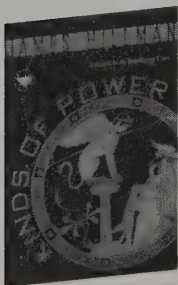
Power is one of the three uncool-but-essential topics to understand around organizations (the other two are rank-relationships and judgment). James Hillman regards power as inevitable, legitimate, and at its best when handled with subtlety and complexity. He rightly blasts those who narrowly wield power-as-control, say, or power-as-efficiency.

Hillman is a polytheist, favoring the ancient Greek pantheon. He regards the old gods and goddesses as powerful ideas writ into complex characters; those ideas continue to wrangle and decree within us and our organizations just as they did in the eternal soap opera on Mt. Olympus. Note, for instance, Hillman's retelling of the tale of the futurist Cassandra: "If we don't know who is at work in an idea, we more easily get caught by its power. We become identified with that idea, defend it, fight for it, and soon we have become ideational fundamentalists . . . Myths can account even for that feeling of certainty. It, too, comes from the gods, says the story of Cassandra. Apollo wanted her and gave her the gift of prophetic insight by wetting her lips with his tongue. But she then refused his desire and so he gave her as well the curse that no one would believe what she saw so certainly. Although she could surely foretell what was to come, her warnings fell on unheeding ears. She could only tell the truth and was considered, by her fellow Trojans, insane."

I like Hillman's writing. It's lucid and gritty, compassionate and harsh, probing to the meat of what matters. Read his chapter on efficiency, for instance.

—Stewart Brand

■ For action to be direct and single, thought must be diverse and plural.



### Kinds of Power

(A Guide to Its Intelligent Uses)  
James Hillman. Doubleday Currency, 1995; 260 pp. ISBN 0-385-46964-0  
\$23 (\$25.50 postpaid) from Bantam, Doubleday, Dell, Fulfillment Dept., 2451 S. Wolf Road, Des Plaines, IL 60018; 800/323-9872

■ This book addresses the psychology of business. As a writer on psychology, I am turning to business for my audience because that is where I believe the most vital and challenged minds are at work and where issues of power are most central . . . The drama of business, its struggles, challenges, victories and defeats, forms the fundamental myth of our civilization, the story that explains the underlying bottom line of the ceremonies of our behavior.

■ If, for instance, I define power simply as "control," I will never be able to let go of control without fear of losing power. Trapped by this concept into paranoid vigilance, competitive exertions and demonstrative leadership, I will never discover the subtle power of influence, authority, generosity or patient resistance.

■ When we predict, we project. In fact, future studies are often called "projections." The projection-making factor is in the subjective mind as much as it is in the objective data, and since the deepest structures of the mind are probably archetypal patterns, appearing so regularly and universally in art and thought, ritual and behavior, dreams and madness, we can expect them to display themselves as well in projections about the future. Let's review a few of these familiar fantasies:

Cyclical Return; Gloom and Doom; Hopeful Greening; Apocalyptic Catastrophe; Well-Managed Rationalism . . .

played in Fuller's domes. My spies tell me it works well for organizing projects. The book tells all, but mathless readers will have to take his word for the proof. —J. Baldwin



### Beyond Dispute

Stafford Beer. 1994;  
367 pp. ISBN 0-471-94451-3  
\$45 postpaid from John Wiley & Sons, Inc.,  
1 Wiley Dr., Somerset, NJ 08875;  
800/225-5945

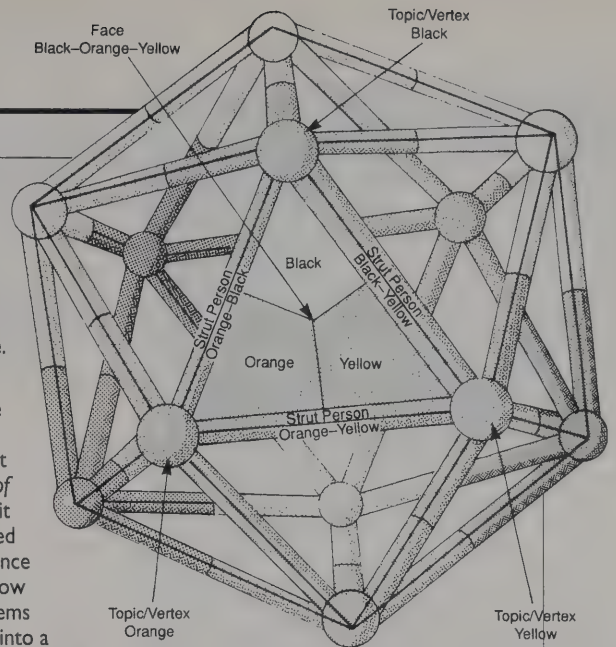


Illustration of the faces of the Syntegrity Icosahedron.

Fortunately, to a cybernetician, governance is a quality of self-organizing systems, and is not an imposition from outside.

"I saw that it was the structure of Syntegration, though it frustrated some players on the first day, that protected the integrity of people and their ideas. I believe it was that protection that allowed democracy to emerge. I saw, once again, that the process does allow group dynamics to solve problems and to sift differing viewpoints into a unified vision." —Wendy Walsh, Project Director of the World Syntegrity Project.

### A Dance with Death

The first women ever to take to the air in combat were Soviets of WW II. Seventy of the survivors tell their stories in abbreviated reminiscences . . . and what stories they have to tell!

They flew in open-cockpit biplanes designed in 1927 and made of plywood and fabric that had the inconvenient tendency to "burn like a sheet of paper" when struck by anything bigger than a paper clip. No radios, no parachutes (until 1944), and freeway-speed flying made them easy prey for the sophisticated German Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs. How they survived and functioned heroically while their own government terrorized them is riveting. The full-page contemporary portraits of these women contrasted with the pictures taken of them during the war are priceless. —Brandon Chase

The plane was punctured all over with small holes, and the instrument panel was smashed. It was difficult for the pilot to control the plane, but she had to land because we had no parachutes. As we approached for the landing, the German pilot circled and came back to shoot us down. There was nothing to be done but try to get the plane on the ground. It happened that a formation of our fighters appeared, passing overhead, and the German turned back toward his own lines. That is what saved us.

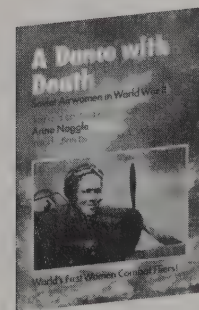


Yevgeniya Zhigulenko, 46th regiment.



Yevgeniya Zhigulenko, 1991.

The antiaircraft guns were firing, and the searchlights lit up the sky around us. I was sweating and could feel a strip of sweat rolling down my back. We turned from the target, giving way to following aircraft. In the turn we fell into a stall and were nearing a crash, but she managed to recover. Later on, when I myself piloted the aircraft, I understood why she lost control over the target. There is a superhuman psychic overstrain when you are blinded by the searchlights and deafened by the explosions of antiaircraft shells and fire all around you. Your concentration over the target is so intense that it results in a complete loss of your whereabouts — a disorientation. You cannot tell the sky from the ground. Many of our crews crashed in that way.



### A Dance with Death

(Soviet Airwomen in World War II)  
Anne Noggle. 1994; 318 pp.  
ISBN 0-89096-601-X  
\$29.95 (\$31.95 postpaid) from Texas A&M  
University Press, Drawer C, College  
Station, TX 77843-4354; 800/826-8911



## The Creative Holography Index

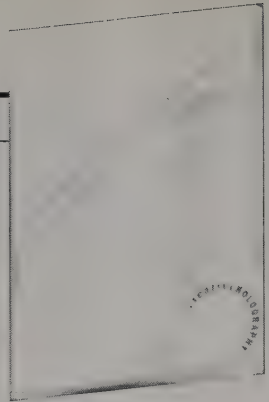
A fiercely committed network of holographers is continuing to produce holographic art; they are using the inclusion and hybridization of holograms into new media to give holography a new lease on life. **The Creative Holography Index** presents finely reproduced work of the many holographic artists around the world, as well as biographical and professional details, and essays.

—Oliver Lowenstein

### The Creative Holography Index

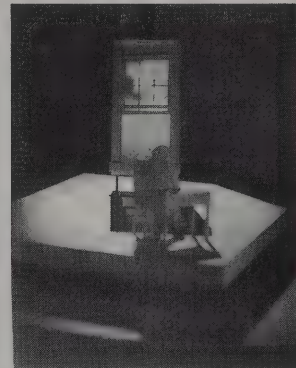
Andrew Pepper, Editor. Volume 1, 1992-93, 4 issues with ring binder: \$88; Volume 2, Jan-Dec 1994, 4 issues: \$63, with ring binder: \$69 from Creative Holography Index, Postfach 200 210, 51432 Bergisch Gladbach, Germany; fax 011 49 2202 30497

◀	<b>Title</b>	<b>Hardware-Software</b>
	<b>Date</b>	<b>1987-88</b>
	<b>Size</b>	<b>15 x 22 x 11 in</b>
	<b>Edition</b>	<b>Unique</b>
	<b>Material</b>	<b>Silver halide emulsion on film, granite, glass</b>
	<b>Description</b>	<b>White light transmission hologram, from pulsed master, sandwiched in glass, mounted into granite sculpture</b>
	<b>Production</b>	<b>Pulsed master produced in Germany, copy made by artist at the Technical University</b>



Holography is becoming invisible. Holographers appear to me to be eclipsing holography, or should I say that art is eclipsing the holograms that carry it? Maybe it is both — certainly I seem these days to meet more and more interesting and gifted artists involved in holography, and to see more work that is visually compelling enough to make one instantly forget that it is borne by a material vehicle. These are the holograms that I see right through.

Peter Zec argues that holography should use internally appropriate methods and means — should look deeply into the properties of the holographic image and work with these unique qualities as paradigms of a new order of artistic and social practice: "A useful theory of holography . . . would do justice to the fundamental particularities of the medium as well as to its cultural implications."



▶ Dan Schweitzer, *We'll See/ Timescape*

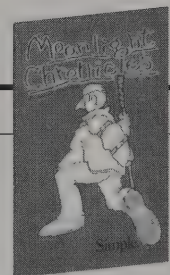
## Moonlight Chronicles

Reading this collection of one man's handwritten, unedited, wonder-full thoughts and drawings is like receiving the best kind of letter: a nice fat one, full of news, funny anecdotes, favorite books, movies, places. . . . Dan Price invites us into his thoughtful musings on nature, art, relationships, and the solitary self. He reminds me of many — Kerouac, Hemingway, and Thoreau, to name a few — and he acknowledges his influences, obscure and well-known alike, with due reverence and respect, without gushing or embarrassment.

Dan's sketches are fantastic, his words honest; even his recent collaboration with Simple Shoes (the tale of which is told in issue #16) has integrity. The **Moonlight Chronicles** reminded me how nourishing it is to observe and absorb, reflect and imagine, and of the joy in translating some of that experience through informal, candid correspondence. —Elizabeth Thompson

. . . The Amazing Grace tapes are from those times when I sat with the congregations of small country churches with a tape recorder in my lap. . . . Some of these people are off key. Some are stark naked in their reverence for god and Jesus and some of them you sing along with hoping to help them finish the long song. . . . and from within all this spinning, sweet voices of humility and redemption pour out into the quiet countryside, down the gravelly roads and mingle there in the front seat of an old black car with a statue of Jesus glued to the dashboard.

You wouldn't believe where I get to brush my teeth! Each night I wander over to the river side and there with singing rapids, glowing moon, shining stars and distant town lights, enjoy the ice cold water.



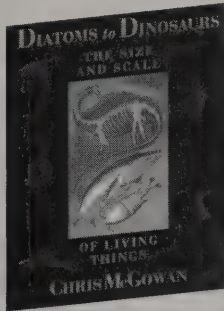
**Moonlight Chronicles**  
Dan Price, Editor.  
\$18/year (3 issues) from  
Box 109, Joseph, OR 97846

Last night I stayed up till past midnight and still did not feel fatigued. These drawing books are teaching me so much. I think I must have slept with eyes open. . . . A book written in 1921 called pen drawing is what I absorbed last night before falling into dreams of sketching. One year ago I was studying old St. Nicholas magazines from the late 1800's. They are filled with old pen & ink sketches that are amazing in their ~~more~~ intricacy. And I'd spend hours laying in the tepee looking closely at how they made those lines. Back then I used a crowquill dip pen that flowed into unbelievable lines. You could drive it all over the page and watch amazing things happen.

drawn 1-22-93

## Diatoms to Dinosaurs

This wonder-inducing treatise explains why living things are (or were) the size and shape they are — physics meets biology. It's a fine basic introduction to the subject. It also shows how much has been learned since J.B.S. Haldane's famous essay, "On Being the Right Size." —J. Baldwin



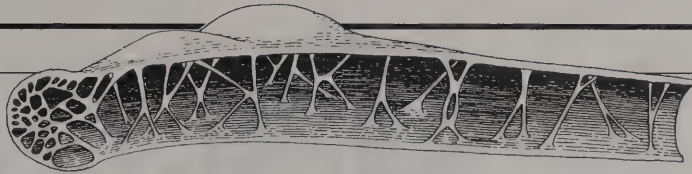
### Diatoms to Dinosaurs

(The Size and Scale of Living Things)

Christopher McGowan. 1994.

288 pp. ISBN 1-55963-304-2

\$24.95 (\$29.20 postpaid) from Island Press, Box 7, Covelo, CA 95428; 800/828-1302

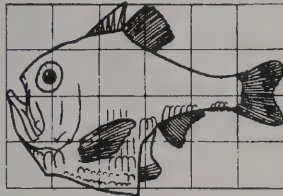


The bones of a bird's wing combine strength and lightness by having thin walls, braced by internal struts (top). A similar strategy is used in aircraft construction (bottom).

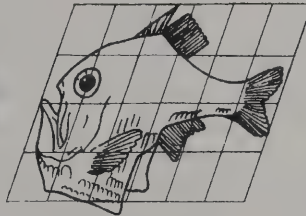
While power output from flight muscles may not impose such a low size ceiling as previously supposed, there may be structural limitations on how large fliers can become. As animals become larger the stresses on their bones increase with the cube of their length, whereas the ability to resist these forces increases only with the square. . . . Technology has emancipated the airplane from the constraints of size, but living organisms are still made of the same materials and powered by the same muscles that evolved millions of years ago. These constraints ensure that paleontologists will never dig up the remains of a flying animal as large as a DC9, far less a 747.

## The Sand Dollar and the Slide Rule

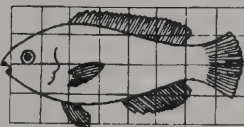
We are all designed by Nature, even though the R&D phase is measured in the millions of years. This book focuses on a modern group of biologists, designers, architects, and others, who by studying the natural world hope to appropriate the works of god, if not to outright plagiarize them. This desire to build a conduit between the mathematical and the organic is not a new one. Delta Willis includes a broad historical sample ranging from the ancient Greeks through Darwin and Fuller and into the current theories of chaos, complexity, and flux. —Paul Winternitz



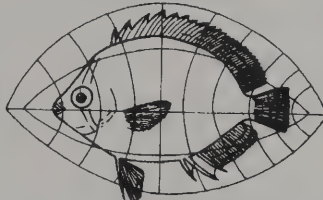
*Argyropelecus olfersi.*



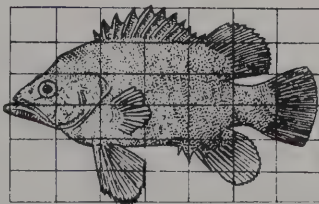
*Sternoptyx diaphana*



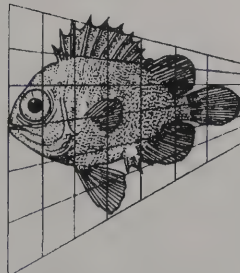
*Scarus sp.*



*Pomacanthus*



*Polyprion*



*Pseudopriacanthus altus*

D'Arcy Thompson used coordinate points of Cartesian nets to demonstrate changes in species. With only slight modifications to a single coordinate, one could obtain a whole new fish. The same procedure was used for evolutionary changes in a pelvis, the transition from a chimp to a human head, and alligators throughout the ages.

Music may be the human invention that most resembles evolution, because so many variations arose from just a few basic elements.

Allen applies the analogies of evolution to everything. "When you think of the human brain, diversity and exploration, individual liberties, all those things fit this picture. Evolution is shown to select for populations with an ability to learn, rather than for populations with optimal behavior. Change is driven by the non-average." Deviants are normally suppressed by the system he says, but at certain times the system cannot suppress them, "and the deviants restructure the system."

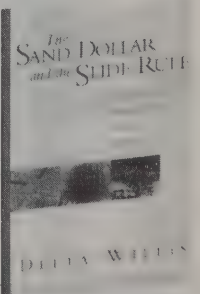
Allen says the model of evolution is often ignored because "we have a serious problem in our mind in that what we mean by explanation implies determinism. There's a whole ecology of things to consider when you put things in evolutionary perspective. This is also the resilience and the imagination in a system. Take your book, for example. There are a million potentials. You will come to an end product through a series of accidents. . . . Life is one of a million things all the time. I think this is too worrying for most people."

### The Sand Dollar and the Slide Rule

Delta Willis. 1995; 232 pp.

ISBN 0-201-63275-6

\$23 (\$27 postpaid) from Addison-Wesley Publishing Co., Order Dept., 1 Jacob Way, Reading, MA 01867; 800/447-2226





# The Eros of



**H**ERE IN THIS ROOM I CAN HEAR WATER FALLING outside, see moisture on the ground in the garden outside, feel the dampness in the air and in a certain heaviness of body and mind that overtakes me in the rain. Yet this is not how my eyes were trained to see. I was taught to think of the mind as independent from place. Among all the fantasies of independence that are part of the Western mythos, the adventurer, the pioneer alone in the wilderness, the sailor on the open seas, the crusading knight, the heroic marine, perhaps the most enduring and profound in its influence has been the idea of a mind autonomous from any surrounding.

The idea of a separation between consciousness and physical existence is deeply worn into the crevices of European thought. This division is the metaphor through which a transcendence over earthly process is imagined. Only by considering itself independent of the earth can consciousness believe in its own transcendence.

Just as the natural process of human birth is reversed in Genesis to make woman born of man, so mental process has been reversed in the mythos of this civilization so that the physical universe is depicted as proceeding from abstractions. Plato's idea of earthly existence as a poor shadow of eternal ideas permeates not only the dominant traditions of Western philosophy, but also reflects a fundamental posture toward existence, a hierarchy of values in which abstractions, theories, principles, ideas, mathematical equations, logic, and analysis are elevated above what is called concrete, corporeal, sensible, palpable, tangible, solid, physical, material, and contextual.

In the theology that preceded and yet still shapes modern scientific thought, the realm of the abstract was said to reflect the mind of God more accurately than a corrupt earthly life. The heresy of science was to observe the things of this earth. Science made a break from pure deductive logic by inserting experiment into the process by which truth is

---

*Susan Griffin's work as a writer and social thinker includes *Woman and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her* (CQ 19:7), *Pornography and Silence* (WER 63:42) and *A Chorus of Stones: The Private Life of War* (WER 83:13). Griffin has been influential in several movements, shaping both ecological and feminist thought. She has received a MacArthur grant for Peace and International Cooperation, an NEA fellowship, and an Emmy (for her play "Voices").*

*Susan Griffin lectures throughout the US and Europe, and teaches writing and the creative process privately in Berkeley, California, where she lives. This article is excerpted from her forthcoming *The Eros of Everyday Life*.\* She is currently at work on a novel and a book on society, the body and the experience of illness.*

—RK

\*Doubleday, September 1995.

Photographs by Valerie Seaberg.  
Illustrations by Winslow Colwell.





# Everyday Life

BY SUSAN GRIFFIN

discovered. And to a certain degree, through experiment, what is palpable has been given value again. Yet by an odd twist of mind, what is palpable has also been robbed of credence. Now what one perceives directly is no longer trusted without the intervention of scientific method.

By what almost amounts to a kind of psychological sleight of hand, science has by one stroke seized authority over both concrete and abstract realms of knowledge. In this fabulous rendering of the scientific method, the scientist brings reality into his laboratory and returns with truth. This story gains strength through a subtle heritage, which partakes of religion, philosophical assumptions and the intrinsic authority of direct sensual experience. And so we do not notice that even scientific conjecture remains conjecture still. So inured have we become to the authority of science that when one "proven" scientific idea of the world, such as Newtonian physics, is supplanted by other theories, such as relativity or quantum mechanics, we never question the scientific method itself, nor do we understand that all along scientific thought, like religious abstraction, is not the same as reality.

An experiment conducted in a laboratory is subject to many different kinds of influence; that is why experiments must be replicated in more than one laboratory to be taken seriously. But even what is taken as proof by the scientific community is not conclusive. A condition in one laboratory may be replicated in almost all laboratories, because this condition is part of the ethos of a whole civilization. One of these conditions, a mostly unquestioned part of the scientific method, is the practice of studying any being in isolation from the environment in which it lives. But as ecologists have shown, to study a creature outside of its surroundings is to study another animal altogether, one that does not exist in nature.

As the philosopher and historian of science Paul Feyerabend has made clear in *Against Method*\*, no theory accounts for all of the facts in its domain. There are always seemingly stray aspects of reality that remain outside every theory's capacity to explain phenomena, and there are even occurrences and test results that appear to contradict what becomes in the end an agreement about what is truth. And facts, whether from the laboratory or the field, do not make theory by themselves. They must be interpreted and in science as in other fields this interpretation is not immune to diverse influences including political bias. And finally, as Feyerabend makes clear, even what is called a fact is constituted by scientific effort; it is *made*. Theory is implicit in the language of science, the method, the attitudes by which "facts" are discerned and shaped.



\*Routledge, Chapman and Hall, 1988.

One of these prejudices is certainly the enshrinement of numbers as the most reliable kind of data. Yet, as descriptions of the material universe, mathematical calculations must always be tried and proven by experiment. During the Manhattan Project, numerous mathematical calculations were done before the first explosion of the atomic bomb. These calculations were partially based on smaller experiments such as a small chain reaction Enrico Fermi had created in the Chicago Metallurgy Laboratory. Partly on conjecture. Partly on mathematical theory. But as Hans Bethe pointed out, no calculation can be relied upon to produce predictable consequences. Some early calculations, which were later "disproved," suggested that an atomic explosion would set off an endless chain reaction that would destroy the earth. In fact, the calculations which preceded the first experimental explosion of the bomb at Alamogordo were in error. The power of the blast was underestimated. The bomb destroyed the instrument designed to measure its force.

From hindsight, one might say that those earlier calculations which were dismissed had in them a grain of truth which was concealed by the limits scientific tradition places on knowledge. For the study of the bomb's effect was done by physicists, who were uneducated in botany, biology, and physiology. That infinitely small but also infinitely destructive nuclear explosions are still occurring in the bodies of those exposed years ago to ionizing radiation is a consequence which was not discernible in earlier calculations.

**E**VEN IN MY OWN MIND I can discern the great appeal of numbers. They have about them a kind of coolness which makes for relief from the chaos of need and desire, anguish or anger, the flood of words, not to speak of sounds, textures, sensation of every kind. When I think of numbers proceeding in orderly sequence, or balanced carefully

**... In the history of Western science the mathematics has taken on a metaphysical experience. Identified with the mind of Kepler, among others, with the mind of God, the world of numbers has claimed to be not only real, but more real than any other place.**

into equations, my mind arranges itself into a kind of calm. I think of Bach. Of quiet. Reason. And this realm of the mind is as real as any place in the universe. But in the history of Western science the mathematics has taken on a metaphysical experience. Identified with the mind of Kepler, among others, with the mind of God, the world of numbers has claimed to be not only real, but more real than any other place.

**T**HE METAPHYSICS continues but now transcendent truth is wrought from specimens of earth. In the public mind, scientific knowledge rests on *hard* facts conjured from incontrovertible calculations and dense material evidence alike. This would appear to be a union of spirit and matter. But science is subtly arranged around an opposition between the two. Even if modern science no longer bifurcates matter and energy, by the scientific method, theory has been elevated above the realm of matter, as if scientific intelligence, like all intelligence, were not of the earth.

Yet in the actual processes of thought, scientific or otherwise, no absolute division between material and theoretical or concrete and abstract actually exists. Thought not only moves back and forth on a continuum we have described as abstract and concrete, but the human experience of knowledge can never at any instant be wholly one or the other. Even theory itself has a materiality rarely acknowledged in a culture still aiming toward transcendence. Ideas, as well as poems, narratives of any kind as well as stories, sounds of words, even alphabets, certainly numbers, exist as physical entities, not only becoming flesh as they affect the

thinker, reader, speaker, or listener, and acting as a kind of mortar for communities, families, peoples, but themselves emanating from and participating in an ecology of mind that is as much of nature as are rocks and trees.

**B**UT IN THE WEST this commingling is veiled. If by means of duality Western culture has secured the illusion of transcendence, the culture is also blind to the order and pattern, the memory and intelligence, all qualities of abstract thought, that exist *in* nature. By that hubris which in Western culture characterizes most thought about human intelligence, the ability to perceive pattern and order in nature has been elevated above nature, while pattern and order are not perceived as qualities of a profound analytical intelligence in nature. Even the most abstract concepts of science, those which belong to mathematics, exist in nature. One has only to slice open an apple to find symmetry. Birth certainly contains a kind of divi-

sion and multiplication at the same time, as does cell mitosis, DNA, the future lives within a seed pod, a copse of birch trees, splitting and reproducing even as they appear in repose.

Sequence was not invented by the human mind, but exists as a significant principle of order within all nature, most clearly perhaps with seasons, the progress of the earth circumnavigating the Sun or human growth and aging. Even the concept of the integer exists in nature, in beings and things which have a discernible integrity, a wholeness within themselves, such as one day, or as the astronomer Caroline Herschel called them, "the integer days." Even computations made possible by the use of Arabic numerals, with their crucial use of position, can be observed in the meaningful arrangements of chromosomes which also change significance through where they are placed and in what sequence.

Gregory Bateson was famous for beginning his classes by throwing a crab on his desk and asking his students to describe the qualities of life, using the crab as an example. The order is so clear. Near the end of his life Bateson argued that the capacity to symbolize, basic not only to all mathematics but also to what is called abstract thought, is deeply embedded in natural process. In an interview taped for a Lindisfarne Fellows meeting, Bateson described metaphor as the "logic upon which the biological world" has been built, "the main characteristic organizing glue . . ." of what he elsewhere calls the mental world of organisms.

The manner of symbolic thinking

he describes is not the symbolic representation of *logos* but the metaphor of poets. He compares two syllogisms, the famous example of "good" thinking,

Men die  
Socrates is a man  
Socrates will die

and the equally famous example of "bad" thinking,

Grass dies  
Men die.  
Men are grass.

Because the first example depends on the likeness of subjects rather than verbs, it is a kind of logic not found in biology. For billions of years there has been no separation of subject and verb in living organisms. To extend the implications of Bateson's insight, one can see in the very insistence that the subject be separated from this verb, a separation from the natural world and natural process. A human death is made distinct from the death of grass. And the biological cycle of participation

**Sensual knowledge, seeing, tasting, smelling, feeling, hearing — crucial abilities through which the human species has survived for millennia in balance with other life forms — have been subject to distrust, given a lower value, and hence, outside of a handful of artists and healers who are also marginalized, these capacities have been left undeveloped in Western culture.**

and transmutation at the heart of being, by which men and women are grass and grass is fed by and becomes animal life, is obscured.

But of course what is equally obscured, and for the same reasons, is dependence of thought on the attributes of the natural world. The possibility certainly exists that human beings have the capacity for and have invented

forms of thought which are unique in the universe. But the assertion that what is considered the highest form of thought, namely abstract thought, is uniquely human has an emotional valence. This assertion takes the human thinker in the direction of a mythical world of ideas outside the biosphere. "For most mathematicians (and, one can add, most scientists)," Brian Rotman writes, "mathematics is a Platonic science, the study of timeless entities, *pure forms* that are somehow or other simply 'out there,' pre-existent objects independent of human volition or of any conceivable human activity . . ." and, I might add, of any biological or earthly activity too.

If with arithmetic, algebra, geometry, calculus scientists are able to measure and begin to describe and in some ways even understand the abundant complex patterns in nature, this is an astonishing accomplishment. It is a mirror of human nature and of the dimensions of human intelligence, including the human desire to know. Yet in every aspect this accomplishment is also a mirror of the complexity and the vast intelligence which belongs to natural existence. Human intelligence is woven from *this* complexity,

the complexity of the universe. But with the concealment of nature the full dimension of human knowledge is also sacrificed. Those forms of human knowledge associated with materiality suffer invisibility and marginalization. It is thus not only the natural world that is mechanized but one's own experience of the natural world. Sensual knowledge, seeing, tasting, smelling,

feeling, hearing — crucial abilities through which the human species has survived for millennia in balance with other life forms — have been subject to distrust, given a lower value, and hence, outside of a handful of artists and healers who are also marginalized, these capacities have been left undeveloped in Western culture. And what suffers equally in the estimation of modern science is what Pascal describes as the reason of the heart. Human emotional knowledge, which has also evolved in community with natural existence, has been reduced to a problem that gets in the way of objectivity. By this method, what is lost is the human experience of the beauty of a river, the trees along its side, the mountains rising behind it, the rocks washed, polished by waves of water, silvery fish leaping within it, leaves falling on its surface, shining, illuminated by the setting sun — an experience central to what we would call any question of truth.

I can remember the intensity with which as a child I entered the Sierrita mountains, the deserts outside Los Angeles, the ocean just over the hills ringing the valley where I lived. Were I to put language to these experiences now I would describe them as meetings — transformational exchanges which touched me and through which I learned the nature of existence. I was taught. But I had no way to explain such lessons. The cosmology I had been given, the philosophies, would not embrace this knowledge. In the world view I inherited, if nature seems to have meaning, his meaning is only an appearance, a sentimental overlay, one which only the naive, children, the uneducated, or lesser cultures take at face value. If the child sees heaven in a wild-

flower, her innocent vision must later yield to a higher but severing wisdom which would have it that heaven exists on earth only in the eye of the human beholder.

What is sacrificed with the elevation of human consciousness above natural process is not only the idea of the intelligence of nature, but one's experience of being immersed in a larger whole. A

**A kind of mad arrogance flows from the diminishment of meaning in nature, one that approaches megalomania.**

deep and continuing relationship with all other forms of existence is an ancient aspect of human consciousness. One encounters it in children who delight in plants and animals. And we keep this knowledge alive in the myths and stories we tell our children about the natural world.

But the child becomes an adult. Culture schools her to imagine her own intelligence as unique and isolated in the universe. An older sense of participation in a world of meaning is traded for a mental world that, however dry and abstract, is independent. To know is no longer erotic, no longer relational, but becomes instead a means of escape from an enmeshment in material existence. By an incremental process of separation from the body, from emotions, from the direct experience of nature, nature becomes alien. Now independence from nature is supposed to provide safety from an increasingly menacing nature. Knowledge, which has become a form of power rather than intimacy, works a kind of magic in the psyche. In this habit of mind, understanding and analysis bear with them the illusion of having captured the material world and bent it to submission. Yet, ironically, the mind

that imagines itself to be independent from the physical universe is more fearful when confronted with natural power. The fear becomes a terror that is as inescapable as the fact of the human dependence on the biosphere, a dependency that seems terrible only because in the Western mind existence has become meaningless. To be swallowed by such a universe would be a preternaturally cold and lonely fate.

But the mind is already swallowed. Just as in any ecosystem the existence of each species or life form is dependent on the matrix in which it exists. As Hans Blumenberg writes of the Copernican revolution, the air we inhabit is just dense enough to allow us to draw breath and to shield us from cosmic rays, and yet thin enough to allow us to see the stars. Or, less sanguinely, one might imagine a nuclear winter in which the sky is darkened, the polluted air stings the eyes, a lack of oxygen and the effects of radiation, not to speak of the trauma of events, affect the brain; since the smell of ash expunges every other scent, food cannot be smelled to know if it has gone bad; because buildings, trees, shrubs, rocks no longer exist as markers of a familiar landscape, one cannot find one's way. Without the other and without otherness, knowledge is limited to the point of extinction. But any number of less dramatic examples might be drawn from the history of scientific discourse. Within the history of physics, two simple examples spring to mind. One is from the written work of Galileo. As Italo Calvino points out, whether he is describing a dialogue, the process of thought, or physical motion, he is likely to use the image of a horse, racing, dragging sacks of grain, performing elaborate feats. The other ex-

ample I use is more famous. That is Einstein's description of relativity, which he describes at times as being like the operations of an elevator and other times as being like a train. These concrete metaphors are not just illustrations. Human perspicacity is literally constituted by what can be perceived on earth and in the universe. Thought is impossible without such images.

The interdependency of human thought and the environment is a vast topic which has not been explored with anywhere near the same passion as the assertion of independence. But this mutuality goes back to the very origins of a human consciousness that evolved with the rest of nature. Answering Bishop Berkeley's famous epistemological question, "If a tree falls in the forest and no one is present to hear it, does it make a sound?" one might pose another question: "If sound does not exist, can there be such a thing as a human ear?" For the ear, and human knowledge, evolved in community with other life forms and with the physical properties of an audible universe. Human knowledge, if nothing else, is a testament to the connectedness and interdependency of life. There can be no subject apart from an object. This understanding should transform our epistemologies by embedding not only being but the capacity to know in an earth imbued with intrinsic significance.

And a return to what is a birthright of meaning is more than a philosophical journey. Something changes in the mood. An atmosphere of nihilism dissolves. Certainly I notice this shift when turning away from the page, or the computer screen: the living world is suddenly present. When I rise and walk under the trees in my neighborhood, the russet color of their leaves burnishes my

mind. Even turning in my chair, opening the window, feeling a cold wind against my face, my mind is joined, taken up, educated. This simple experience is one that most of us regard as an emotional necessity. A room, an enclosure, must have a window. Yet out of the mentality of this civilization we have made a windowless room.

What is at stake is sanity. A kind of mad arrogance flows from the diminishment of meaning in nature, one that approaches megalomania. A presumption of omniscience accompanies every dangerous attempt to control and dominate nature. Again and again, disasters are created because human knowledge has been imagined as having no limits. A substance is given to young pregnant women because scientific tests indicate it can prevent miscarriage. Decades later this substance is shown to have no effect on miscarriage, but it causes cancer in the daughters born of this experiment. Fields are saturated with another chemical because this substance kills certain pests. But the lesson is never learned. With each new invention, a claim for safety is made that is founded on an image of infallible knowledge.

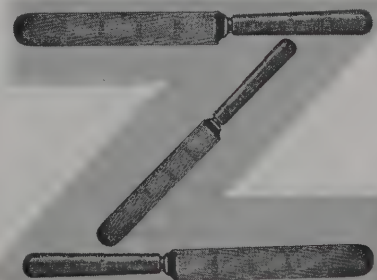
In his beautiful accounts of peasant life in alpine France, John Berger describes a very different attitude toward knowledge. The peasant farmer lives and works with an understanding of scarcity. This understanding diverges from both the "bourgeois and Marxist ideals of equality" which "presume a world of plenty," he writes. "They demand equal rights before a cornucopia . . . to be constructed by science and the advancement of knowledge." But the peasant ideal of equality is different. It "recognizes a world of scarcity, and its promise is for

mutual fraternal aid in struggling against this scarcity and a just sharing of what the work produces."

The experience of scarcity delivers a dramatic lesson in dependency on the earth. Not only the dependency of the body but of the mind too. Closely "connected with the peasant's recognition, as a survivor, of scarcity is his recognition of man's relative ignorance," Berger writes. "He may admire knowledge and the fruits of knowledge but he never supposes that advance of knowledge reduces the extent of the unknown. . . . The unknown can only be eliminated within the limits of a laboratory experiment. Those limits seem to him to be naive."

It is these limits that are ignored when, in the case of possible pollution — from ionizing radiation, or one of hundreds of thousands of manmade chemicals released into the environment every day — no margin is made for the limits of human knowledge. If an effect cannot be measured by modern scientific and statistical means, it is presumed not to exist.

In an ironic footnote to the history of mathematics and to the history of a certain hubris, the symbol for zero — *z* — which came from the Hindu tradition, stands for the unknown. It was the adoption of this symbol and its use to occupy space that so radically advanced mathematical knowledge. Now, an older understanding of zero is crucial to human life, and that is the limitation before which we must learn to stand in respect as well as wonder. ☘



## What's Going On Out There?

Its lurid cover gives little hint of the thorough discussion of meteors and meteorites in *Rocks from Space*.

Physics, chemistry, astronomy, and the often obsessed observers, hunters, and collectors (the author is among them) are all here, complete with romance, legend, heartbreak, and lots of photos.

To encourage family stargazing, *Astronomy for All Ages* is set up as fifty-one activities aimed at helping anyone understand what's going on out (not up) there. You'll get the basics of commonly observed phenomena such as eclipses, as well as less obvious matters: for instance, do you know what the analemma is? There are instructions for making your own instruments, too.

*Aurora* is a respectable explanation of northern (and southern) lights, along with the apocrypha and lore thereof. You'll have to make do

with its many terrific color photographs until you can go see for yourself, which you should at least once. I was relieved to read reports of auroral hiss and crackle like we'd heard while ski-troopering in Alaska's Brooks Range — I'd been told it was officially audible only to Ph.D.s. —J. Baldwin

crackle like we'd heard while ski-troopering in Alaska's Brooks Range — I'd been told it was officially audible only to Ph.D.s. —J. Baldwin

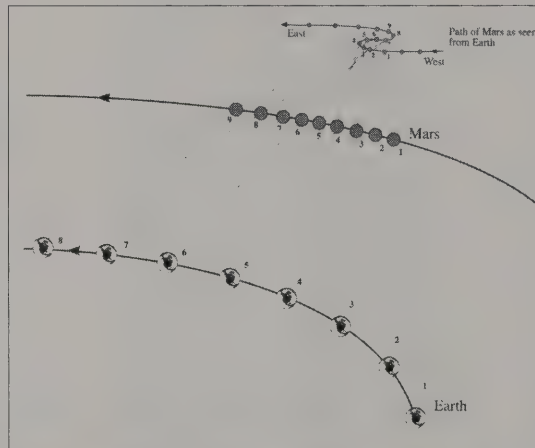
with its many terrific color photographs until you can go see for yourself, which you should at least once. I was relieved to read reports of auroral hiss and



with its many terrific color photographs until you can go see for yourself, which you should at least once. I was relieved to read reports of auroral hiss and

crackle like we'd heard while ski-troopering in Alaska's Brooks Range — I'd been told it was officially audible only to Ph.D.s. —J. Baldwin

The retrograde loop of Mars is caused by Earth catching up with and passing Mars in its orbit. Sighting toward Mars when it is closest to Earth (at opposition) will reveal its westward loop (connect like numbers) as seen against the background stars (each planet is shown at one-week intervals). —*Astronomy for All Ages*

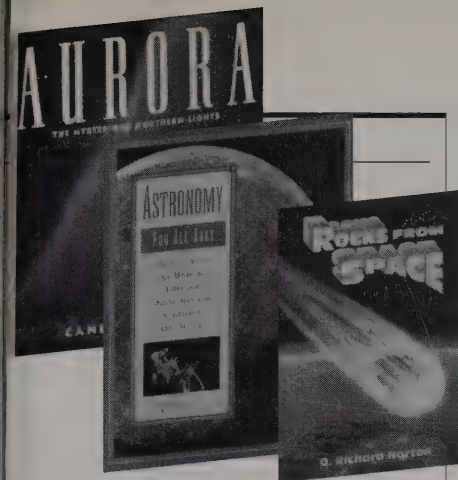


Bodies entering Earth's atmosphere from space travel at speeds frequently exceeding 26 miles per second. A meteoroid that encounters air molecules at that speed quickly heats up. In a matter of seconds, the small body collides with millions of air molecules. As it heats to over 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, material on its surface begins to vaporize. Gases from the meteoroid and the air in contact with it begin to glow. These gases, called a plasma, form a large, teardrop-shaped cloud around the meteoroid. This plasma cloud may extend hundreds of feet in its smallest dimension, and may persist as long as material continues to

vaporize. Most meteoroids in this superheated condition last only a second or two before vaporizing. For an average meteor to be seen from Earth, it must be within 100 miles of the observer. Most of this distance is in altitude. Meteors first appear when the meteoroid is approximately 60 miles above Earth, where the atmospheric density is great enough to heat the meteoroid to incandescence. Using this distance as an average, we can calculate the total number of meteors potentially visible to observers worldwide: On any given day, the number probably exceeds 25 million. —*Rocks from Space*

The tinkling bell at the neck of this reindeer is intended to keep the ominous influence of the lights at a safe distance. —*Aurora*





### Aurora

(The Mysteries of Northern Lights)  
Candace Savage. Sierra Club Books, 1994; 144 pp. ISBN 0-87156-419-X \$25 (\$28 postpaid) from Sierra Club Store Orders, 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA 94109; 800/935-1056

### Astronomy for All Ages

(Discovering the Universe Through Activities for Children and Adults)  
Phillip Harrington & Edward Pascuzzi. 1994; 208 pp. ISBN 1-56440-388-2 \$17.95 (\$20.95 postpaid) from Globe Pequot Press, 6 Business Park Road, PO Box 833, Old Saybrook, CT 06475; 800/243-0495

### Rocks from Space

(Meteorites and Meteorite Hunters)  
O. Richard Norton. 1994; 446 pp. ISBN 0-87842-302-8 \$20 (\$23 postpaid) from Mountain Press Publishing Co., PO Box 2399, Missoula, MT 59806; 800/234-5308

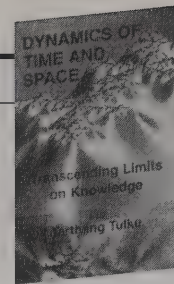
## Dynamics of Time and Space

*Metaphysics is always hard. Sometimes it's hard because metaphysicians are in love with their own words. Other times it's hard because its ideas don't fit well into ordinary language.*

*Dynamics of Time and Space is difficult for the second reason. Tibetan lama Tarthang Tulku presents his vision not as a series of rarefied intellectual concepts, but as a means of opening up the cracks in our perceptions. Time and space are revealed not as absolutes, but as curtains behind which we can peer.*

*Despite its lucidity, this book is challenging. At times I felt lost in it. At other moments, even if I wasn't sure I'd grasped the author's meaning, I felt small bursts of illumination, as if something in his mind had spoken to something deep and wise in mine. —Richard Smoley*

■ Sitting quietly, let the mind involve itself in the stories that flow through consciousness. Notice the dynamic that powers each story: the concerns and desires, worries and distractions. As you become more familiar with these patterns, look for second-level stories that support the stories on the surface; for instance, stories about who you are and what you stand for, or stories that



### Dynamics of Time and Space

(Transcending Limits on Knowledge)  
Tarthang Tulku. 1994; 358 pp. ISBN 0-89800-266-4 \$15.95 (\$18.70 postpaid) from Dharma Publishing, 2910 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94702; 800/873-4276

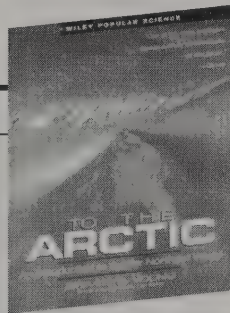
make sense of longstanding patterns or conditions. Notice which stories refer more to the past and which to the future. How does the 'objective' time that measures out events and sequences figure in the stories you tell? Is it a minor character? Does it have a role to play at all? . . .

As you become familiar with the stories you typically tell, you will notice how many of them express a characteristic negativity. There are stories that explain inaction or justify distraction, that feed daydreams of escape, excuse failures, and calm fears. There are other stories that fuel anxiety and intensify concern. Pay close attention to the patterns of the stories that you typically tell, looking for those that consistently repeat themselves. Can you touch the energy bound up in those stories? Can you release it?

## To the Arctic

*Living in the Arctic for a little while gave me the impression that I knew something about it. Hah. The author of this wonderful book has explored there for thirty years. He's taken me from dilettante dunce to armchair expert in one good read. I want to go back and look around more carefully. He gets into everything — geology, water, ice ages, chickadees, bears, trees, climate — hooking it all together into a vast and intricate system far different from the "frozen waste" cliché. The book is one of those rare examples of scholarly writing by a skilled storyteller. Too bad the photographs aren't in *National Geographic* color. —J. Baldwin*

■ Probably nothing more absurd could be imagined than a sheared muskox; fortunately muskoxen need not be sheared since the fur is shed naturally. As the individual hairs loosen, they are held in by the long guard hairs and can be separated from the animal in sheets. These can be removed



### To the Arctic

(An Introduction to the Far Northern World)  
Steven B. Young. 1989, 1994; 354 pp. ISBN 0-471-07889-1 \$16.95 postpaid from John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1 Wiley Dr., Somerset, NJ 08875; 800/225-5945

by human hands if the person has good relations with the muskox.

■ The heart of the Ice Age North is often thought of as lying in the area we now usually call Beringia. During the Ice Age, the northern Bering Sea and Chukchi Sea floors were emergent in response to eustatic lowering of the sea level. A broad lowland plain stretched from what is now west central Alaska all the way to the Gulf of Anadyr. At

the time, it must have been one of the great lowland plain systems of the world, an area of subcontinental proportions. It is sometimes referred to as the Bering land bridge but this implies a much narrower connection than the one that really existed.

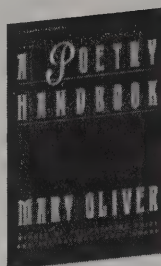


An area of string bog, or strangmoor, in western Newfoundland. The small rice-paddy-like ponds are called flarks.

## A Poetry Handbook

Don't let the title fool you; this is no dry prosody textbook. Mary Oliver, a National Book Award and Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, begins at the most basic unit in poetry, the sounds of individual letters, and builds her discussion (partly an argument for poets to study these things) upward from there, providing a beginning in what can be taught of poetry: mechanics and structure, the sounds of words apart from meaning, lines and linebreaks, meter, verse forms, figurative language, rhyme, and tips on and discussion of workshops and revision.

What sets this small book apart is her consideration of familiar poems from Whitman, William Carlos Williams, Frost, Elizabeth Bishop, and others. Demonstrating how the mechanics of a poem affect the meaning, tone, and emotion, her discussion made poems I'd read many times interesting to me in new ways. Admittedly, this book is only a beginning, but it is an excellent beginning and will provide some tools to open poetry up further for both poets and readers of poetry. —Wade Fox



### A Poetry Handbook

Mary Oliver. Harvest Books, 1994; 130 pp. ISBN 0-15-672400-6 \$8.95 (\$12.45 postpaid) from Harcourt Brace Trade Dept., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, FL 32887-4300; 800/543-1918, fax 800/874-6418

■ We experience the physical world around us through our five senses. Through our imagination and our intelligence, we recall, organize, conceptualize, and meditate. What we meditate upon is never shapeless or filled with alien emotion — it is filled with all the precise earthly things that we have ever encountered and all of our responses to them. The task of the meditation is to put disorder into order. No one could think, without first living among things. No one would need to think, without the initial profusion of perceptual experience.

● Because every poem is a new creation and because the creative force often makes sweet use of the most unlikely apparatus, it is not always possible, or wise, to set down absolutely firm rules. Yet this can certainly be said: in almost any poem certain practices are appropriate, certain practices are inappropriate.

● Even if the poem is a description of unalleviated chaos, it is a gathering of words and phrases that have been considered, weighed, and selected. Perhaps the poem was conceived in raw genius. It was also drawn through the measured strings of the man-made harp of song.

## Reading Ruth

The biblical Book of Ruth presents moving reflections on women's friendship and commitment, mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relationships, loyalty, and continuity. The editors of *Reading Ruth* believe that "the texts of the Hebrew bible have been shaped by male writers and editors," and "that it is interpretive traditions more than biblical texts that leave women feeling excluded"; they have therefore been inspired to collect these women's writings on the Book of Ruth. The commentary, by both contemporary popular writers and less well-known scholars, opens up the very meaning of biblical commentary and its possibilities. —Clare Kinberg



### Reading Ruth

(Contemporary Women Reclaim a Sacred Story)  
Judith A. Kates & Gail Twertskey Reimer, Editors.  
Ballantine Books, 1994; 386 pp.  
ISBN 0-345-38033-9  
\$23 (\$25 postpaid) from Random House,  
Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminister,  
MD 21157; 800/733-3000

● To 'deplore' the problem of sacred scriptures that seem to relegate women's experiences to subordinate or marginal positions remains a first step. But, as a number of contributors note, simply deplored leaves us with a sense of loss, uneasy awareness that potential connections to a valued tradition are being abandoned. In this volume we move beyond that stage, not just to discussion, but to study. We offer the fruits of women's scholarship, literary sensitivity, professional expertise, and personal insight to enrich the ongoing process of interpretation through which Jews have made the Bible a living text.

● From "The Book of Ruth and Naomi"

Show me a woman who does not dream a double, heart's twin, a sister of the mind in whose ear she can whisper, whose hair she can braid as her life

twists its pleasure and pain and shame. Show me a woman who does not hide in the locket of bone that deep eye beam of fiercely gentle love she had once from mother, daughter, sister; once like a warm moon that radiance aligned the tides of her blood into potent order.  
—Marge Piercy

● From "Ruth Reconsidered"

If the women were enriched by their contact with the matriarchal, they were also forthright in their quest for the patriarch. It is significant that each of them, in her own way, returns to the father. Such an act — be it literal or symbolic — could never find a place in our religious education, its salient role in the birth of a messiah notwithstanding. The reason for this is twofold: Courageous thrusts into the forbidden were never encouraged, since inner completion and self-empowerment were never valued. The permission to reach for both is something most women have only come to as adults, long after the Book of Ruth has been closed and nearly forgotten. A more probing reading of Ruth could have equipped us earlier with what we needed to hasten the Messiah, in both the deeply personal and truly universal sense.  
—Susan Reimer Torn



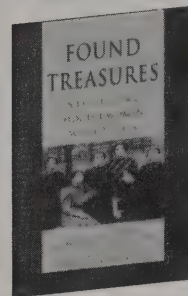
## Found Treasures

The lexicons of Yiddish literature include the biographies of hundreds of women journalists, essayists and fiction writers. Yet until the publication of **Found Treasures** less than a handful of these women's prose works had been translated into English. Irena Klepfisz's forty-page introduction, "Queens of Contradiction," provides an astonishing contextualization of the work of these writers and of the reasons for its obscurity.

These voices tell their stories from the inside out. Sometimes grim (no nostalgia here), their revelations are unexpected, maybe because our view of Eastern European Jewish life has been so one-sidedly shaped by the likes of Sholom Aleichem. But these aren't only stories of life in the Old World, some were published in Yiddish as recently as the 1980s and '90s. —Clare Kinberg

- Far from being physically isolated, the lives and careers of Yiddish women writers were informed and shaped by modern Ashkenazi history. Of those in *Found Treasures*, only Rokhl Brokhes never wandered from her native soil and perished in the Minsk ghetto during the Second World War. The others, like millions of Jews — adults and children — were swept up in waves of Jewish (im)migration, spending years, sometimes most of their lives in foreign countries.

- It is an inherent paradox that these stories' structure and content simultaneously focus on speech and on silence. Rather than monologues, many are soliloquies which do not demand a response. Readers learn of hidden feelings and secrets only because they are reluctant eavesdroppers. . . . If as readers we do identify, it is often about something we would not want to admit to.



### Found Treasures

(Stories by Women Yiddish Writers)  
Fred Forman, Sarah Swartz & Margie Wolfe, Editors. Second Story Press, 1994;  
391 pp. ISBN 0-929005-53-8  
\$14.95 (\$19.45 postpaid) from InBox,  
Box 120261, East Haven, CT 06512;  
800/253-3605

## Outercourse • Beyond God the Father

In 1965 during the Second Vatican Council, when we drank cappuccinos and talked theology on Rome's Via della Conciliazione, I found Mary Daly (who has five graduate degrees, including doctorates in theology and philosophy) a brilliant thinker. Six radical feminist books, of which for me the most mind-blowing is **Beyond God the Father**, a deconstruction of the patriarchal deity, confirm her brilliance. In the wickedly funny and blasphemous **Outercourse**, she spirals through four galaxies, via Ireland's pre-Christian mythology with its triple goddess (and many other — for her — less enchanting countries) from

Schenectady, NY, to her current contemplation site, along with "crones," and feline and bovine "familiaris," on the far side of the moon. A tour de force.

—Gary MacEoin

- My work as a Pirate, Righteously Plundering and Smuggling back to women gems which have been stolen from us by the patriarchal thieves, requires precision, accuracy, and meticulous scholarship. It also demands that I break rules which restrict creative expression. My capitalization, for example, is capitably irregular. It expresses meanings within ever changing contexts which I have created. Hence seeming inconsistencies are consistent within a more important Rule of Radical Feminist Creativity, which is: "Throw off mindbindings/spiritbindings. Reach for the stars." —*Outercourse*



—*Beyond God the Father*

- When I try to explain *academia* to the cat and the cow they are dumbstruck. "What," they ask telepathically, does that have to do with . . . Now?"

"Nothing," I reply. "That's why I have to expose it . . . in a Fourth Galactic Light."  
—*Outercourse*

- Since the mystery of evil has been dislocated in patriarchal religious consciousness, it is logical to ask whether the Christian idea of salvation suffers from a comparable and consequent dislocation. The idea of a unique male savior may be seen as one more legitimization of male superiority. Indeed, there is reason to see it as a perpetuation of patriarchal religion's "original sin" of servitude to patriarchy itself. To put it rather bluntly, I propose that Christianity itself should be castrated by cutting away the products of supermale arrogance: the myths of sin and salvation that are simply two diverse symptoms of the same disease.  
—*Beyond God the Father*

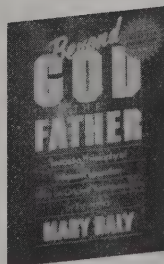


### Outercourse

(The Be-Dazzling Voyage)  
Mary Daly. HarperSanFrancisco, 1992;  
477 pp. ISBN 0-06-250207-7  
\$13 (\$15.75 postpaid) from HarperCollins  
Publishers, Direct Mail, PO Box 588,  
Dunmore, PA 18512; 800/331-3761

### Beyond God the Father

(Toward a Philosophy  
of Women's Liberation)  
Mary Daly. Beacon Press, 1973, 1985;  
225 pp. ISBN 0-8070-1503-2  
\$14 (\$18 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing  
Group, PO Box 506, East Rutherford,  
NJ 07073; 800/788-6262



# Middle Eastern Women: After the Pioneers

BY  
MIRA ZUSSMAN

**EVER SINCE** Elizabeth Femea's *Guests of the Sheik* (WER 75:70) hit the bookstores, there have been numerous unveilings of the Middle Eastern woman, if only in print. The American fascination, or horror, with (supposedly) veiled women has produced a genre in which Middle Eastern women are judged by standards that just don't apply.

The good stuff, on the other hand, challenges us to consider that sexual segregation might not be such a bad idea — that it has some distinct advantages over our system of gender organization — and to acknowledge that institutions

and horrors of their own lives. The footage in the hammam, or public baths, may offend fundamentalist viewers of any stripe.

Femea followed up with *Middle Eastern Muslim Women Speak* (WER 49:30, 75:70), co-edited with Basima Qattan Bezirgan. In this breakthrough of startling, refreshing voices, superficially simple women's lore (like the singing of lullabies) comes alive.

Unni Wikan's *Behind the Veil in Arabia: Women in Oman* is another classic that epitomizes the politics of gender in the Middle East. Here we are introduced to

thropologist Fatima Memissi discussed the relationship of Islam to gender issues for a Western audience. Memissi's work since then has been equally provocative, and is worth tracking down.

Lila Abu-Lughod followed Memissi with *Veiled Sentiments: Honor and Poetry in a Bedouin Society*. Abu-Lughod's contribution shows how both intimacy and morality are conveyed through the poetry of personal life. Far from the rigid society depicted in the American press, here are the Bedouin engaging in a discourse of intimacy.

*The Colonial Harem*, by Malek Alloula, is a shocking photographic excursion into the European fascination with the harem. The French colons of North Africa sent perverse postcards to their families and friends at home in France; this volume reproduces both photos of North African women (frequently with faces veiled but breasts exposed) and the leering comments written on the other side. The French attitude toward the veil, as seen in these postcards, changes from fascination to hostility as the French have more and more trouble holding their colonies.



Scenes and types. Moorish women taking a walk.

## Contemplating. —The Colonial Harem

like veiling are far more complex than we would suppose. (The Tuareg of the Sahara are as Islamic as any Saharan tribe, yet it is the men, rather than the women, who veil; the Tuareg haven't a shred of patriarchy in them.) The good stuff is not ubiquitous, but it is out there.

After Femea gave us our first sympathetic view of life behind the veil in an Iraqi village, she went on to Morocco with *Some Women of Marrakesh*, one of the best documentaries ever made on Middle Eastern women. There is no voice-over or narration, only women speaking for themselves about the joys

and horrors of their own lives. The footage in the hammam, or public baths, may offend fundamentalist viewers of any stripe.

and horrors of their own lives. The footage in the hammam, or public baths, may offend fundamentalist viewers of any stripe. After Femea and Wikan, we got something long overdue: Middle Eastern women began to write their own stories and histories, and interpretations of history. In *Beyond the Veil: Male-Female Dynamics in Modern Muslim Society* (WER 70:71), Moroccan feminist an-



105 En contemplation

J. Gasser, chef, Alger

## Guests of the Sheik

Elizabeth Warnock Fernea. Anchor Press, 1969; 347 pp.  
ISBN 0-385-01485-6. \$9.95 (\$12.45 postpaid) from Bantam, Doubleday, Dell,  
Fulfillment Dept., 2451 S. Wolf Road, Des Plaines, IL 60018;  
800/323-9872.

## Middle Eastern Muslim Women Speak

Elizabeth Warnock Fernea & Basima Qattan Bezirgan,  
Editors. 1977; 414 pp. ISBN 0-292-75041-2. \$14.95 (\$16.95 postpaid)  
from University of Texas Press, PO Box 7819, Austin, TX  
78713-7819; 800/252-3206.

## Behind the Veil in Arabia

Unni Wikan. University of Chicago Press, 1991; 314 pp.  
ISBN 0-226-89683-8. \$14.95 (\$17.95 postpaid) from  
Chicago Distribution Center, 11030 S. Langley Avenue,  
Chicago, IL 60628; 800/621-2736

## Beyond the Veil

Fatima Mernissi. 1987; 200 pp. ISBN 0-253-20423-2  
\$8.95 (\$11.95 postpaid) from Indiana University Press,  
601 N. Morton Street, Bloomington, IN 47405; 800/842-6796.

## Veiled Sentiments

Lila Abu-Lughod. University of California Press, 1987;  
317 pp. ISBN 0-520-06327-9. \$14 (\$17 postpaid) from California/  
Princeton Fulfillment Services, 1445 Lower Ferry Road, Ewing, NJ  
08618; 800/777-4726

## The Colonial Harem

Malek Alloula. 1986; 131 pp. ISBN 0-8166-1384-2. \$15.95 (\$17.95  
postpaid) from University of Minnesota Press, Order Dept., 2037  
University Avenue SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414; 800/388-3863

## The Seed and the Soil

Carol Delaney. University of California Press, 1991;  
360 pp. ISBN 0-520-07550-1. \$16 (\$19 postpaid) from  
California/Princeton Fulfillment Services, 1445 Lower Ferry Road,  
Ewing, NJ 08618; 800/777-4726

## Wombs and Alien Spirits

Janice Boddy. 1989; 384 pp. ISBN 0-299-12314-6  
\$23.95 (\$26.95 postpaid) from University of Wisconsin Press,  
114 N. Murray Street, Madison, WI 53715; 608/262-8782

## Women in Exile

Mahnaz Afkhami. 1994; 210 pp. ISBN 0-8139-1543-0  
\$12.95 (\$15.95 postpaid) from University Press of Virginia,  
PO Box 3608, University Station, Charlottesville, VA 22903; 804/924-3468

In *The Seed and the Soil: Gender and Cosmology in Turkish Village Society*, Carol Delaney literally gives us her dreams, her conversations with her own daughter growing up, and a theory of the relationship between patriarchy, gender, and all three of the religions descended from Abraham. You get way more than the title implies, and enough to keep you cogitating for a good decade or two.

Those who really want to explore female circumcision should start with Janice Boddy's *Wombs and Alien Spirits: Women, Men, and the Zar Cult in Northern Sudan*. Boddy gives us the context that the American press seems unwilling even to contemplate.

I have witnessed my own students' grief and shock when they discovered that many in their safe haven of America considered them the embodiment of the Enemy. Mahnaz Afkhami's *Women in Exile* goes beyond the Middle East to give us

the voices of the refugees from war and revolution, the agony of women separated from their homes and unlikely ever to be able to return.

Titles on women behind the veil hit the booksellers' with some regularity nowadays. But these are classics — books that draw us in and explain things we might not be ready to accept — and it's always best to start with the classics. ☺

Mira Zussman is an associate professor of comparative religion and coordinator of Middle East Studies at San Jose State University. She has traveled extensively in the Middle East and North Africa. —RK

Making bread.  
—*The Seed and the Soil*





fiddle), the dumbek and tabla (small drums), the shawm (oboe), the soraz (violin), tulum (bagpipes), and oud (lute).

An exquisite introduction to these sounds, with excellent liner notes, comes from Topic Records' *Music in the World of Islam* series. Originally released in 1976 on six LPs, these field recordings have recently been reissued on three CDs. The recordings range from Syrian shepherds' songs played on a double clarinet to a group of Bedouin women singing wedding songs while helping the bride prepare for the ceremony.

**Music in the World of Islam**  
 Topic Records. TSCD901: Human Voice/Lutes; TSCD902: Strings, Flutes & Trumpets; TSCD903: Reeds & Bagpipes/Drums & Rhythms. 3 CDs, \$17 each from Round World by Mail

The most widely used instrument is the oud — a watermelon-shaped lute, usually with five pairs of strings. Sometimes a single bottom string is added for drone effects. The oud can sound similar to a guitar or a little like an Indian sarod or sitar. Contemporary oud virtuosos include Nubia's Hamza el-Din and Iraq's Munir Bechir.

The two most revered oud players of Egyptian classical song were Mohammed Abdel Wahab and a transplanted Lebanese whom Wahab crowned "The King of the Oud" — Farid el Atrache. Check out Atrache's **Addi Errabi** ("The Spring"), a song that features mind-blurring, flamenco-style oud and Atrache's equally astounding vocal flourishes.

**Addi Errabi**  
 Farid el Atrache. Cairophon CXG 602, cassette or CD from Samiramis Imports

WITH WAR ENGULFING many Middle Eastern countries over the past thirty years, Egypt's capital has emerged as the region's dominant cultural center. Musicians from all over the Middle East come to Cairo in the hope of building a following and recording their music in one of the city's state-of-the-art studios.

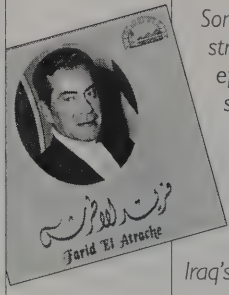
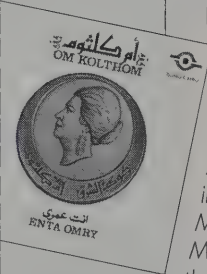
The great modern interpreters of "classical song" come from Egypt, either by birth or migration. These epic classical songs are structured somewhat similarly to the long, improvisational jams of John Coltrane or Charles Mingus. The Egyptian classical vocalist normally comes in after the orchestra has stated the theme, then will explore the variations of a given melodic line or lyrical phrase until finally returning with the orchestra to the original theme. Many of these songs are more than an hour in length.

The undisputed master of this style is Om Kolthom. Her

music is still adored throughout the region more than twenty years after her death. On **Enta Omry** ("You Are My Life"), Kolthom and the Arab Music Ensemble forcefully weave an epic song of yearning that transcends all language barriers. At times, her plaintive wails frenzy her audience to the point where the musicians are forced to pause until the pandemonium subsides.

**Enta Omry**  
 Om Kolthom. Sono Cairo 102-E, cassette or CD from Samiramis Imports

A broad variety of exotic instruments is found in Middle Eastern music. Many are handmade by the musicians who play them. Actually, most reed and stringed instruments originated in this region and have been integral to Islamic music for hundreds of years. Traditional instruments include the nay (similar to a flute), the mesengo (a one-stringed



Like early rock'n'roll, Rai caused much unrest among concerned parents and public officials when it first surfaced in the late 1970s. The lyrics are extremely racy by Islamic standards, focusing on sex, drugs (usually alcohol), and fast cars. Throughout the 1980s, its popularity swelled in the dance clubs along the Spanish-influenced port of Oran, even spreading to France, the home of a large Algerian immigrant community.

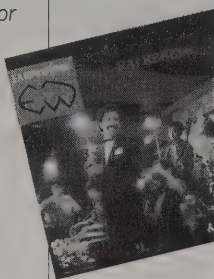
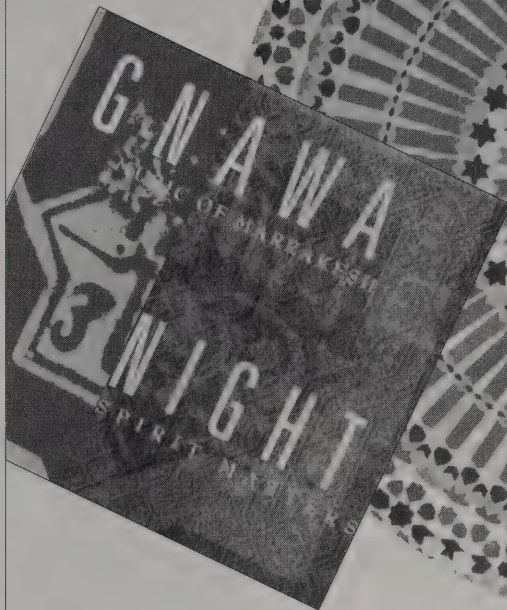
The outstanding compilation **Rai Rebels** features a few traditional percussion instruments but is dominated by electric guitars, synthesizers, and drum machines.

**Rai Rebels**  
Earthworks/Caroline Records:  
EAR 2407-2, CD only. \$16  
from Round World by Mail

Israel has yet to produce or distribute much music that distinguishes it from its Arab neighbors. A notable exception is the World Beat recordings of Israel's Ofra Haza, an immigrant from nearby Yemen. On **Fifty Gates of Wisdom**, Haza takes folk songs from Jewish antiquity and revitalizes them with modern instrumentation and recording technology.

**Fifty Gates of Wisdom**  
Ofra Haza. Shanachie 64002,  
cassette or CD from Shanachie  
Entertainment

Other non-Islamic styles include those from indigenous Africans who have been forcibly relocated further north. The Gnawas, originally brought to Morocco from Timbuktu as slaves in the sixteenth century, have retained many of their cultural traditions through the hypnotic "trance-dancing" qualities that their music induces. Check out a great compilation: **Gnawa Music of Marrakesh/Night Spirit Masters**.



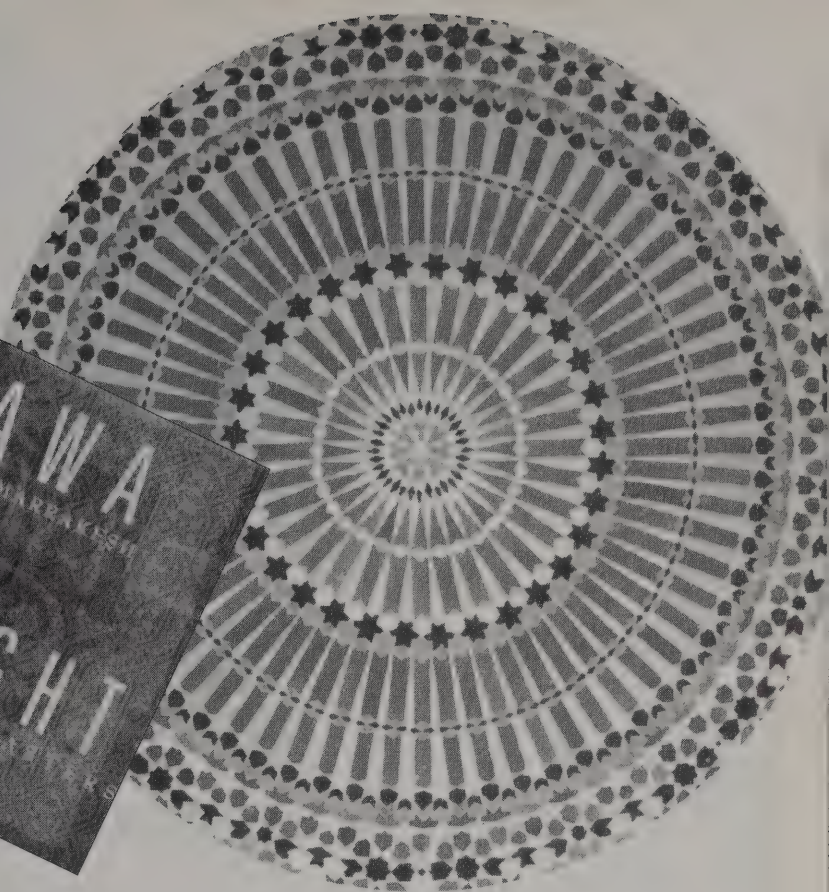
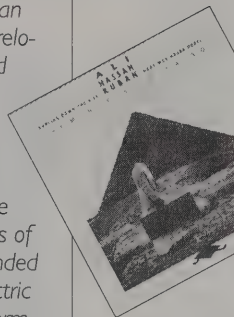
**Gnawa Music of Marrakesh/ Night Spirit Masters.**

Axiom/Island Records: AXI 510-147, CD only. \$16 from Round World by Mail

In the 1960s, the Nubian people were forced to relocate north to Egypt and south to Sudan when their homeland was flooded to create the world's largest artificial lake, Lake Nasser. Since then, the rural traditions of Nubian music have blended with brassier, more electric sounds from Cairo to form a loose, airy World Beat hybrid. Try Ali Hassan Kuban's **From Nubia to Cairo**, a funky celebration of the old master's favorite earthly passions: women and his Nubian homeland.

**From Nubia to Cairo**  
Ali Hassan Kuban. Shanachie 64036, cassette or CD from Shanachie Entertainment

With the exception of the newer World Beat sounds, US



availability of Middle Eastern music remains a problem. But if you live in or near a large metropolitan area, a Middle Eastern music store, specialty shop, or even a restaurant may carry imports of more traditional, less Western-influenced music. Most of the music discussed in this article came to me by way of enthusiastic waiters or merchants who seemed happy to answer my endless queries. ☺

**Addresses:**

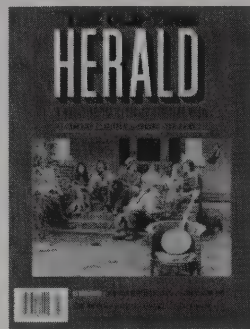
**Samiramis Imports, Inc.**  
2990 Mission Street, San Francisco, CA 94110; 415/824-6555. Cassettes \$9 each postpaid, CDs \$20 each postpaid.

**Round World by Mail**  
591 Guerrero Street, San Francisco, CA 94110; 415/255-7384, fax 415/255-8491. Shipping charges: \$2.50 first item, 50¢ each additional.

**Shanachie Entertainment**  
37 E. Clinton Street, Newton, NJ 07860; 800/497-1043, fax 201/579-7083. Cassettes \$7.95 each, CDs \$12.95 each. Shipping charges: \$1.85 first item, 55¢ each additional.

## The Old-Time Herald

"Old-time music" is mostly taken to mean string-band music (fiddle, banjo, guitar, maybe mandolin) of one of the styles (principally southeastern) that preceded bluegrass. That's an awfully broad description, but the **Herald** is an eclectic magazine. Also a handsome one that features some very good writing on the sources of traditional American music and the people who cleave to it now. It's not just a good music magazine, but a good history source as well. —James Donnelly



### The Old-Time Herald

Alice Gerrard, Editor.  
\$18/year (4 issues) from  
PO Box 51812, Durham,  
NC 27717; phone/fax  
919/416-9433

#### Cousin Emmy.

In the 1930s the banjo sometimes took on a new role within performing string bands in a style based on the old Kentucky rapping or frailing stroke. This type of banjo lead communicated unmistakable excitement with its strong, driving melodic breaks, using a guitar and string bass for rhythmic support. As far as I can tell from early recordings and recent interviews, this style was initiated and played by women, all of them from Kentucky. . . .

Cousin Emmy was the first and probably the most influential of these banjo-picking country entertainers to establish herself. Born and raised in western Kentucky just after the turn of the century, she came from a family of musicians. She was without a doubt the most energetic old-time music performer I have ever seen. She often led a

large troupe of musicians and dancers in the rough and tumble thirties, sang in a clear limber voice, and played more than a dozen instruments. Her image was one of a brash banjo picking woman. Her rapping style was fast and smooth and she could also play the picking, or chord style on slower songs. She was a spirited musician, tall, blonde, and charis-

matic. She played a variety of songs on the banjo, from "Old Timbrook" ("Molly and Tenbrooks" — no doubt learned from her family) to pieces of English ballads such as "Scat Tom Kitty Puss," or turn-of-the-century sentimental songs such as "Little Joe."

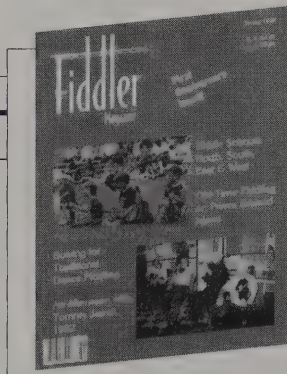


## Fiddler

Here's a year-old magazine with a lot of vitality and deep conversance with its subject. The writing is pretty good to good, coverage is broad and quirky, self-consciousness is absent. The design leans toward clarity rather than flash. There's a real good feeling of smarts and enthusiasm and common purpose from **Fiddler**.

A particularly nice feature is the transcriptions. The Fall '94 issue had an interview with Michael Doucet (with discography, and preceding a brief history of Cajun fiddling by Doucet) that was followed by music for a two-step, a waltz, and a "Gigue Acadie." The same issue had six other transcriptions. I hope this magazine prospers. —JD

Irish music has single grace notes, double



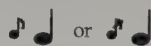
### Fiddler Magazine

Mary Larsen,  
Editor.  
\$15/year  
(4 issues)  
PO Box 125,  
Los Altos, CA  
94022

grace note borrows time from a melody note. A classical grace note borrows from the preceding melody note, and an Irish grace note borrows from the following melody note, as shown here:

grace notes, and triple grace notes (also called triplets, to be discussed in a later issue). Here's what single and double grace notes look like in relation to the notes they embellish:

#### Single



#### Double



#### Irish single grace note



$\frac{1}{\infty}$  or one flick

#### Classical grace note



leisurely in comparison

In Irish and classical music you don't get much time to play grace notes. In fact a

Grace notes are played so fast, they're almost subliminal.

## Stewart-MacDonald's

This Ohio company offers materials, finishing supplies, and tools for building guitars (acoustic and electric), banjos, mandolins, violins, and trap drums. Their catalogs are jammed with good advice and procedural information. Their merchandise is good. Their telephone people are knowledgeable and agreeable. Their service is fine. They sell very interesting-looking books, too. I have to say something negative for balance, so I will now grunt my disappointment at their failure to issue a catalog of materials for the creation of button accordions. Not that I would want to build one. —JD

**Stewart-MacDonald's:** Guitar Shop Supply or Drum Maker's Supply catalogs free from 21 N. Shafer Street, Box 900, Athens, OH 45701; 800/848-2273, fax 614/593-7922

### Nut & Saddle Materials

**DIMENSIONS:** The sizes listed at right are approximate. Final shaping and slotting required. Each blank is supplied with a flat bottom surface.

**BONE:** Currently the material of choice for nuts and saddles on high quality instruments. Its hardness offers superior tone, it polishes well, and it allows slower, more precise slot filing.

**CORIAN®:** A new material with reliable consistency and the appearance and hardness of bone. It polishes well, and it allows slower, more precise slot filing.

**MICARTA®:** An excellent and affordable synthetic ivory/bone substitute in wide use by satisfied shops; specified by Martin for nuts and saddles since the 1960s. Ivory in color and a bit softer than bone, it files and sands easily and gives a uniform tone. Another good choice for bridge transducer saddles.

**GRAPHITE:** A self-lubricating material which is excellent for non-locking tremolo systems.

**MOTHER-OF-PEARL:** Often used on better banjos and mandolins for tonal brilliance as well as beauty. Very dense.

### Nut Blanks for Fender style Guitars & Bases

Material / Length x height x thickness	Your cost	12 or more	24 or more
No. 224 Bone, 1 3/8" x 3/32" x 1/8" .....	\$1.80	\$1.53	\$1.29
No. 187 Micarta®, 1 3/4" x 3/16" x 1/8" .....	\$1.45	\$1.23	\$1.04
No. 220 Black Micarta®, 1 3/4" x 3/16" x 1/8" .....	\$2.98	\$2.53	\$2.15
No. 258 Black graphite, 1 3/8" x 1/4" x 1/8" .....	\$3.99	\$3.39	\$2.88
No. 259 Brass, curved top, 1 3/8" x 3/16" x 1/8" .....	\$4.99	\$4.24	\$3.61

### Nut Blanks for Gibson style Guitars/Banjoes/Mandolins

Material / Length x height x thickness	Your cost	12 or more	24 or more
No. 224 Bone, 2 1/16" x 3/16" x 3/16" .....	\$3.33	\$2.83	\$2.41
No. 228 Corian®, 2 3/16" x 3/16" x 1/4" .....	\$2.23	\$1.90	\$1.61
No. 218 Micarta®, 2 3/16" x 3/16" x 3/16" .....	\$1.90	\$1.61	\$1.37
No. 98 Micarta® banjo 5th nut, 1/4" x 1/8" .....	\$1.40	\$1.17	\$ .99
No. 219 Mother-of-pearl, 1 1/4" x 3/16" x 3/16" .....	\$7.48	\$6.36	\$5.40

### Nut Blanks for Classical & Martin style Guitars

Material / Length x height x thickness	Your cost	12 or more	24 or more
No. 226 Bone, 2 1/16" x 3/16" x 1/4" .....	\$3.79	\$3.23	\$2.75
No. 227 Bone for Martin, 1 1/16" x 1/32" x 1/4" .....	\$3.98	\$3.44	\$2.92
No. 228 Corian®, 2 3/16" x 3/16" x 1/4" .....	\$2.23	\$1.90	\$1.61
No. 210 Micarta®, 2 3/16" x 3/16" x 1/4" .....	\$1.80	\$1.50	\$1.30

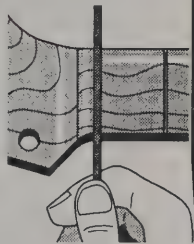
### Guitar Bridge Saddle Blanks

Material / Length x height x thickness	Your cost	12 or more	24 or more
No. 229 Bone for 3/32" slot; 4" x 1 1/2" x 3/32" .....	\$3.79	\$3.23	\$2.75
No. 230 Bone for 1/8" slot; 4 1/4" x 1 1/2" x 3/64" .....	\$4.99	\$4.27	\$3.63
No. 231 Thick bone, 3 1/4" x 1 1/2" x 7/32" .....	\$6.35	\$5.39	\$4.59
No. 232 Corian for 1/8" slot; 4 1/8" x 1/2" x 3/64" .....	\$1.98	\$1.68	\$1.43
No. 211 Micarta® for 1/8" slot; 4 1/8" x 1 1/2" x 1/4" .....	\$1.80	\$1.50	\$1.30

### Nut Seating Files

These custom miniature flat files are specially shaped for cleaning and "squaring up" string nut mounting ledges on guitars and other fretted instruments. The files cut the bottom of the slot only, leaving the edge of the fingerboard unmarred. They're made from finest Swiss tempered chrome-alloy steel, for precision cutting and long life.

- No. 1174 1/8"-wide  
Your cost **\$8.63**
- No. 1175 3/16"-wide  
Your cost **\$8.63**
- No. 1176 1/4"-wide  
Your cost **\$10.75**



NEED LARGER QUANTITIES OF NUTS & SADDLES? CONTACT US FOR PRICES.

## Fiddlers Crossing (and select recordings)

Accordions be damned! The really swell people concede that fiddlers are the best of all folk musicians. The fiddle, after all, traveled west in the flour barrel of many a wagon train. By moonlit campfires, upbow strathspeys evolved into longbow reels. Tendrils of the old music darted between the feet of Cape Breton stepdancers and Carolina barnstompers; there were new tunes, new songs, new dances. And the fiddle caught them all.

The owner of Fiddler's Crossing, Jan Tappan, is well known to Scottish traditional musicians, dancers, and fellow travelers. What started as a cottage musicbook business has grown into a major mail-order Celtic music resource. Ms. Tappan sells LPs, tapes, CDs, videos, and musicbooks, including reproductions of public-domain Old Scottish Music.

The recordings that follow are available from Fiddler's Crossing; the comments are mine. —Anita Susan Brenner

■ Bert Murray: On the Fiddle. Cassette \$10.

Bert Murray is a composer-fiddler from Aberdeen; at 81, he still plays with clarity and precision. In addition to his own compositions, there is quite a lot of Skinner on this recording. (James Scott Skinner [1843-1927] was a dancing master, fiddler, and composer from Aberdeen; his compositions require classical technique.) This is an excellent practice tape for students of Scottish music.

■ John Turner's Scottish Musical Menagerie. Cassette \$10, LP \$8.

"Fiddling is storytelling . . . and a few pick-up notes with bow and fiddle say, 'Once upon a time . . .,' just as clearly as the brothers Grimm ever did . . ." (John Turner's introduction to Melodies in the Scottish Style [1984]).

The Reverend Dr. John W. Turner studies and plays eighteenth-century Scottish music. He is a seven-time US National Scottish Fiddling Champion and a master performer who combines perfect technique with an extensive knowledge of Scottish culture and history.



### Fiddlers Crossing

Catalog free from  
PO Box 92226,  
Pasadena, CA  
91109-2226;  
818/792-6323,  
fax 818/793-9401

Turner is joined by bagpipes, singers, and percussion in this 1979 recording.

■ John Turner's Fiddling Rogues and Rascals, Volumes I & II. Cassette \$10 each, LP \$8 each.

Volume I features Early Scottish composers with tunes such as Neil Gow's Lament for the Death of His Second Wife, Farewell to Whiskey, and Lady Charlotte Campbell's Reel. Accompaniment includes harpsichord, hanging man, hammered dulcimer, virginal, guitar, bass and percussion, as well as Turner's own double stops and drones.

Volume II features compositions by Nathaniel Gow, J. Scott Skinner and Abraham Mackintosh, as well as some of Turner's own music.

## World Music: The Rough Guide

Zouk? Klezmer? Bikutsi? Even the most ardent aficionados must have trouble keeping track of the Babel of styles lumped together as "World Music." So it's no wonder that we novices feel completely at sea.

This handbook, from the British Rough Guide travel series (MWEBC p. 332), is the answer. Taking the reader on a musical romp that includes just about every nation on earth, it not only profiles musical styles and celebrities, but discusses their social and political contexts. It also includes a helpful list of recommended recordings tailored to beginners.

I may feel somewhat awkward hauling this large volume along with me next time I decide to shop for world music. But I doubt I'll feel quite as lost. —Richard Smoley

■ You've only got to go to Havana's outdoor dancehall, the Tropical (known locally as the "salon rosada" because of its pink-washed walls), and join the thousands of mostly black Cuban teenagers swiveling hips and bottoms to bands like Orquesta Revé to feel the vitality and driving physicality inherent in the island's music. For all the teasing sexuality between musicians and audience (and audience and audience), however, this is never just rapid dance music. In Cuba the words of many songs enter everyday currency precisely because they capture (often with a mocking sense of irony) the very situations people are living through. A few years back Los Van Van's "¡L'Habana no aguanta más!" (Havana Can Take No More)



### The Rough Guide to World Music

(Salsa to Soukous, Cajun to Calypso)  
 Rough Guides, 1994; 697 pp.  
 ISBN 1-85828-017-6  
 \$19.95 (\$21.95 postpaid)  
 from Penguin USA, Consumer Sales, 120 Woodbine Street, Bergenfield, NJ 07621; 800/253-6476



Beating the hour-glass drum.

commented on the shortage of housing in the capital, while more recently Orquesta Revé's "El ron pa'despué" (Save The Rum For Later) exploited a double meaning — referring to a chronic shortage of beer while rum remained plentiful, and to a

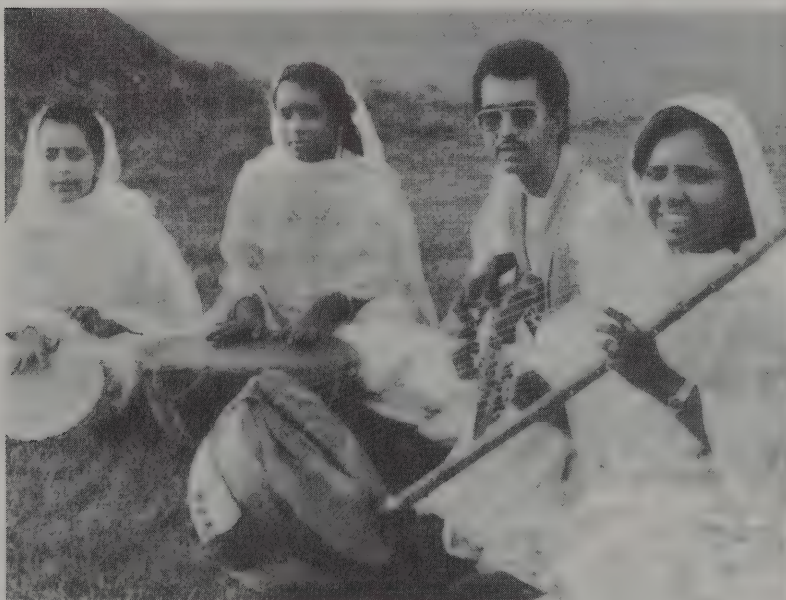
classic seduction technique. Song lyrics, like jokes, can provide a more acute insight than newspapers into what Cuban people are thinking.

#### ■ *Qur'an dan Koran*

From age to age  
 Man's civilization develops  
 By now everywhere  
 Man is changing the world  
 Tall buildings scrape the sky  
 They adorn almost every country  
 In fact technology in this day and age  
 Can reach into outer space  
 But it's sad to say  
 Men have forgotten who they are  
 And become arrogant  
 They think they're even taller  
 Than those skyscrapers

As progress marches on  
 People get so busy  
 That they forget their duty  
 To pray to God five times a day  
 They are so drunk with progress  
 They think the computer is God  
 (you're kidding!)  
 When they talk about the world  
 They're wonderfully clever  
 But talk to them about religion  
 And suddenly they're allergic  
 Reading the newspaper is a necessity  
 The Qur'an is just there for decoration  
 Everybody's crazy to learn English  
 Arabic is considered backward  
 (they're wrong!)

What good is success in this world  
 If it brings disaster in the next?  
 Let us try to be happy  
 Not only for today but for eternity.  
 —Rhoma Irama (from "Indonesian Popular Music 2", Smithsonian Folkways).



Dimi Mint Abba and Khalifa Ould Eide with Dimi's daughters, Zeyrouz and Garmi.



## Traveling Incognito

This is not your typical travel book. Most books of this genre will tell you where to travel; some will tell you the best ways to cope with life on the road. **Traveling Incognito** will do that and something much more important — it will tell you WHY to travel. Don't expect a list of hotels that provide in-room showers, directions to tourist traps, or the best places to find American-style coffee. Instead you'll get the reasons to avoid them, and to surrender to the pleasures of the local scene. Sarah Shockley is wise enough to know that travel is not just an activity, it's a state of mind. She will help you expand your inner horizons while racking up your frequent-flier miles.

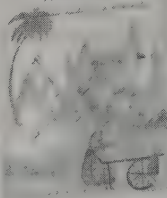
—Andrea Chase

- To come away with a meaningful experience, to dip into something exotic, strange, beautiful and intriguing, we must become what I call Authentic Travelers. We're not there for the locals to entertain us, we're there as momentary guests and appreciators of difference.

- Being accepting of differences does not mean you have to adopt them for your own, or even that you personally approve of them. It does mean that you are open to learning, you are open to respecting another culture's view of the world, and that you acknowledge that you may not know everything about life in that country and therefore may benefit from suspending judgment.

- One of the joys of going solo is that you get to be unabashedly selfish. You go where you want, when you want, choosing companions along the way if you like, or not. How often do you get to make decisions only for you based on your own needs at the moment and according to the nature of your own desires? Think about what it would be like if you really got to choose when to wake up, what you'd do all day or if you'd spend the night in a completely new place just for the fun of it. Rarely do we give ourselves that kind of total freedom, and it's a real treat.

### TRAVELING INCOGNITO



#### Traveling Incognito

(The Independent Traveler's Guide to the World)  
Sarah Shockley. 1994; 221 pp.  
ISBN 0-9641279-0-3  
\$14.95 (\$17.45 postpaid)  
from Any Road Press, 190  
El Cerrito Plaza, Suite 204,  
El Cerrito, CA 94530

## Jet Smart

Air travel is fraught with hazards to body and mind: jet lag, radiation, quality of air in the aircraft, susceptibility to flu and colds, dehydration, pesticides, and other matters. The author of **Jet Smart** has been an international flight attendant for twenty-one years. Her book features more than two hundred suggestions to make air travel a safer and less dismal proposition.

The book also includes a bibliography, a multiple-choice quiz that reinforces some not-so-obvious information, and an excellent concluding summary in seven sections, such as "Jet Prep" (planning for the trip), "Jet Ready" (transportation to the airport), and "Jet Lag." The outline

format of this last segment makes it easy to review and to locate specific items.

This enlightening, useful manual and reference book will help the traveler avoid many of the difficulties of jet travel.  
—Julius Kleiner

- Jet-smog is what I'm calling the peculiar inflight environment — high in radiation, pesticides, and pollution while low in oxygen, pressure, and humidity. Thus, a person flying, for example, from Boston to Bogota, never leaves his time zone and never crosses the equator; nevertheless, he is still at the effect of

- Whether you are comfortable with it or not, bartering is anticipated in many places and by refusing to question the first price offered you may be upsetting the economic balance. In other words, by paying the ex-



#### Jet Smart

Diana Fairechild. Flyana Rhyme/Celestial Arts, 1992; 182 pp. ISBN 0-89087-737-8  
\$12.95 (\$16.45 postpaid)  
from Celestial Arts Publishing, PO Box 7123, Berkeley, CA 94707; 800/841-2665.

these unnatural forces.

Jet-smog compounds jetlag, both in depth and in duration, and is especially critical to those travelers with a medical condition.

- "Although the low relative humidities present in most aircraft during flight can be deadly for some bacteria, such conditions probably augment the viability of most viruses."

Some scientists say that viruses penetrate our immune system through the tiny cracks inside our nostrils, and that this is intensified in jets by dehydration whereby the tiny cracks get raw and enlarged.

Reduce your chances of catching infections on jets by coating the insides of your nostrils with a light oil.

- **Get Up And Circuit The Plane.** When attendants are not involved in a major service, blocking the aisles with their carts, be smart — get out of your seat and promenade, ramble, march.

Or, walk like Groucho with straight back and slightly bent knees. This pumps even more blood up to the brain. Not only that, the Groucho walk is easy on the knees, as the jet's thin metal flooring has a trampoline effect.

Also notice the floor's angle; most jets today fly nose up to save on fuel.

### ANOTHER GREAT RESOURCE

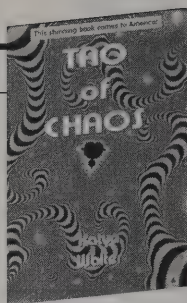
#### Healthy Flying:

Diana Fairechild. Internet:  
<http://maui.net/diana>

orbitantly high price which is first requested, even if it seems reasonable to you by western standards, you are contributing to artificially high prices, or inflation.

## Tao of Chaos

In Germany, Dr. Katya Walter is called the philosopher queen of the global village. Blending science and mysticism, she gives us a new paradigm: China's I Ching follows the Tao. Western science explores DNA. They join in modern chaos theory. Definitely a unique study in scientific interconnectedness. —Lois Anderson



## Tao of Chaos

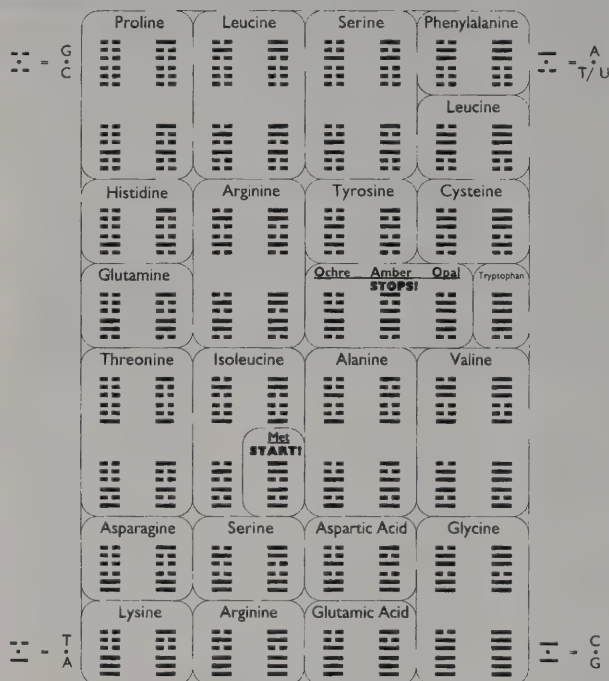
(Merging East and West)

Katya Walter. 1994; 288 pp. ISBN 1-884178-17-0  
\$17.95 (\$21.95 postpaid) from Kairos Center, 4608  
Finley Drive, Austin, TX 78731; 800/624-4697

Your hexagram will show a fractal pattern occurring in your events and emotions. It describes this energy in images that seem archaic, but the underlying pattern is enduring, archetypal. Remember that an archetypal form remains the same while its contents vary. Much like the Lorenz attractor in dynamic chaos, the iterating dynamic of your hexagram is tracing out points in a pattern that will never exactly repeat itself and whose dots can never be predicted in their exact location, yet what keeps reappearing is the same form behind the varying contents. Here is archetypal order beneath apparent randomness. It will translate into your life quite shockingly well, if you can understand the ancient example. Sometimes this is difficult, I admit, so in Section 4, I offer two hexagrams in present-day terms. I also suggest a simple, effective consulting procedure that is faster than the relatively modern day coins (1000 A.D.), and yet as accurate as the truly ancient and slow yarrow stalk procedure.

Your hexagram dynamic will tell you the quality of an event, not its quantity. Its emphasis will be on process, not final product. When the I Ching speaks of "good fortune," it considers the state of your psyche, not a prestigious accumulation of wealth. All this can puzzle the Western mind that tends to think in terms of a binary yes-no, goal-oriented, bottom-line summation of material gain.

### DNA Swatch Hexagrams



### RNA Message Hexagrams



## The Turquoise Bee

The Sixth Dalai Lama of eighteenth-century Tibet was a great tantric adept. He used to party all night in Lhasa's brothels and bars, then sneak back to the Potala palace before sunrise to perform his official duties. After a while the Sixth Dalai Lama even renounced his monastic vows and lived like a layman, getting drunk with his friends, singing songs and having fun, but maintaining his holy role as incarnation of Avalokitesvara, the Bodhisattva of Compassion. The Sixth Dalai Lama is still a beloved figure among Tibetans, not only for these anecdotes, but for his poems and spiritual teachings.

His songs are sparse and fresh. Rick Fields' and Brian Cutillo's translation is manly and true. Mayumi Oda's drawings are sublime. —Hacsi Horvath

### The Turquoise Bee

(The Lovesongs of the Sixth Dalai Lama)  
Rick Fields, Brian Cutillo & Mayumi Oda.  
HarperSanFrancisco, 1994; 138 pp.  
ISBN 0-06-250310-3  
\$15 (\$17.75 postpaid)  
from HarperCollins Publishers, Direct Mail, PO Box 588, Dunmore, PA 18512; 800/331-3761



•

55

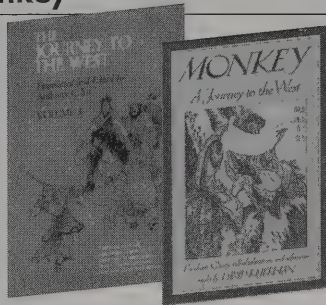
I sought my lover at twilight  
Snow fell at daybreak.  
Residing at the Potala  
I am Rigdzin Tsangyang Gyatso  
But in the back alleys of Shol-town  
I am rake and stud.  
Secret or not  
No matter.  
Footprints have been left in the snow.

## The Journey to the West • Monkey

Western literature has no equivalent to *The Journey to the West*. Imagine Dante mixed with Kabala, and peopled by Daniel Boone, Mother Teresa and Wile E. Coyote. This sixteenth-century epic is both one of the half-dozen most venerated works in classical Chinese literature and a staple of popular culture. Its ubiquitous characters and stories appear in comic books, advertisements, even postage stamps. It is, simultaneously, a dragons-and-demons adventure, an allegory of self-mastery, a political satire, an anthology of rich, symbolic poetry, and an esoteric alchemical recipe book. It's picaresque, fantastical, wise. And hilarious.

With Arthur Waley's wonderful 1943 translation out of print, the best short English version is *Monkey*. If that nibble tantalizes, then try the whole banquet, the four well-annotated volumes of *The Journey to the West*, which include the full text and all the poetry left out of the shorter treatments. —Michael K. Stone

Monkey had been sailing along for some time when he saw in the distance five flesh-colored pillars standing straight up in the sky. "This must be the end of the line," he thought. "When I get back the Buddha will be my witness and the Palace of the Divine



### The Journey to the West

Anthony C. Yu, Editor.

University of Chicago Press

Vol. 1. 1977; 530 pp. ISBN 0-226-97150-3

\$19.95. Vol. 2. 1983; 438 pp. ISBN 0-226-97151-1

\$16.95. Vol. 3. 1984; 454 pp. ISBN 0-226-97153-8

\$16.95. Vol. 4. 1983; 470 pp. ISBN 0-226-97154-6

\$16.95 (Postage: \$3.50 for 1st volume, 75¢ each additional) from Chicago Distribution Center, 11030 S. Langley Avenue, Chicago, IL 60628; 800/621-2736

### Monkey

(A Journey to the West)

David Kherdian. 1992;

209 pp. ISBN 0-87773-652-9

\$10 (\$13 postpaid) from Shambhala Publications, Order Dept., PO Box 308, Boston, MA 02117-0308; 617/424-0228

Mists will be mine." But just as he was starting to turn around, he had another thought. "Wait a minute," he declared to himself. "Shouldn't I leave some evidence, just in case the Buddha doesn't believe me?" He plucked a hair from his body and blew on it with his magic breath, saying, "Change!" It instantly became a writing brush charged with heavy ink. Walking to the central pillar, he wrote, "The Great Sage, Equal of Heaven, was here!" And then, in utter disrespect, he pissed against the base of the pillar.

When Monkey had somersaulted back and was standing again on Buddha's palm, he cocked his hat and said, "Well, I took my little journey, and now I'm back. You can tell the Jade Emperor to vacate his palace."

"Why, you stinking baboon, you never once left the palm of my hand."

"Don't display your ignorance," said Monkey. "I went to the farthest reaches of Heaven, and when I found five flesh-colored pillars I left my mark on the middle pillar. Would you like to go out with me and have a look?"

"No need," the Buddha answered. "Just drop your head and have a look yourself." Monkey peered down, and there, scrawled on the middle finger of the Buddha, was written, "The Great Sage, Equal of Heaven, was here!" At that moment he caught a



### The Bodhisatva Kuan-yin with her disciple and bodyguard, Hui-an. —Monkey

whiff of monkey urine coming from the fork between the Buddha's thumb and first finger. —Monkey

All at once they saw a body floating downstream. Tripitika stared at the moving body in terrified disbelief. "Don't worry," Monkey said, "it's only you."

"It's you, it's you," Pigsy cried.

Clapping his hands, Sandy repeated, "It's you, Master, it's you!"

"Congratulations!" The boatsman said. "It's you all right — and there you go!"

They soon reached the other shore. Tripitika skipped lightly from the boat and jumped onto the bank. He had achieved transcendent wisdom and, having discarded his earthly body, had also cleansed his senses and become the master of his fate. —Monkey

The dragon extending sharp claws;  
The monkey lifting his rod.  
The whiskers of this one hung like white jade threads;  
The eyes of that one shone like red-gold lamps.

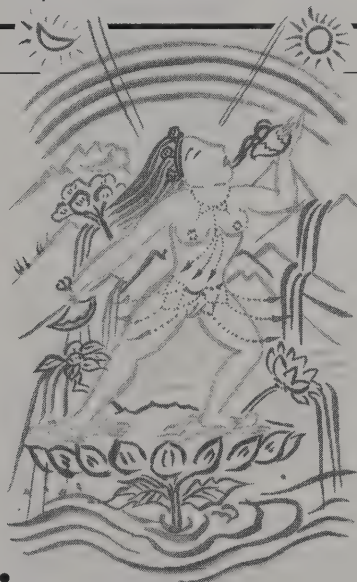
The mouth beneath the whiskers of that one belched colored mists;  
The iron rod in the hands of this one moved like a fierce wind.

That one was a cursed son who brought his parents grief;

This one was a monster who defied the gods on high.

Both had to suffer because of their plight. They now want to win, so each displays his might.

—*The Journey to the West, Volume 1*



62

Pure glacial waters from Crystal Peak  
And dewdrops from a vajra-plant,  
Fermented with the yeast of ambrosia,  
Brewed by the dakini of wisdom.  
If drunk with pure commitment  
The misery of lower states  
Need never be experienced.

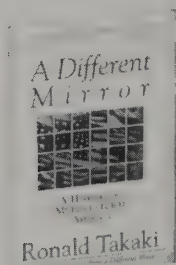


**Irish immigrant maids. As they cooked, laundered, and took care of the children, servants were required to wear aprons.**

## A Different Mirror

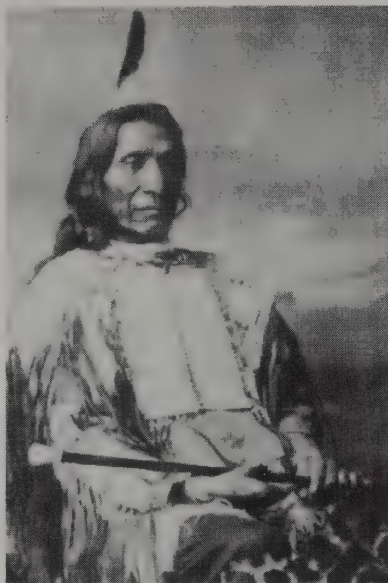
Ronald Takaki substitutes a more accurate and inclusive history for the dominant myth of America as one white Anglo-Saxon nation united under the same Protestant God. Through a comparative study of the Black, Asian, Irish, native American, Jewish and Chicano group experiences, he shows these ethnic groups as actors in American history and contributors to our culture, not just as victims of discrimination. Takaki helps his readers see their similarities and those instances in which the different cultures of North America worked together for a common good. —Wade Fox

• During the nineteenth century, for example, the Market Revolution employed Irish immigrant laborers in New England factories as it expanded cotton fields worked by enslaved blacks across Indian lands toward Mexico. Like blacks, the Irish newcomers were stereotyped as “savages,” ruled by passions rather than “civilized” virtues such



### A Different Mirror

Ronald Takaki. Back Bay Books, 1993; 508 pp. ISBN 0-316-83111-5 \$12.95 (\$15.45 postpaid) from Little, Brown and Co., Order Dept., 200 West Street, Waltham, MA 02154; 800/343-9204



**Red Cloud (Charles M. Bell, 1880).**

as self-control and hard work. The Irish saw themselves as the “slaves” of British oppressors, and during a visit to Ireland in the 1840s, Frederick Douglass found that the “wailing notes” of the Irish ballads reminded him of the “wild notes” of slave songs.

• On their voyage through history, Americans have found themselves bound to each other, especially as workers. Time and again, the paths of different ethnic groups have crisscrossed in this “brave new world” — Bacon’s Rebellion, the Market Revolution, westward expansion, the strike at North Adams, World War II. Below deck, they have found their lives swirling together in the settling and building of America from the first meeting of the Powhatans and English on the Virginia shore to the last arrival of boatpeople from war-torn Vietnam.

## Mama Lola

A cramped basement in Brooklyn is transformed into an altar room. The crowd sings and the Saints come marching in. But these Saints are neither sober nor superior. Contradictory and funny, these spirits ride the Priestess, controlling her body, manner, talk and attitude.

Karen McCarthy Brown first approached Vodou as a sociologist and anthropologist of religion. But as she grew closer to the Vodou priestess Alourdes, Brown found herself transformed by the religion she wished to observe. At the book’s end, the professor is initiated as a novice Vodou healer. Looking deeply at issues of religion and gender, magic and social change, survival and power, this book describes a powerful magic, as vivid as Tibetan Buddhism, as soulful as Christianity, as rich in story as Judaism, as revitalizing as Islam. —Evelyn Pine

• Vodou spirits, unlike the Catholic saints whose names they borrow, are characters defined by contradiction. The Vodou spirits represent the powers at work in and on human life. The wholeness of the spirits — their ability to contain conflicting emotions and to model opposing ways of being in the world — gives Vodou its integrity as a religion.

## Pulling Our Own Strings

Feminist humorists may be dedicated and militant, but they’re not above poking fun at themselves, as well as at others.

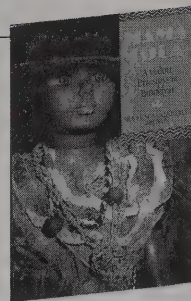
This book is organized around topics that tend to be central to the experience of women — marriage, pregnancy, raising children, and work. *Pulling Our Own Strings* was originally published in 1980, and thus has material mostly from the sixties and seventies. It offers us an entertaining picture of feminist humor and feminist thought during those years. And it has a lot of really funny stuff in it, as well. —Arthur Asa Berger

• Let me be clear about how the female is treated in mainstream (male) humor. It has taken many centuries to produce the stereotypical female or male comedy. By A.D. 101, in Juvenal’s “Sixth Satire,” the female stereotype is firmly defined as nasty, lying, vicious, pretentious, emasculating, garrulous, aggressive, vulgar, nymphomaniacal, gluttonous, dishonest, shameless, greedy, selfish, quarrelsome, impertinent, and disgusting. Notably absent in Juvenal is the



- The skills of the Vodou healer focus on the social drama, on relational problems that often fall through the cracks between the various specialists who do the healing in Western, technological society. This focus may be not only the most realistic but also the most helpful for the majority of Haitians, who lack any realistic expectation of gaining access to the powers that actually control the world — that is, to guns and money. Understanding people, maneuvering and even manipulating human relationships — these are the weapons of the disenfranchised, the survival skills of the oppressed.

The author emerging from the initiation chamber. Outside of Port-au-Prince, 1981.



### Mama Lola

(A Vodou Priestess in Brooklyn)  
 Karen McCarthy Brown. University of California Press, 1991; 405 pp.  
 ISBN 0-520-07780-6  
 \$14 (\$17 postpaid) from California/Princeton Fulfillment Services, 1445 Lower Ferry Road, Ewing, NJ 08618; 800/777-4726

## The Woman Who Fell From the Sky

*If it is possible to be dreaming while one is awake and reading a book, that is the experience of reading the textured, sensuous word-world of Joy Harjo's fourth book of poetry. Harjo transports her reader from family to creation story to injustice to jazz. Influenced by her native American roots and coming of age in the turbulent sixties, her voice radiates spirituality, relativity, and feminine strength. Once you begin reading, you won't want to wake from this dream.*

—Pamela May

- Every day is a reenactment of the creation story. We emerge from dense unspeakable material, through the shimmering power of dreaming stuff.

This is the first world, and the last.

Once we abandoned ourselves for television, the box that separates the dreamer from the dreaming. It was as if we were stolen, put into a bag carried on the back of a whiteman who pretends to own the earth and the sky. In the sack were all the people of the world. We fought until there was a hole in the bag.

When we fell we were not afraid of falling. We were driving to work, or to the mall. The children were in school learning subtraction with guns, although they appeared to be in classes.

We found ourselves somewhere near the diminishing point of civilization, not far from the trickster's bag of tricks. Everything was as we imagined it. The earth and stars, every creature and leaf imagined with us.

The imagining needs praise as does any liv-

ing thing. Stories and songs are evidence of this praise.

The imagination conversely illuminates us, speaks with us, sings with us.

Stories and songs are like humans who when they laugh are indestructible.

No story or song will translate the full impact of falling, or the inverse power of rising up.

Of rising up.

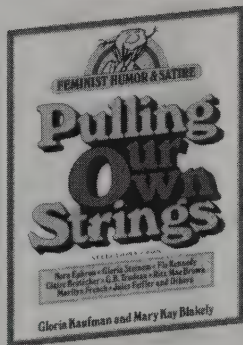
- The Indian wars never ended in this country. We could date them as beginning with contact by Columbus, an Italian hired by the Spanish court to find the land of spice and gold. Of course we fought intertribally and among ourselves, but a religious fervor large enough to nearly destroy a continent was imported across the Atlantic.

We were hated for our difference by our enemies.



### The Woman Who Fell from the Sky

Joy Harjo. 1994; 69-p. book plus audiocassette. ISBN 0-393-03715-0  
 \$21 postpaid from W.W. Norton & Co., Order Dept., 800 Keystone Industrial Park, Scranton, PA 18512; 800/233-4830



### Pulling Our Own Strings

(Feminist Humor & Satire)

Gloria Kaufman & Mary Kay Blakely, Editors.  
 1980; 192 pp. ISBN 0-253-20251-5  
 \$14.95 (\$17.95 postpaid) from Indiana University Press, 601 N. Morton Street, Bloomington, IN 47405; 800/842-6796

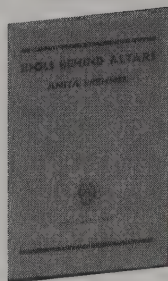
idea of woman as stupid and ineffectual. Instead, she is offensively intelligent — the legitimate castrating bitch.

- Dorothy Parker was conversing with a very snobbish young man at a cocktail party, when he commented, "I simply can't bear fools."

"How odd," she observed. "Apparently your mother could."



Emiliano Zapata.



### Idols Behind Altars

Anita Brenner. 1929, 1967;  
359 pp. ISBN 0-8196-0190-X  
\$22 postpaid from Biblo-Moser, PO Box  
302, Cheshire, CT 06410; 800/272-8778

## Idols Behind Altars

The Mexican Revolution (1910-1917) fed the energies of a generation of writers and artists who believed in the "welding of art to doctrine." This reprint of Anita Brenner's 1929 panoramic view of Mexican culture depicts the bugles, endless lines of stretchers, and the memories of the soldiers who slaughtered her father's livestock. It also addresses the underpinnings of the postrevolutionary renaissance. Artists such as David Alfaro Siqueiros, Jose Clemente Orozco, Diego Rivera, and members of the "Revolutionary Syndicate of Technical Workers, Painters and Sculptors" were heirs to the mystical realism and social orientation of the Aztecs and Mayans.

The title refers to the Church's unsuccessful attempt to obliterate native ritual. Those who have traveled in the Spanish-speaking Americas know that the Catholic Mass blends old and new, and that the dark Madonna pulses with an ancient rhythm. Anita Brenner was a bicultural American who had affection and respect for her adopted land, and her feelings are manifest in this ambitious cultural history.

—Anita Brenner (no relation)

Many teachings of the missionary friars have become part of the mind of the Indians, but woven into the life of the cities run the threads of old Indian beliefs. Ladies of society practise Indian love charms. Their children, withal the silver spoon, know the monster man-headed bird called *nahual* and the Mexican witches, which are not the kind that ride on broomsticks. They travel on balls of fire and when not travelling, live next door as quietly and as courteously as anybody else.

Led by their chieftains and priests they hid the gods in habitual private places. They shifted them back to the original sources: pushed them into caves, dropped them in lakes, covered them in growing vines. They buried them deep in granaries and between bundles of maize in the fields. The little ones they rolled in petates, dropped in cooking-pots and baskets, put in crevices, tree-trunks, and the puddles of large stones. The men tucked them in their girdles and the women hung them between their breasts.

Frustrated, the missionaries tolled their iron bells and intoned mass before submissive, docile, amiable dark faces. The gods skulked sullenly in the hills and winds. And who can remove the wind? Native religion was sheared, pared, abstracted, driven back to the fundamental needs which formed it; to the living core; to earth level.

## Breath on the Mirror

Most of us have been repeatedly uprooted and transplanted, as individuals, families and nations, so it's hard for us to imagine life in a vital, intact culture where the ancient myths are still retold as if they were recent events. Such continuity can barely be comprehended. This book clears our vision, which the Maya say was clouded, "as the face of a mirror is breathed upon," by the gods who made us.

Dennis Tedlock has spent years with the Quiche Maya of Guatemala. (He published a translation of their creation myth, *Popul Vuh: The Mayan Book of the Dawn of Life* [WER 72:78], to high acclaim.) His familiarity with the people and language allows him to recount the tales, describe the teller, and portray the context as if we, too, were present at the telling.

We need more guides like him to usher us into the rooms where storytellers are speaking. —Corina Aguilar



### Breath on the Mirror

(Mythic Voices & Visions of the Living Maya)  
Dennis Tedlock. HarperSanFrancisco,  
1993; 256 pp. ISBN 0-06-250901-2  
\$12 (\$14.75 postpaid) from HarperCollins  
Publishers, Direct Mail, PO Box 588,  
Dunmore, PA 18512; 800/331-3761

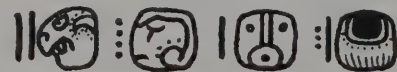
There have been motherfathers in every generation since the time when people were divided into wives and husbands, here in these mountains and on the plains all around and between them. Don Mateo is a motherfather, the living bearer of the visible face of whichever motherfather may have stood at the beginning of his line of descent, long before the birth of his father's father's father, past the point where the memory of the names of the men and their wives blacks out.

With that he shifts to another voice — not back to his own, nor to that of the woman who saw the fire that night, but to the voice of all of "us" who speak to all of "you" about what we should all know and do, the voice of collective wisdom:

It's good when you see the fire  
you shouldn't tell anyone about it,  
not even a companion  
whether it be your brother, your papa,  
whether it be  
your woman, whoever it might be.  
You mustn't talk with anyone, just keep  
it to yourself.  
"Let's see what happens,"  
as the saying goes.

Then comes another voice, as he tells us what he sees right now but we can't see, something he should keep to himself if he really sees it, and he does indeed fade out:

Well, little by little, this fire is going out,  
going out, going out, . . .



## The Flayed God

*It's nice to find a scholarly text that really feeds you with its holistic sensibility. What's still rarer is when the brilliance of the method obliterates the old stale structures of traditional scholarship. That's what happens here. This book could have been written in chocolate — it's intense, Mesoamerican, and an aphrodisiac for the mind. —Hacı Horvath*

It seems abundantly clear, then, that the peoples of Mesoamerica, in a manner similar to those of the archaic civilizations of Old Europe and the Middle East, perceived an inner, spiritual reality as metaphorically underlying and supporting the perceptible reality of the everyday world in which they found themselves. This underlying reality was most apparent to them in the regularity of the cycles to which everything in the natural, temporal world seemed to conform. The calendars that they constructed to reveal this reality were thus, at their highest level, myths — metaphoric constructs that revealed the underlying reality of the spirit — rather than merely tools for measuring the passage of time in an essentially mechanical way. As each cycle was recorded and added to those already known, they must have felt they were coming closer and closer to a revelation of the essence of divinity, the very principle of spiritual order underlying the universe.

It is important to realize that the mythic quality of this cyclical process was embodied in the conception of the Mesoamerican Mother Goddess and was therefore to be seen in all of her fantastically varied manifestations. She was the earth goddess, the fundamental creator and destroyer of life, both nourisher and protector of humanity, but simultaneously the embodiment of the forces of decline and death. Always closely associated with spinning and weaving, which represent the cyclical processes of life, death, and rebirth, the Mother Goddess weaves the masculine, vertical principle represented by the warp — the active, direct principle associated with the light of the sun — into the feminine, horizontal principle represented by the woof, the temporal and variable principle. The crossing of these two forms a union of opposites suggesting the duality of all life, a duality that grows from, depends upon, and will return to the underlying and essential unity of spirit.

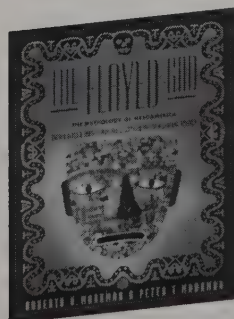


**Xipe Totec: The Flayed God.**  
A ceramic image from Veracruz.

The Aztec god Xipe Totec, "Our Lord the Flayed One," although clearly a complex and multivocal symbolic entity, is, as we have seen, most fundamentally an embodiment of the concept of renewal and the promise of regeneration. He is depicted in this ceramic sculpture from Palma Cuata, Veracruz, a sculpture probably created in the Postclassic, with his face covered by a mask made from the taut skin of a sacrificial victim, a mask through which we can see the wearer's own living eyes and mouth, and he also wears the skin of the flayed one as a garment over the large part of his body. This is the typical "costume" of this god to whom the ritual and the hymn were dedicated at the time of the planting of the corn, and the costume refers directly to the ritual.

### The Flayed God

(The Mythology of Mesoamerica)  
Roberta H. and Peter T. Markman.  
HarperPerennial, 1994; ISBN 0-06-250749-4  
\$20 (\$22.75 postpaid) from HarperCollins  
Publishers, Direct Mail, PO Box 588,  
Dunmore, PA 18512; 800/331-3761



A decorated skull with a flint sacrificial knife as a nose. From an offering at the Aztec Templo Mayor of Tenochtitlan.

## Fingers Pointing Toward the Sacred

An artist whose work in pen-and-ink, brush, wood, stone, and steel is exhibited all over the world, Frederick Franck is also a pilgrim endlessly seeking the meaning of existence. Born into a non-observant Jewish family in Holland, baptized a Protestant, he graduated as a dentist and started the first dental clinic at Albert Schweitzer's hospital in West Africa. Having found a new career as a writer and artist, he succumbed to Pope John XXIII's call to build a society of peace on earth (Pacem in Terris), and infiltrated himself into the Vatican Council (1962-95) as official artist. His lasting tribute to John is Pacem in Terris, an old mill on his property in Warwick, NY, converted into a temple of all faiths and a reflection and inspiration center.

Franck's search next expanded to Buddhism. **Fingers Pointing Toward the Sacred** distills in text and illustrations the deep commonalities of Eastern and Western religions. An exciting journey with a guide who is wise, insightful, joyous, full of hope.  
—Gary MacEoin

•

Nō dance is *dhyana*, Zen contemplation as pure motion. This baffling complexity of elements Nō welds into a oneness of apparent simplicity by a magic that makes a continuum of all perception, that makes the ears see, the eyes hear, the spirit soar towards its home.

Nō is to Kabuki what the B Minor Mass is to "The Merry Widow." To those addicted to the wild race towards oblivion, insensitive to the inner tension of every motion it is excruciatingly boring. There is precise timing in Nō, but no time. Time here touches eternity, feelably. Now/Here.

•

To me too, images, things seen, take precedence over intellectual concepts. Glimpses of answers to the riddles of existence are received in symbols, in poetic and visual imagery, in the constellations of the sounds, the silences of music.

•

The impasse, contained in the scientific viewpoint itself, can only be broken through by the attainment of a view of nothingness which goes further than, which transcends, the *nihil* of nihilism. The basic Buddhist insight of Sunyata, usually translated as "emptiness," "the void," or "no-Thingness," that transcends this *nihil*, offers a viewpoint that has no equivalent in Western thought.

The consciousness of the scientist, in his mechanized, dead and dumb universe, logically reaches the point where — if he practices his science existentially and not merely intellectually — the meaning of his own existence becomes an absurdity and he stands on the rim of the abyss of *nihil*, face to face with his own nothingness. People are not aware of this dilemma. That it does not cause great concern is in itself a symptom of the submarine earthquake of which our most desperate world-problems are merely symptomatic.

•

Some in the Order may still call themselves Christians, but they are actually meta-Christians who, far from presuming that Jesus is their chum "running with them,"



constantly reflect on the presence and the meaning of the Christ in their own lives. These meta-Christians do not so much "believe in" Christ, as they try to follow him — by following what they perceive as their own deepest, most human insights and impulses. They have overcome Christianity's neurosis of exclusiveness, freed themselves of conditioning with instilled taboos and fears of hell, replaced it with an ethic based on insight and love.

•

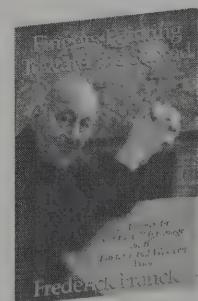
It is becoming ever clearer that the terrors of war, hunger, despoliation are, obviously, neither economic, nor technological problems for which there are economic or technological solutions! They are primarily the spiritual problems of life versus death.

### Fingers Pointing Toward the Sacred

(A Twentieth Century Pilgrimage on the Eastern and Western Way)

Frederick Franck. 1994; 287 pp.  
ISBN 1-56907-006-7

\$14.95 (\$17.45 postpaid) from  
Beacon Point Press, PO Box 460,  
Junction City, OR 97448;  
503/998-4651





# SEX BYTES

BY GEORGE LEONARD

1. Surveys of sexual behavior are always inaccurate, and always will be.
2. The most profound, satisfying, and transforming sexual moments are beyond conscious recall — which is what makes them profound, satisfying, and transforming.
3. All sex sensation is information.
4. The sensation of orgasm is information about creation.
5. To initiate a loving sexual relationship is to create something new in the universe: one energy field composed of two, greater than the sum of its parts.
6. "Love at first sight" might turn out wrong in a moral sense or disastrous in a practical sense, but it is not trivial.
7. What we call chemistry is not a sufficient condition for a successful, long-term relationship, but it is a necessary condition.
8. The tragic power of a forbidden romance is noise in the system of a sexologist, but it is what moves the sun and stars.
9. The dictum of sexual liberation, "Nothing forbidden," is incomplete. It needs two more words: "Nothing required."
10. Sexual proscription is almost as pernicious and destructive of life as is sexual prescription.
11. To say no when you want to say yes might be heroic. To say yes when you want to say no is merely grotesque.
12. For a preview of how someone will be in bed, check out the way they dance, drive, do the dishes, and laugh.

13. Sex can serve conservative or reactionary ends.

14. Love is a clear and present danger to every repressive order.

15. Promoting celibacy is like trying to hold back the tide. There are more effective ways of fighting sexually transmitted disease.

16. The street is the most effective sex educator. Reformers should try to get their stuff to the street.

17. Kurt Vonnegut sums it up in the most unarguable three-word sentence in the language: "People will fuck."

© George Leonard



*Holding what he calls the dubious distinction of having named and promoted the Human Potential Movement, George Leonard maintains that our potential far outweighs our performance and that it can be cultivated and realized through long-term practice. His most recent book is *Mastery* (WER 84:67) His next, *The Life We Are Given\** (co-authored with Michael Murphy) describes a two-year experimental class in human transformation and presents a program for realizing the potential of body, mind, heart, and soul. —RK*

*\*Tarcher Putnam, September 1995.*

Kathleen O'Neill

## Women and Water

Fran Peavey is a local and international social-change worker. Since 1981, Fran has worked with the Sankat Mochan Foundation in Varanasi, India. The Foundation's goal is to clean up the polluted Ganges River as it runs through India's most holy city.

This is the second report in our series focusing on Women and Water. —RK



The Hindi says, "Water and Humanity." The artist is Maha Tarunus, grade 9. This poster and the one on page 50 are from the On the Spot Children's Poster Contest at the Guru Nanah School.



# Questions for the Ganges

BY FRAN PEAVEY

I'M FROM IDAHO. It doesn't generally occur to a girl from Idaho to think of playing a part in cleaning up the Ganges River. But a friend from India, Dr. V.B. Mishra — a hydraulic engineer and a Hindu religious leader — asked me to help him clean up the river. I had no experience cleaning up rivers. I knew nothing about sewage. What I did know about was how to build a strategy for social change. That, it seemed, was what Dr. Mishra and his group needed.

When I went to India, I used strategic questioning\* to help people form their own opinions of what should be done to clean their sacred river. I began by building a series of questions, starting with how they saw the problem themselves. "What do you see when you look at the river?" "How do you feel about the condition of the river?" "How do you explain the situation with the river to your children?" I listened carefully to how they explained to themselves what they saw. Essentially I was looking at their logic as well as their words. I was looking for the cultural wiring around the river.

I couldn't say: "Oh, I see that the river is polluted." In the context of India, that would be like my saying "Your mother is a whore" to a Westerner. It would be a cultural insult, and the Indians would, at best, stop listening. To arrive with a fixed idea of the situation would create reaction and resistance. So I had to find out how they explained the pollution to themselves.

Over and over I heard something like, "The river is holy, but she is not pure. We are not taking care of her the way she needs us to." The funny thing is that, after hearing this reply, I started to think less in terms of "pollution" and more in terms of "people not taking care of the river." This was an important change of perspective. "Pollution" is an abstraction that does not address

the responsibility of the people who are making the mess. "Pollution" focuses attention solely on the river. It is almost as if the river is to blame for being polluted!

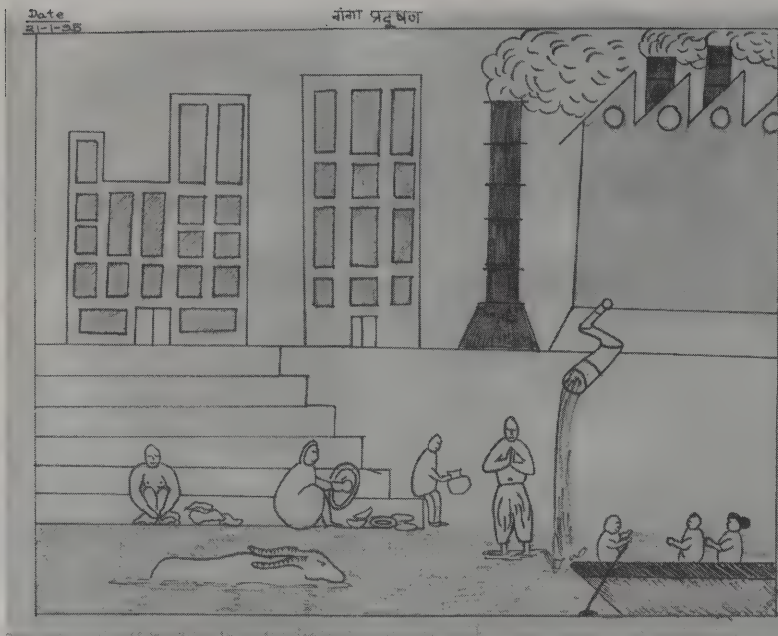
People often said, "I see the problem but others don't." This told me a lot about their society's taboos, and about the distance between people — what they can and cannot talk about with each other. When the subject is the holy Ganges, the symbolic burden is so great that to say what you think may seem sacrilegious or crazy to others. Culture defines what we may say and how we say it. While it is useful to bring gifts from one culture to another, it is more powerful to find strategies for change within the culture facing the change.

I needed first to understand their change views — how they expected change to happen, what kind of strategies had their confidence. In India, no social change can compare to the country's liberation from British control; this colors their perception of how change takes place. When I asked how the change had happened, I heard many strategies for change — satyagraha,\*\* fasting, direct action, pressuring civic leaders, citizens' assemblies, marches to the capital — means of working for change that are embedded in Indian culture. They were willing to use these strategies now to clean their holy river. I would then ask,

*I started to think less in terms of "pollution" and more in terms of "people not taking care of the river."*

\* A way of gathering the most powerful strategies for change from an individual, a group, or a whole society. Strategic questioning is discussed in detail in my book *By Life's Grace* [reviewed on p. 53].

\*\* "The policy of passive resistance inaugurated by Mohandas Gandhi in 1919 as a method of gaining political and social reforms." —*Random House Dictionary of the English Language*



Tushar Perdharkar, grade 5.

*Most people in India do not have bathrooms in their homes. And it is hard, in a city of over a million, to find ground in which to bury cows, goats, and dogs when they die.*

"What would you like to do to clean the river?" And they would apply their change views to this specific situation.

One thirteen-year-old suggested that he and his friends would like to "get some sticks and go up and down the river and persuade people not to toilet on the river." I did not evaluate this idea but passed it on to the Foundation members. They recognized the seeds of a great idea in the one the young man offered. Thus the idea of the home guard was born. For five years, a team (of adults) equipped with sticks walked the city's riverfront or traveled the river in a boat. Their task was to discourage citizens from acts disrespectful to the river — defecating, washing with soap, and dumping animal carcasses into the river. (Before you get too judgmental about these behaviors: most people in India do not have bathrooms in their homes. And it is hard, in a city of over a million, to find ground in which to bury cows, goats, and dogs when they die.)

People often told me that it was impossible to clean the river. Rather than obediently assuming it was impossible, I started to think that maybe it was going to take quite a long time and that I had better start thinking about the next generation in my questioning. I was al-

ready talking to young people, but I added a question for the adults: "How are you preparing your children to clean up the river?"

Everyone in the Foundation had been asked that question. To a person they had said, "We are doing nothing to prepare the children to clean the river." But their love of the river, their love for their children, and the void in their answers to that question could not long coexist in their minds. The dissonance was too great.

One afternoon when I was taking a shower, someone came running in and said, "Peavey, come right away, we've got a great idea." I thought, "Gosh, you know, I rarely get summoned from the shower by a great idea." I quickly dressed and combed my hair and joined the other Foundation workers. They were enthusiastically discussing a plan: "We're going to have a poster-painting contest for all the students in Benares. We'll hang the winning posters up at a large musical event. The adults will see what the children see and be embarrassed. . . ."

It was an original idea and clearly the idea was theirs. Everybody in that room had been asked a question about the preparation of their children for river-cleaning work. Could that question have had anything to do with the emergence of the idea about the poster contest? I believe it did. But I didn't come up with the poster idea; it was their idea, and so they had enthusiasm around it.

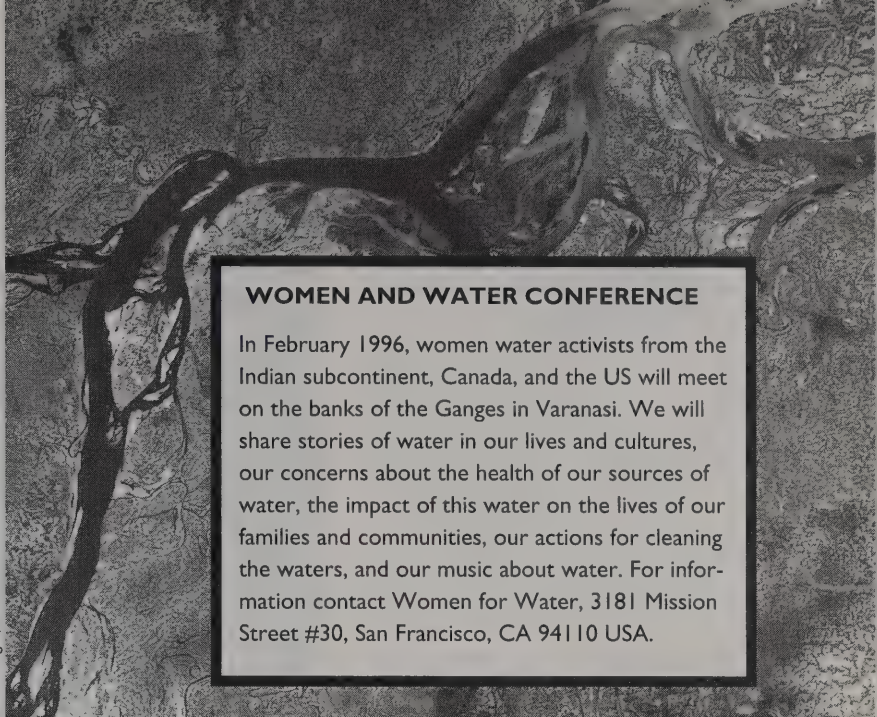
We have had poster contests almost every year since then. Five hundred to eight hundred young people have regularly gathered on the banks of the Ganges for poster-making competitions.

For several years running, the Sankat Mochan Foundation held a citizens' assembly. Officials of the Ganges Action Plan came to a large multicolored tent to discuss the progress of the work and plans with members of the Foundation and the local citizens. In this public forum, the officials gave their presenta-

tions; then citizens stood at the microphone and spoke of their own ideas and asked questions.

People need to come up with their own answers. Questioning can catalyze this process. A powerful question grows a life of its own as it chisels away at a problem. Don't be disappointed if a great question does not elicit a great answer right away. A very powerful question, a long-lever question, may not *have* an answer at the moment it is asked. It will sit rattling in the mind for days or weeks as the person works on an answer. If the seed is planted, the answer will grow. Questions are alive. 🌱

The Ganges, Landsat 1977



### WOMEN AND WATER CONFERENCE

In February 1996, women water activists from the Indian subcontinent, Canada, and the US will meet on the banks of the Ganges in Varanasi. We will share stories of water in our lives and cultures, our concerns about the health of our sources of water, the impact of this water on the lives of our families and communities, our actions for cleaning the waters, and our music about water. For information contact Women for Water, 3181 Mission Street #30, San Francisco, CA 94110 USA.

## Insight and Action

*The authors provide three specific processes as resources: support groups, cleanness meetings, and strategic questioning.*

*Tova Green defines an activist support group as "a small group of people who meet regularly to give and receive reflections on each other's lives and work." This is followed by guidelines on how to start one, how to make it work, and when to let it dissolve.*

*Peter Woodrow discusses cleanness meetings, a tool that originated in the Quaker community. "Cleanness stands at the intersection of individuals and communities . . . and is a practical reflection of the idea that 'we are all part of one another.'"*

*Fran Peavey provides us with a way of questioning that "is a basic tool for rebellion . . . [and opens] up options to be explored."*

*This handbook brings heart to heart-breaking work. —Joan Starr Ward*

### ■ Create a neutral common ground.

When a questioner is perceived as committed to an impartial stance, and enters into a highly charged political problem, then people on all sides of the issue are given a safe space to let off steam and explore alternatives. A team testing this theory in the early 1980s questioned many people in the Middle East about the conflicts within the region. To the PLO (the Palestine Liberation Organization) they asked, "Why doesn't the PLO recognize Israel?" To the Israelis they asked, "What is keeping Israel

from creating self-rule for Palestine?"

The pat answers of course came out first. Everyone knows the answers available from the strong ideologies that surround the issues of the Middle East. But with more questioning in a neutral way, we can help each of the parties think freshly in an as-yet-undiscovered place for them.

When Barbara Walters, the ABC-TV interviewer, asked Anwar Sadat, "What would it take for you to go to Jerusalem and meet with Menachem Begin?" suddenly Sadat was examining the obstacles to this goal in a new way. Identified as a neutral party to the conflict, Barbara Walters asked a strategic question at just the right moment. She enabled Sadat to think freshly about the political realities and envision a different reality of his own making. As he talked, he found his own way to break through those obstacles and move the issues forward toward greater peace in the Middle East.

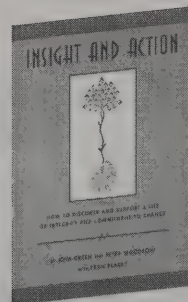
### ■ Create respect.

The strategic questioning process is a way of talking with people with whom you have differences without abandoning your own beliefs and yet looking for the common ground between you. This requires a basic sense of respect for the person being questioned. In every heart rests some ambiguity, in every ideology some parts don't fit. Your job is not to judge the responses to your questions, but to look for the potential for this person to make her or his own movement on the issue at stake.

Strategic questioning assumes that both I and my "adversary" want to do better than we are presently doing. We start by creating a basic feeling of respect between us. For example, take a developer, such as a

sand miner or a timber logger. The developer's heart probably hides a certain ambivalence about what he or she is doing, and at least a part of him or her wants to be doing better for the earth, better for all its creatures.

Strategic questions assume that the common ground is "findable" by both of us in dialogue. We explore alternatives together, with respect — that is the key. Here we can discover a real commitment to pluralism of ideas and worldviews. And we learn not only how to cope with the differences between us but also how to make it work for us both institutionally and socially. Within a world being torn apart by seemingly irreconcilable differences, creating such respect is really a key task for these times.



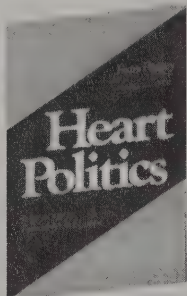
### Insight and Action

(How to Discover and Support a Life of Integrity and Commitment to Change)  
Tova Green, Peter Woodrow & Fran Peavey. 1994; 128 pp.  
ISBN 0-86571-296-4  
\$12.95 (\$15.45 postpaid) from  
New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19143; 800/333-9093

## Heart Politics

Fran Peavey says that while on a trip to China she was impressed by the theory that "the way to live a good life was to serve the people." In *Heart Politics* she tells fascinating stories of her attempts to do just that.

*Heart Politics* is not just a record of one woman's attempts at social activism. The stories show the progression of Peavey's efforts to discover the needs and desires of individuals and of communities. Central to all of the stories is the respect that Peavey feels for the people she meets on her travels. Whether in a description of a class of eighth-grade students in San Francisco, or of homeless people on the streets of Kamagasaki, Japan, her words reverberate with warmth. —Michele Matter



### Heart Politics

Fran Peavey, Myra Levy & Charles Varon.  
1986; 192 pp. ISBN 0-86571-077-5  
\$12.95 (\$15.45 postpaid) from New  
Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Avenue,  
Philadelphia, PA 19143; 800/333-9093



• Every day I am barraged with grim news about people violating the life on this planet: wars, murders, suicides, rapes, ecological disasters. And, in my brief snatch of time on this beautiful planet, I have to contemplate the possibility that all this beauty could end in a puff of radioactivity.

Yes, the danger is real, and we may not get through it. But instead of cowering in the face of doom, I choose to face the mushroom cloud and roar with laughter. That laughter slices into the nuclear silence and penetrates even my own numbness.

• I used to picture the world as a globe with continents and oceans and countries painted orange, yellow, and pink. Then, when I saw photographs of the earth taken from space, I saw a living whole. Now I see life on that spinning ball: specific places, specific concerns, specific lives.

I'm continually thinking of the people I've met around the world. That couple on the Punjab Mail: Is their granddaughter growing up healthy and strong? How are the street people in Kamagasaki doing? Have the squatters near the One Baht School successfully resisted eviction? In August I think about the monsoons in India. I can see the waters of the Ganges rising.

■ Facilitating the change process is like sculpting a block of wood. Although we who envision the change may have images of the results we want, we do not have control; there is interplay with the wood. Our primary task as change agents is to "raise the grain" of the material we're working with, to uncover the ideas and symbols that will contribute to the change strategy.

In this process, I have come to rely heavily on listening and questioning. As a listener, I try to give people a chance to explore an issue openly; I focus on the aspects that are unresolved or painful to them, and on their hopes and visions of how the situation could be different. This allows ideas to emerge that can become the seeds of strategy.



## By Life's Grace

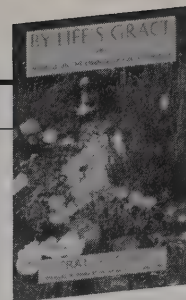
Almost a personal journal, this collection of essays, poems, and letters depicts the days and ways of an extraordinary woman. Some of Fran Peavey's essays focus on the Gulf War, others on attempts to clean the Ganges River. All reflect Peavey's work with individuals to improve their social conditions in small or large ways.

When describing the bleakest situations, Fran Peavey always manages to invoke images of great beauty. Beyond both the bleak and the beautiful is a sense of humor that tinges all of the stories, allowing the reader a greater appreciation for the personality behind the words.

—Michele Matter

I shall never forget the trip I took with the Foundation members to initiate the DO meter. One Sunday we took a boat from upstream (before any effluent from the city flows into Ganga) to a spot in the middle of

the city. The scientists, Dr. V. B. Mishra (Mahantji), Dr. S. N. Upadhyaya, S. K. Mishra, and Pandey, measured the water and gave the results to Sara Ahmed from South India who is a Muslim woman doctoral student from Cambridge, England who had come to study the river cleaning project for her advanced degree. She wrote down the results. Hari Ram composed and sang poetry whenever the spirit moved him. I looked around as the boat slipped through this beautiful arrangement of liquid. The sun was warm, as were the feelings about our work and each other. We laughed, worked, and talked together, all the time testing the water. I thought this was the perfect social change work for me: Muslims and Hindus; scientists, poets, and political people; men and women together, too; the sun and the river; Indians and an American — all doing their work for the earth, her waters, and her people. For that moment, in that place, the world seemed nearly perfect. I was glad I was there.



### By Life's Grace

Fran Peavey. 1994; 182 pp.

ISBN 0-86571-285-9

\$14.95 (\$17.45 postpaid) from New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19143; 800/333-9093

On this first world trip I listened to people in Japan, Thailand, India, England, and Scotland. The rapid succession of new issues nearly overwhelmed me — the homogenization of Japanese culture, the flight of capital from Australia to the Philippines and Korea, the aspiration to know God, the near meltdown of a Japanese nuclear power plant, rural Indian mothers' fears that their children weren't getting enough protein, doubts about the tradition of arranged marriage, regional conflict over resource and capital allocation, and the frustration of people everywhere who sensed that their destiny was controlled by the superpowers. It occurred to me that I might have to go on interviewing full time for the rest of my life to get any sense of what was going on in the world.

Isn't life unpredictable? Here we are in the last years of the Twentieth century facing changes we never anticipated. Ten years ago who would have thought the cold war would be over, Germany reunited, and the world would find itself in a global depression, or economic restructuring as the newspapers like to call it. So many economic and human resources had been devoted to the cold war that we barely know how to think about national or global purpose without those old frames. Challenges on the environmental front are only matched by the challenges on the ethnic warfare front.

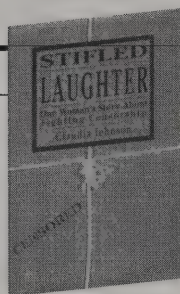
We find ourselves fighting to redefine our identities; by tribe, gender, by how long our people have inhabited a particular piece of the earth. Those are the more-external identities to fight about. How we think, our values, what freedom means to us, and who we are able to love are other more private identities. Each of us now faces these issues of identity from inside our lives and work. This book is about how I find these changes, challenges, and redefinitions of our time in my life, my thinking, and my work. Sometimes life is funny, sometimes it is downright serious. Each of us is looking at life in all its complexity from our own unique view and finding meaning in our own way.

## Stifled Laughter

How can you tell where political correctness ends and stupidity, or worse, begins? When *Red Riding Hood* is pulled from schools because it promotes alcoholism, or *Goldilocks* because it condones breaking and entering, or *Of Mice and Men* because it teaches kids to talk like migrant workers? For Claudia Johnson, the line was crossed when her small town decided to withdraw "The Miller's Tale" and *Lysistrata*, two of her personal favorites, from the high school curriculum. Johnson, who describes herself as "a secular humorist in a God-fearing town," tells a wry yet inspirational tale of bigotry, culture clash, domestic strife and heroism in unexpected places. The political is personal, and let's not forget it. —Reva Basch

For two weeks, to the dismay of the censors, *Lysistrata* and "The Miller's Tale" enjoyed a renaissance in Lake City. The public librarian, Eileen Brunner, said both works, rarely checked out, were in great demand. John Hindson had a wonderful time at WGRO reading excerpts from both banned classics aloud on the air. (He received one death threat but chose to ignore it.)

"I read what I thought were the filthiest bits," he gleefully told the St. Petersburg Times. "Nobody in Lake City would dream of reading it in the first place, and all of a sudden, everyone was reading it."



### Stifled Laughter

(One Woman's Story About Fighting Censorship)

Claudia Johnson. 1994; 177 pp.

ISBN 1-55591-200-1

\$19.95 (\$22.95 postpaid) from Fulcrum Publishing, 350 Indiana Street #350, Golden, CO 80401; 800/992-2908

I liked . . . life in Lake City, but I couldn't imagine calling it home. There were days I considered this a personal failure. There were days I felt crazy, saw myself in the future, the Woman Who Never Adjusted, the madwoman in the attic . . . , like Agnes in Albee's *Delicate Balance* mad as a hatter, my mouth full of ribbons.

But on April 22, 1986, the day the board banned the book, these feelings faded. I had something concrete to point to, a manifestation of an atmosphere I couldn't pin down. I could now say to Ormond, "Here, look at this. This is what I've been talking about." It was like a reprieve; I wasn't crazy. I was, to quote Stoppard, "stark raving sane."

## Indian Review of Books

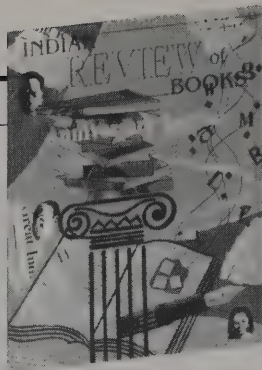
My subscription provides me with an up-to-date overview of what's happening in the vast Indian book world. The **Indian Review of Books** is a remarkable source for books in English on every aspect of Indian life and society. The reviews address literature, history, social issues and movements, continental politics, biographies, film, education, and ecology. A couple of hours' immersion takes me a world away from the usual orbit — newspapers, TV, and local experience — that fuels the often limiting Western viewpoint. —Oliver Lowenstein

The main thrust of the argument relating to the future is an appeal to Indian Muslims to remember the past and how Islam grew during the early days after the Prophet, when it was prepared to absorb new ideas in a scientific spirit and was receptive to change. . . . They should end their insular outlook and behaviour, cease to be 'a sulen and suspected (and suspecting) minor-

ity' and become a part of the nation in every sense of the word. Muslims are spread throughout India like 'sensitive nerves' and unless the nervous system is active, the health of the nation will suffer. Both Hindus and Muslims should realise this inescapable fact, the gravity of which Mahatma Gandhi understood and proclaims times without number. —From a review of *The Destiny of Muslims* by Syed Abid Hussain

This book is a foodie's delight. It has over 130 recipes of an esoteric cuisine that would otherwise have, at best, remained

only an oral tradition. All the recipes have been neatly set down and are easy to follow. A few are a bit tricky but those wishing to enhance their culinary repertoire will find that they are all intriguing enough to make you want to try them out. There is an odd phrase here and there — such as 'Take the vessel containing the mutton and sprinkle a little garam massala on top' (Recipes No 4 & 5) — but these are the exceptions and not the rule in this otherwise interesting and well-produced book. —From a review of *Malamar Muslim Cookery* by Ummi Abdulla



## Indian Review of Books

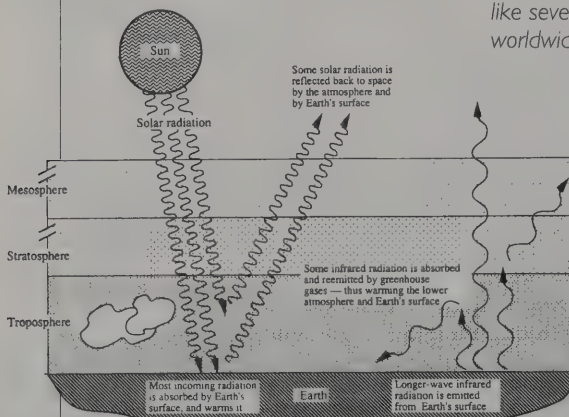
K.S. Padmanabhan, Editor.  
US \$20/year (6 issues) from 62-A Ormes Road,  
Kilpauk, Madras 600 010, India; 011 91 44 6412998,  
fax 011 91 44 6427484

## Planetary Overload

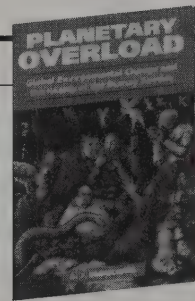
Health is everything, goes the homily. Point of view is everything in this comprehensive book on global ecology. The author is a professor of epidemiology at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. The whole book feels like one of those sweaty sessions in the doctor's office where he's going "Hmmm" and "Uh oh" and then asks you to sit down before announcing, "Well, the good news is I think we may have caught this early enough to treat it."

Between disrupted ecosystems, disrupted atmosphere, depleted soil, fish, and water resources, still-burgeoning human population and urban crowding, plus a still-growing chasm between rich and poor nations, the prognosis for human health is scary. A. J. McMichael's point is that the problem is now systemic (no magic-bullet cure available), and slow (it eludes our short-notice alarm habits), and large (no escape, no strictly local solutions).

*The Hot Zone* (WER 85:85) was a glimpse of just one global health hazard rooted in environmental change. Ebola gains its terror from being so dramatic and focused. Watch now for the soft-focus diseases — recurrent cholera epidemics in overcrowded cities, steadily increasing rates of skin cancer and cataracts, and all manner of indirect, second-order disorders like severely declining sperm counts worldwide. —Stewart Brand



A simplified diagram of the greenhouse effect. The greater the concentration of heat-trapping gases in the lower atmosphere the greater the heat retention close to Earth's surface.



## Planetary Overload

(Global Environmental Change and the Health of the Human Species)  
A.J. McMichael. 1993; 360 pp.  
ISBN 0-521-45759-9  
\$17.95 (\$21.45 postpaid) from Cambridge University Press, 110 Midland Avenue, Port Chester, NY 10573; 800/872-7423 (outside NY) 800/227-0247 (NY only)

When agriculture evolved, beginning about 10,000 years ago, there were an estimated five million people. Subsequent population growth milestones have been: 250 million at the birth of Christ, 500 million in the fourteenth century, one billion in 1830, two billion in 1930, five billion in 1988, and a projected 9 billion at 2030. It took our species about 200,000 years to reach the first billion; it will have taken just 200 years to add another eight billion. By any reasonable definition, that qualifies as 'swarming'. Indeed, to a biologist it resembles part of the familiar boom-and-bust pattern followed by plagues of mice, swarms of locusts and weevils in the flour.



## Degrees of Disaster

The Scientific truth of the Exxon Valdez oil spill in 1989 was inconveniently tangled ecologically, obscured and biased by litigation, selectively exaggerated by conflicting ideologies, and slow to emerge. So big dumb lessons were drawn instead of far more interesting insights available from patient and detailed observation. Jeff Wheelwright took his time, talked to everyone, made his own observations, and got it right. It began for him in the torn hull of the Exxon Valdez itself, where a month after the spill he saw a rich, complex feeding frenzy of fish inside the oily tanks. Oil that had been toxic in the acute stage of the spill had become nutritious in the chronic stage. That distinction between acute and chronic stages is what he set out to examine in a splendid case study of "disturbance ecology."

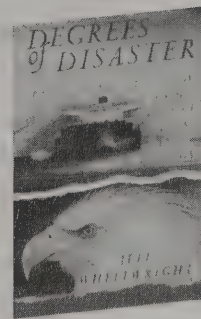
Wheelwright's report matches what I heard during a visit with marine biologists at Prince William Sound a few months after the disaster. The biggest effect on the region was the huge influx of settlement and cleanup money. The gargantuan beach-cleaning efforts turned out to be more harmful to the intertidal ecosystem than doing nothing. Meaningless concreteness in cancer hazard reports did more harm than any actual toxicity. And the bottom line? "Prince William Sound isn't ruined. . . . The lesson gave me hope about the broader threats to the biosphere. Nature would recover if we would ease up a bit." —Stewart Brand

■ Symbolism iced the scientific cake. Exxon wouldn't have dedicated a rehab center to the common murre, the bird that took the biggest hit. The bald eagle stood for our dwindling wilderness, for all that was still unspoiled about America. Thus the company later made the bird a symbol of the Sound's recovery, as in its 1991 brochure, "The Abundant Bald Eagles of Prince William Sound, Alaska." On the other side, the head of the Alaska Department of Environmental Conservation once stalked into a meeting with Exxon and the Coast Guard carrying a dead eagle in a bag. He said he had just picked it up on an oily beach in the Sound. He used it to press the state's case for more cleanup.

■ The majority of biologists believe the rescue went on too long. Anthony DeGange of the FWS [Fish and Wildlife Service], who took part in the program and evaluated it for the agency, wrote: "Later in the spill

period, probably from late May through September, capture, handling and rehabilitation were probably counterproductive. Most of the otters entering treatment centers were in relatively good condition, and many were lightly oiled or not oiled. Capture crews could no longer determine oil status on the otters they caught. There was evidence from the field that otters were surviving successfully in areas impacted by oil. It follows that the capture effort should have been curtailed long before it was."

Here was the power of public sentiment. Exxon spent some \$18 million, or \$81,000 for each otter that was cleaned and kept alive. The FWS biologists went along with rescue measures they didn't believe in. Really, it strikes me that the scientists had a lot in common with the Natives. They both knew what they thought, but they were diffident and didn't push it. Displays of high conviction made them uncomfortable. Both expected, from unhappy experience, to be discriminated against.



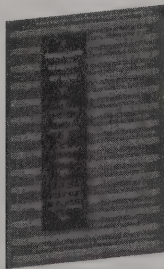
### Degrees of Disaster

(Prince William Sound:  
How Nature Reels and Rebounds)  
Jeff Wheelwright. 1994; 350 pp.  
ISBN 0-671-70241-6  
\$24 postpaid from Simon & Schuster,  
Order Dept., 200 Old Tappan Road,  
Old Tappan, NJ 07675; 800/223-2336

## A Thousand Leagues of Blue

The Solomons, the Marquesas, New Caledonia, the Izu Peninsula, Mount Terror, Lepers Island . . . The essays in this book are full of exotic names from distant places and the tales people have brought back from the Pacific, the body of water that covers over one-third of this planet's surface. **A Thousand Leagues of Blue** starts to explore the great biological and cultural diversity to be found in the Pacific and at the same time regretfully exposes how the vast ocean has already suffered from the heavy hand of environmental degradation. Fortunately, the authors point out that there is still time for the Pacific, if we can change our ways.

—Paul Wintemitz



### A Thousand Leagues of Blue

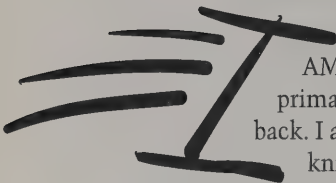
(The Sierra Club Book of the Pacific:  
A Literary Voyage)  
John A. Murray, Editor. Sierra Club Books,  
1994; 426 pp. ISBN 0-87156-452-1  
\$16 (\$19 postpaid) from Sierra Club Store  
Orders, 730 Polk Street, San Francisco,  
CA 94109; 800/935-1056

■ The Pacific was there when our ancestors were mud-skipper in tidal mangrove swamps, crawling up barnacled roots on outstretched pectoral fins to search for dragonflies with bulbous periscope eyes. The Pacific will still be there when our descendants flash past Pluto. There will be other worlds, other places for the human race to explore. There will be other oceans. But there is only one Earth, only one Pacific. Posterity will return to this world, tired from their travels in the lonely gulfs between the stars and sit down on the shores of the Pacific. They will be grateful that people in our distant barbaric age, who lived before the birth of civilization, reached out in love to save the northern spotted owl . . . the Siberian tiger . . . and the woolly rhinoceros . . . from those who would destroy them out of greed and ignorance.

■ First there was nothing, and although you know with your reason that nothing is nothing, it is easier to visualize it as a limitless slosh of sea — say, the Pacific. Then energy contracted into matter, and although you know that even an invisible gas is matter, it is easier to visualize it as a massive squeeze of volcanic lava spattered inchoate from the secret pit of the ocean and hardening mute and intractable on nothing's lapping shore — like a series of islands, an archipelago. Like: the Galapagos. Then a softer strain of matter began to twitch. It was a kind of shaped water; it flowed, hardening here and there at its tips. There were blue-green algae; there were tortoises. —Annie Dillard

# Liberation Notes From An Old Crank

BY JACQUIE PHELAN



AM NOT A "TOOL-USING primate." Hold on. I take it back. I am fairly adept at using a knife, fork, and spoon. But mechanic's tools escape me,

bouncing out of my grasp onto the concrete; regular tuneful reminders of my utter mechanical ineptitude.

It's always been enough for me that the bicycle itself is a tool. It is the one tool I am able to operate with finesse.

One of my bicycle buddies opined that I wouldn't get very far in racing if I couldn't figure out how to overhaul my hubs. He had a point: with the mileage I was doing, a lot of things wore out. He walked me through the basics, but the darn ball bearings kept rolling away, along with my attention. I told him there had to be a mechanic out there with a taste for good beer who would swap a hub tune-up for a six of Sierra Nevada Ale.

Beer-swapping was my detour around what was presumed to be part and parcel of high-performance cycling: that you had to be good at mechanical stuff. I had no idea that many top-flight racers, male and female, are indifferent mechanics who rely on their enthusiastic support crews. If you're a good enough racer (or a mediocre and very grateful one), people will want to help, and sponsors may help pay them. Beer is fun as currency, but for steady reliable maintenance, cash is better. Winning races begat minor renown and even less cash, and suddenly I was in business as a bike racer.

I've always felt a little guilty for learning the minimum necessary to get by, and learning it only when forced to. I'd still be walking to bike shops every few months if it weren't for Darryl Skrabak, my curmudgeon-mentor, who obliged me to keep a promise to ride one rainy day. I was late meeting him because my wet tires found a sliver of glass on the road. When I called to beg off the ride, he harrumphed, "Where are you now?"



Judie Scalfano

"In a gas station."

"Ask them if they have rubber cement, scissors, and an old car inner tube, and leave the phone off the hook so I can walk you through this."

For the first time in my life, at age 25, after thousands of bike miles and dozens of flat tires, I fixed a flat. And I even did it the *very* old-fashioned way. Sans patch kit! Just the basics of rubber, glue, and a cutting instrument. My ego must've expanded three inches that day. Even my helmet felt tighter. Our ride was delayed a full hour, but we rode. Throughout the whole ride I was aware that as long as there was a gas station around, I'd be able to fend. I bought a little Tip Top patch kit and stuck it under the saddle; I've been independent ever since.

Nowadays, I can break my bike down and reassemble it each time I fly to a race. I usually get the cables hooked up right. Occasionally something hangs up on something else; I have learned to let my eyes travel from the problem up (or down) to all the little places where things might not be quite seated in. (This is where not



Jacque Phelan is a mountain bike pioneer and the founder of WOMBATS: Women's Mountain Bike & Tea Society. She lives and teaches in Fairfax, California.  
—Hacsi Horvath

cretely swathed in a few tons of fabric, not to mention the bones, leather and wire that molded the waistline into a marvelous little nothing. (Make big Cs with your thumb and middle fingers. Now make a circle with them. That was the legendary 18" waist every woman was aiming for. Try to imagine a stomach, liver, kidneys, ribs, and stuff, all jammed in there. Now you know why the weaker ones were fainting all the time.)

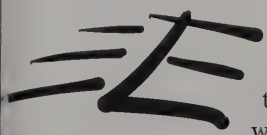
I am taking a few liberties here, but I'm pretty sure that it was the chain ring marks, big ugly black ineradicable ones on those long, elegant skirts, that impelled a free thinker named Amelia Bloomer to deploy her sewing machine. Her "rational dress" was like harem pants that gathered around the ankle and wouldn't get caught in a bike chain. It wasn't long before women elsewhere seized the idea and altered their own dresses, and the town fathers in certain municipalities saw a massive breach (pardon the expression) in "accepted moral standards." In other words, they enacted laws against "bloomers." Denied the ultimate riding clothes and faced with an insurmountable laundry challenge, women revolted and wore what they liked; some went to jail. They discovered that collectively, they wielded significant power. They resisted, agitated, fought, and ultimately won the right to vote.

To an Edwardian woman, the bicycle was much more than a toy; it was the highest form of mechanical invention, cheap enough for almost anyone to afford. It permitted young ladies to circulate in public — in view, but perhaps not in earshot, of their elderly chaperones.

For over a hundred years, women have been using the bicycle as a tool for personal liberation. Astride a bike, you take matters into your own hands: nobody can ride it for you. To go for a ride is a profoundly healing thing, if you're overwhelmed with stress. Besides, it's fun. It permits forward motion on terra firma, when the spirit is stalling out with the blues. If you're uncertain,

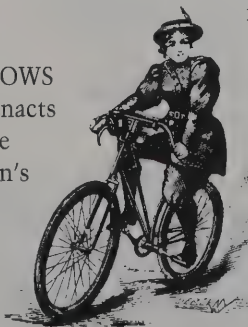
riding delivers certainty: you started here, you went there, now you're here. Your mind grows clear: dwelling on anything but the trail in front of you results in an impromptu "ground inspection." If you play on your bike for a year, you'll notice gorgeous new leg and arm muscles, and clothes will fit looser. Cycling has a magical flywheel effect: it delivers joy from pedal to foot to knee to heart and back down again, over and over. ♡

having brute hand strength has served me well: I can't break things trying to muscle 'em into place. I diagnose first, then wrestle when I'm sure I have to.) I am still a reluctant mechanic, cheerfully handing over the tools to the nearest set of grimy, willing hands. But I know how to check the work, and have taught a hundred classes for the "mechanically impaired." Happily, many mechanically gifted women have found their way into the shops in recent years. The sign of a really progressive shop is when it's got a filthy-fingered female fixing funky frames.



VERY GRRRL WHO THROWS her leg over a bike seat reenacts the gesture that shocked the world and started the Women's

Suffrage movement before the turn of the century. You see, women merely *showing* their legs constituted a bit of an affront to society at large — I should say, to the town council. A woman's lower half was dis-



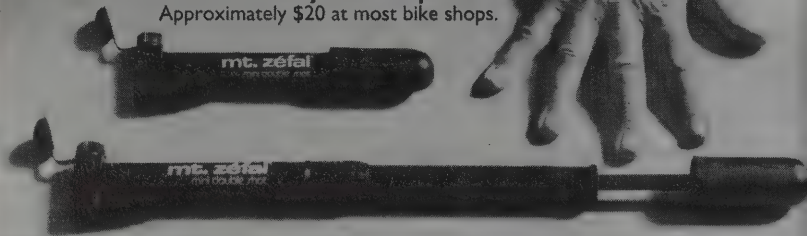


## Pipsqueak Patches 'n' Pumps

Glueless patches make bike tire puncture-plugging fast and messless. They work OK for small punctures if you keep your greasy fingers off the patch site. Until called to action, they sleep in a tiny one-by-one-inch box. The surprisingly effective Mt. Zefal pump is tiny too, as air-stuffers go. At 8 1/4 inches long and 3 1/2 ounces, it can live dirt- and theft-resistantly in a small fannyback alongside your emergency Snickers bar. Air lite. —J. Baldwin

**Glueless Patch**  
Park Bicycle Tools.  
Approximately \$2.50  
at many bike shops.

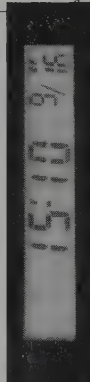
**Mt. Zefal Bicycle Pump**  
Approximately \$20 at most bike shops.



## Tape Mate

This light-powered calculator deftly handles feet, inches, and carpenter fractions down to 1/64", calculates area and volume automatically, and can take a beating. It awaits your call from its armored nest on a lanyard around your neck, in your pocket, or clamped to your tape measure. Fat-fingered users might find the tiny buttons annoying. —J. Baldwin

**Tape Mate**  
\$24.95 (\$29 postpaid)  
from Digitool Corp.,  
Box 12350, Aspen, CO  
81612; 800/543-8930,  
fax 303/925-8178.

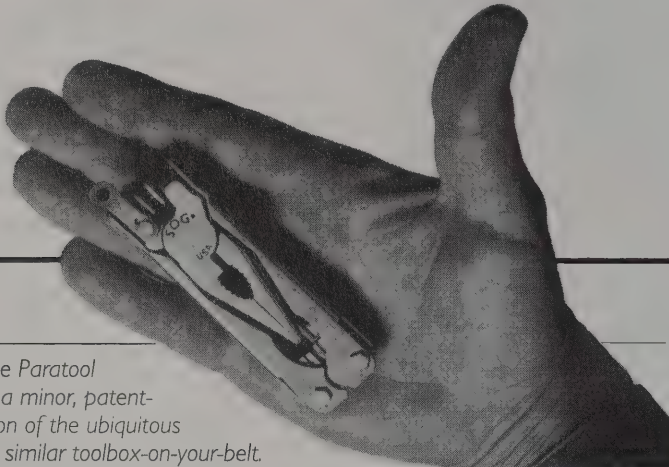


## SOG Paratool

To your eye, the Paratool appears to be a minor, patent-dodging iteration of the ubiquitous Leatherman, a similar toolbox-on-your-belt. To your hand, the difference is obvious and significant: Paratool's handles are smooth and user-friendly; Leatherman greets your poor pulsating palm with execrable, excruciating edges. There's also a Gerber model with smooth handles, but Paratool fits my needs the best when a (Victorinox brand) Swiss Army knife is just too light.

Note: Think of all these as emergency tools. None can replace the real, full-size item.  
—J. Baldwin

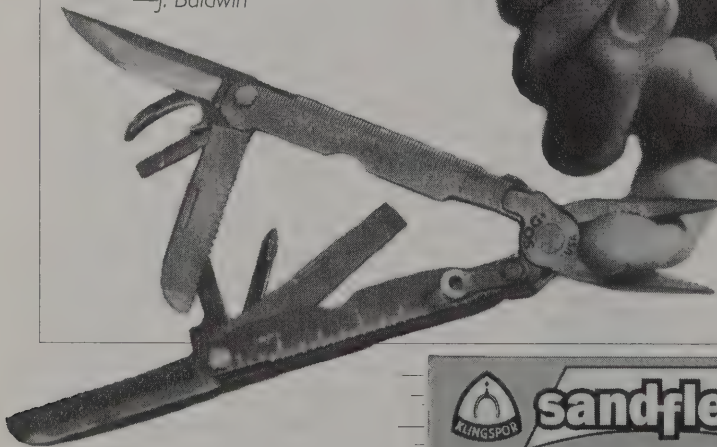
**SOG Paratool**  
Approximately \$50  
at most knife shops.



## Sandflex

These nontoxic, soapcake-size blocks are molded of gritty rubber (choose fine, medium or coarse) that deletes rust or other gunk from tools, frying pans, stainless-steel sinks, ceramic tile, and rubber, for instance. You can carve it to fit odd contours. Think of these as industrial-grade erasers.  
—J. Baldwin

**Sandflex Abraser Blocks**  
Klingspor Abrasives, Inc. Coarse, medium or fine grits: \$3.95 each (\$7.45 postpaid); kit (one of each): \$9.95 (\$13.45 postpaid) from Sanding Catalogue, PO Box 3737, Hickory, NC 28603-3737; 800/228-0000 or 704/326-0380, fax 800/872-2005.



## Home Furniture

Furnituremakers carry the manipulation of wood to a drastic extreme, a phenomenon that this magazine celebrates with typical Taunton Press attention to detail, trade secrets, and elegant presentation. It's sort of a vicarious apprenticeship. —J. Baldwin



### Home Furniture

Scott Gibson, Editor.  
\$20/year (4 issues) from  
Box 5506, Newtown, CT  
06470-5506; 800/888-8286.



Sculpting the crest rail into the back posts required lots of work with a rasp after the chair had been glued up. Although nerve-racking, the author found this work to be the most rewarding aspect of building the chair.

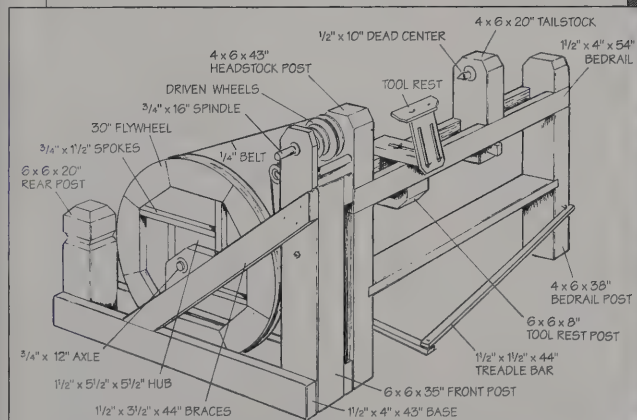
## Treadle Flywheel Wood Lathe

The low-tech border between hand tools and power tools is inhabited by people-powered machinery. This clever wooden wood lathe is kin to a potter's kick wheel in principle, and is similarly capable of respectable work. It's how home-shop lathes used to be, but improved by adjustable speed and torque settings.

—J. Baldwin

### Treadle Flywheel Wood Lathe

Plans and instructions  
\$30 postpaid from Lake  
City Lathe Co., PO Box  
444, Lake City, CO  
81235; 303/944-2245.



Besides allowing the right measure of control in my turning, [my foot-powered lathe's] motorless design permits me to take my work to crafts fairs, secluded spots, or anywhere else I might desire without worrying about extension cords.



# The Age of Hedges

BY CHARLES ELLIOTT

**A** FEW YEARS AGO AN ENGLISH BOTANIST NAMED Max Hooper had a brilliant idea. It had to do with hedges. Hooper was studying the effects of insecticides on hedgerow plants when he noticed that English hedges vary a lot. Some were composed of no more than a single species, usually hawthorn, and these tended to run in straight lines. Other hedges, especially the wandering kind beloved of landscape artists and the English generally, often had an impressive range of shrubs and trees, from hazel to oak to several kinds of roses. Some, in fact, contained upwards of a dozen different species in a short stretch. Obviously the variation meant something. But what?



Hedges are ubiquitous in Britain. Estimates of just how many there are differ widely, but the best guess is half a million miles or more. You see them everywhere, especially in the southwest, and also along the Scotch and Welsh borders wherever the land is not too high or rough. Not every farmer loves a hedge — starting in the Napoleonic era, when high grain prices encouraged bigger fields, a gradual process of grubbing out hedges has been going on, particularly in East Anglia and the East Midlands. Even so, plenty remain. Some regions have so many roadside hedges that it is hard to see the scenery, and around our house near Monmouth, in Wales, the hills are absolutely patchworked with them. (They are substantial hedges, too, made to hold Welsh mountain sheep, and they do. If you want to get through one, take an ax and figure on spending an afternoon.)

To a naturalist, a hedgerow offers many delights. It is a shelter for

birds and such little mammals as rabbits, shrews, and (obviously) hedgehogs, and a habitat — sometimes the only really comfortable habitat left — for dozens of plant species from cowslips to cow parsley. Hooper, however, viewed his hedges with different eyes. Soil types failed to explain the variation in the number of tree and shrub species in particular hedges. So, in most cases, did climate. Could it be, he wondered, that the variation reflected the age of the hedge? Was it possible that we had here a sort of gigantic botanical clock?

To find out, he tracked down a selection of 227 hedges that could be dated with some accuracy from documentary evidence: old deeds, charters (some going back to Saxon times), the Domesday Book of 1086, monastic records, old maps. The hedges were scattered across England from Devon in the south through Gloucestershire to

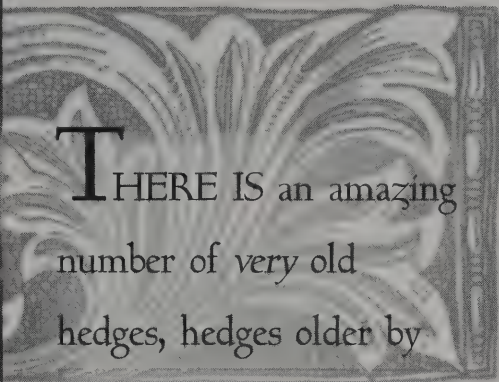
Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire in the Midlands. Then, with some help, Hooper started counting species in randomly chosen thirty-yard sections of each hedge. Arbitrarily excluded were brambles such as blackberries (find a hedge without blackberries!) and woody climbers such as ivy (ditto), but those counted included about fifty other common shrubs and trees ranging from hedgerow hawthorn (*Crataegus monogyna*) to euonymus (known around here as spindle). The results were fascinating.

Within a surprisingly narrow range, Hooper found that the number of species in thirty yards of a given hedge correlated with the age of the hedge in centuries. A hedge known to have existed a thousand years ago had at least ten species in it, an 800-year-old hedge eight species, a 100-year-old hedge just one. The margin of error could be as much as one or

Reprinted from *Horticulture* August/September 1993.



George Stubbs, *The Reapers*.



THERE IS an amazing number of very old hedges, hedges older by far than the oldest stag-headed oak squatting in a deep park, hedges to shame the antiquity of Tolkien's most elderly ent.

two centuries, but more often than not the numbers jibed. There was something strangely satisfying and at the same time slightly unearthly about the idea that hedges aged this way. Nicest of all, of course, was the fact that anybody with a shrub and tree guide could go out, pace off thirty yards, count species, and tell how old a particular hedge was.

Plenty of people did this once Hooper's Rule received some publicity, among them several thousand schoolchildren enlisted by their science teachers to survey hedges all over the country. As the data came in, one fact about British hedges emerged with splendid clarity: There is an amazing number of very old hedges, hedges older by far than the oldest stag-headed oak squatting in a deep park, hedges to shame the antiquity of Tolkien's most elderly ent.

Previously, most historians of the countryside assumed that the great majority of British hedges

dated only from the time of parliamentary enclosures, when powerful landlords managed to get bills passed permitting them to enclose — and take over — open fields traditionally farmed and grazed in common. The addition of hedges created pastures where cows and sheep could be left without herds-men, thus further enriching the wealthy (and incidentally driving a considerable number of impoverished farmers off to urban slums or to America). Enclosures got started in the 1600s, reached a peak late in that century, and continued until the middle of the nineteenth century when there wasn't much left to enclose. So if in fact most hedges were enclosure hedges, then, at the outside, most hedges ought to be 200 to 300 years old.

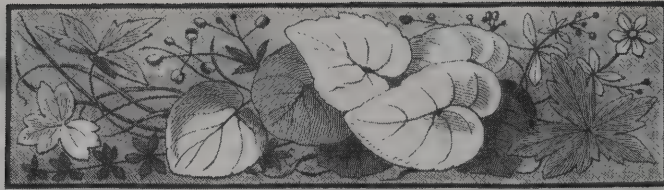
We now know, thanks to Hooper's Rule, that less than half of Britain's hedges are the result of parliamentary enclosures, and most of these are in the East Midlands. Elsewhere, there are miles and

miles of old hedges still leafing out every spring. A quarter of the hedges in Devon are over 800 years old, another quarter more than 700. In certain parts of Devon and Suffolk, researchers found that eighty percent of the hedges contained between six and ten species, suggesting that they were between 600 and 1,000 years old. (Some apparently went back even further than that, though nobody seems about to pinpoint a Roman hedge using Hooper's Rule.)

In the course of all this counting, some other pleasant intricacies turned up. A close examination of the tabulation revealed that, in addition to the number of species, the types of species growing in a hedge said something about its age. For example, field maple (*Acer campestre*) generally did not appear in a hedge until it already had four other species. Spindle (*Eunonymus europaeus*), obviously a reluctant colonizer, came along only after there were six other species on hand. This meant that a hedge with a spindle in it could be judged to be at least 700 years old.

Is all this too good to be true? Why on earth should a rule as simple (or simpleminded) as this really work? I must say it gives me a distinctly odd feeling to think of botanical life progressing on a timetable as orderly as this, passing like us through the generations, suffering its own crises and plagues and invasions, creating its own history. Hedges may indeed be planted by us, but in this business they are showing an unsettling degree of independence.

Oliver Rackham, in his wonderful book *The History of the Countryside*, investigates why Hooper's Rule works and mentions a few exceptions — some of them rather arcane — that ought to be kept in mind when using it. The main



reason the rule works is that a hedge acquires species the older it gets — but not readily. Seeds blow in, birds carry them in. A second reason is that in earlier times hedges were planted with more species than they were later. In parliamentary enclosure days, professional nurserymen supplied huge quantities of seedlings, as a rule, all of one kind. (Curiously, this trade was the foundation of some of today's most prosperous British nursery firms.) Third, the older a hedge is, the more likely that it was originally converted from something else — the wild edge of a woods, or a collection of bushes left when a field was first cleared for cultivation.

The reasons why the rule works also suggest why in some cases it may not. One is that in many regions the terrain and climate are too harsh to allow the growth of all but a few species. Another is that relatively modern enclosure-era hedges sometimes incorporated whatever suitable plants could be dug up in the wild, or were deliberately planted with several species. English elm, a common hedgerow tree, can be a vigorous suckerer, squeezing out just about everything else (except blackberries) in old hedges that would otherwise have many species. Then there is the Texas Exception. Rackham points out how barbed-wire fences put up on the prairies near Waco in the 1880s have gradually accumulated seedlings of Texas elm, black oak, Texas ash, prairie sumac, poison ivy, and heaven knows what else, turning gradually into authentic hedges. The same thing can happen to a neglected English hedge.

Still, handled with care, Hooper's Rule does offer a handy historical yardstick. I, for one, want to believe in it; I've lived here long enough to become thoroughly infected by the English love for local history. I delight in the notion that some Saxon shepherd leaned on his crook in my meadow a thousand years ago, recognizing that he may in fact have been a latecomer like me — Bronze Age hill forts crown nearly every protuberance in the neighborhood. The other day I went so far as to count the species in the hedge that runs between our property and our neighbor's black currant fields just to see how old it is.

This particular hedge follows the parish boundary between Skenfrith and St. Maughans. That in itself suggests that it's pretty old, because parish boundaries can be ancient — pre-Norman, even pre-Roman in some cases. When I bought the property, it didn't look like a hedge at all. Nobody had cut it for years, and it had turned into an impenetrable mass of half-grown trees and full-grown bushes. I "laid" it myself, which is to say that I cleaned it out, sawed down the unmanageable stuff, and bent the remaining saplings and small trunks over at a 45-degree angle, chopping halfway through them with an ax when necessary to make them stay in place. That was four or five years ago. Now, with regular clippings, it looks like a normal hedge again.

I'm still not sure I did it right, but my species count in the thirty-

yard sample was nine, possibly ten. I found ash, probably two

kinds of oak (*Quercus robur* and *Q. petraea*), hazel, elder, wild privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*), blackthorn, hawthorn, holly — and a spindle tree!

The spindle was the prize, of course. It means that my hedge is at least 700 years old, even if I made some other mistakes. There is always the possibility that it was planted in 1977 by Mr. Morris, my predecessor, but at the moment I regard this possibility as remote. I'm not inclined to investigate. ☺

#### 4 Paws of Crab

"We always ended up in the kitchen, cooking and telling stories." So begins **4 Paws of Crab**, a CD-ROM title that starts as a Thai cookbook and becomes much more. Through the eyes of the intrepid cross-cultural narrators — American college student Nora and Thai chef Bird — we learn about American and Thai culture, history, travel, daily life and, of course, food. An achingly beautiful disc, **4 Paws of Crab** is as rich and gustatory as its subject.

If you have ever wanted to learn Thai cooking from a master, this is the place. Bird offers video demos of noodles, curries, stir-fries and desserts, cooked on a rooftop over busy Chiang Mai, Thailand, the sound of sizzling ingredients so distinct you can practically taste them. Recipes can be read and printed out. A section of the disc called Happy Market explains the uses and lore of Thai ingredients, from Anaheim peppers to yellow curry paste. There's even an order form for hard-to-find items. And the disc encourages users to experiment: "There is infinite room for expression . . . in the spaces between cultures, between languages, and between cuisines."

**4 Paws of Crab** has the look of a

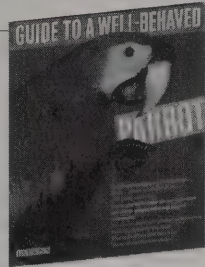




## Guide to a Well-Behaved Parrot

Companion parrot "behaviorism" is the basis for this enlightening and modern gem of human-to-bird interaction. No longer need we settle for screeching, biting, misunderstood feathered friends. Step by step the author teaches us to teach our birds socially acceptable behavior and to prevent naturally occurring aggression. Simple concepts of flock behavior, such as showering and eating with your bird, sleeping nearby, and perching it below eye level can transform it into a valued and loving member of your family throughout its lifetime.

—Penny Wolin



### Guide to a Well-Behaved Parrot

Mattie Sue Athan.

1993; 144 pp.

ISBN 0-8120-4996-9

\$8.95 (\$10.95 postpaid)

from Barron's Educational Series, PO Box 8040, 250 Wireless Boulevard, Hauppauge, NY 11788; 800/645-3476

- Teach appropriate behaviors. The baby bird must dependably respond to the step-up prompt. The bird must be able to entertain

will provide both a sense of security and control. The baby bird needs many toys, puzzles, swings, ropes, and other approved items to hold its interest.



A bird that stretches a friendly greeting probably also will be motivated to try to communicate vocally.

itself in a safe, quiet, nondestructive way. This is largely a function of a well-planned environment. A large, secure, well-equipped cage and play area

Don't let the bird spend time higher than your eyes in its own territory. This includes snuggling on the shoulder at home. If the bird has a dependable step-up response, shoulders are occasionally acceptable in a crowded or threatening public place. But at home, the access to the shoulder will contribute to the development of dominance behaviors.

beautiful coffee-table book, particularly in the section called Time Romp, in which Thai and American history are placed side by side in a timeline. Users can follow a country, a year in history, or jump around.

In the section called Mirrors, Nora and Bird use voice-overs, photos, video and text to make observations about their temporary homes. These range from the mundane, like using a Thai telephone or parking in San Francisco, to flights of

poetry on such subjects as the American dream, the act of planting rice, the thrill and danger of a maiden voyage. This is a remarkably sensual disc in which the sounds of the streets, of water, of people, life and food are never far.

—Susan Sachs Lipman

### 4 Paws of Crab

CD-ROM. Macintosh System 7.01 or later, 8 MB RAM; Windows 3.1 or later, 8 MB RAM. Both versions require CD-ROM drive, digital video, 13" monitor.

\$44.95 (\$47.95 postpaid) from Live Oak Multimedia, 5901 Christie Avenue #102, Emeryville, CA 94608; 510/654-7480

**Crab Paws**

Crab paws are crab claws.

When Bird first sent over his recipes from Thailand his Mixed Seafood Salad called for "four paws of crab".

He got the English a little wrong, but in his error there is a wonderful cross cultural image. Language is a crazy entity, and one to be played with. There is infinite room for the expression of unique concepts in the spaces between cultures, between languages, and between cuisines, so experiment.

As people are cooling off after the October 14th massacre, the vociferous plight for democracy is replaced by a new interest in capitalism. In 1980, General Prem Tinsulanonda is elected by the Parliament to take Kraingsak's place. With Prem as the new Prime Minister, Thailand embarks on a more stable path for a few years; the government remains unchanged, though not without drama, as the Thai struggle for democracy continues.

NEW

THAILAND 1983

## The Organic Garden Book • The AHS Encyclopedia of Gardening

What we have here are two excellent one-volume libraries. Each is quite complete, although the *Encyclopedia* covers more territory, with detailed sections on garden design, soil fertility, greenhouses, and many similar topics. The pest management chapter offers biological control alternatives first, before mentioning the fallback chemical solution.

Both books' illustrations are superb: terrific paintings and drawings, extremely clear step-by-step photo series for techniques like grafting, pruning, and double-digging. *The Organic Gardening Book* features those backlit photo close-ups that work so well for plant identification.

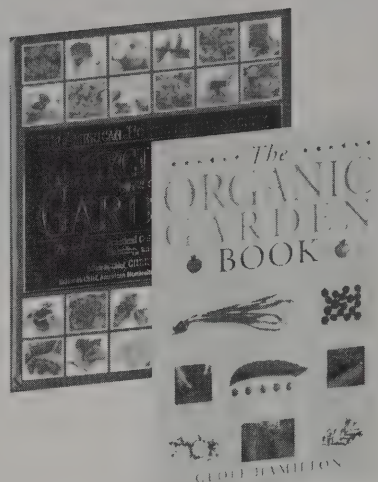
Both books are British, although the *Encyclopedia* has been reworked for North America. They are characterized by the meticulous attention to garden detail developed to a fine art on that cool, rainy island. —Karen Van Epen



1. In late summer or early fall, cut off all the dry flower stalks with pruning shears and lightly clip the shrubs to maintain a neat, tighter finish.

2. Early the following spring, cut back shoots by 1 in (2.5cm) or more of the previous year's growth, making sure that some green growth remains.

— *The AHS Encyclopedia of Gardening*



### The Organic Garden Book

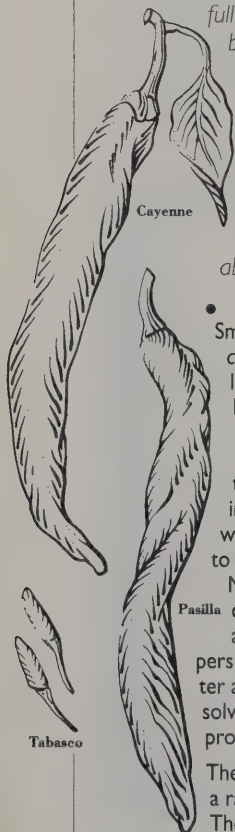
(The Complete Guide to Growing Flowers, Fruits, and Vegetables Naturally)  
Geoff Hamilton. Dorling Kindersley, 1987, 1993; 288 pp. ISBN 1-56458-528-X  
\$14.95 (\$17.45 postpaid) from Houghton Mifflin Co., Mail Order Dept., Wayside Road, Burlington, MA 01803; 800/225-3362

### The American Horticultural Society Encyclopedia of Gardening

1993; 648 pp.  
ISBN 1-56458-291-4  
\$59.95 (\$63.70 postpaid) from Houghton Mifflin Co., Mail Order Dept., Wayside Road, Burlington, MA 01803; 800/225-3362

## Growing Great Garlic • The Pepper Garden • Oriental Vegetables

These manuals are tightly focused and full of hard-won tips. All three books are packed with practical, tested techniques and entertaining anecdotes. The authors are all widely experienced with the tricks, angles, and subtleties of their subjects. They really know what they're talking about. —Karen Van Epen



Smoked Jalapenos are called *chipotles*, and Americans who love their smoky taste and fiery bite have recently been hit with high prices and a scarcity of product. With prices for these smoked Jalapenos reaching fifteen dollars a pound wholesale, home growers yearn to smoke their own. But the Mexicans have been fairly secretive about their techniques, and none of the books on peppers describes home smoking. After a trip to Mexico, we have solved this mystery — but the process takes some dedication.

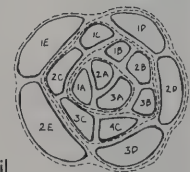
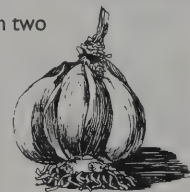
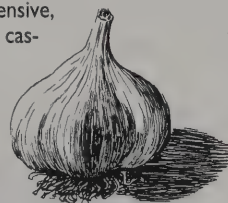
The Mexicans use a large pit with a rack to smoke-dry Jalapenos. The pit containing the source of

heat is partially underground with a tunnel leading to the rack. The pods are placed on top of the rack where drafts of air pull the smoke up and over the pods. The Jalapeno pods can be left whole or seeded. The latter, more expensive, are called *capones*, or cast-rated ones.

—*The Pepper Garden*

Weed management in garlic is especially critical since garlic is often in the ground nine months that span two normal growing seasons. Some weeds germinate best in cool weather, others in hot weather. Garlic gets to enjoy the company of all of them if soil is not properly prepared. Quick green manure crops, such as buckwheat, are an excellent means to allow germination and early growth of weeds that can then be turned into the soil before a new crop of weed seeds is produced.

—*Growing Great Garlic*



Silverskin typical

### Common or leaf mustards

*Brassica juncea* var *foliosa*

Mandarin: Ye yong jie cai ('use leaf mustard')

Cantonese: Gai choy

Japanese: Ha karashina ('leaf mustard')



Often known as Chinese mustard or little mustard, this group has fairly coarse leaves, usually a dark, bright green with rather serrated, saw-like edges. They are sometimes roundish, sometimes long, in which case they more or less 'feather' the stalk. They are not unlike the leaves of the large 'daikon' radishes in appearance. The leaf stalks are light green with characteristic longitudinal ridges. The plants generally grow up to 12 in (30 cm) high, and about the same spread, but occasionally they become very large. . . .

In some cases the flowering shoots, for example from overwintered plants bolting in spring, tend to thicken and are peeled as pickles or used fresh. They have a good flavour. On the whole these mustards are milder than the giant mustards, though they can become hot flavoured.

—*Oriental Vegetables*

## PLUM SAWFLY



The caterpillars of this pest make holes in the fruit, rendering them inedible and causing them to drop from the tree.

### What to do



As the pupae live in the soil beneath the tree, regular hoeing will expose them to insectivorous birds. If the caterpillar attack persists, spray the tree with rotenone after the petals have fallen.

— *The Organic Garden Book*

## How to Find Your Ideal Country Home

*Big garden. Nice neighbors. Moo-cows. A little peace for a change. Ah, the joys of country livin'. Is bucolism really like that? How come so many of the sixties back-to-the-landers returned to Urban Hell? How come so many people are moving to rural land now? This fat, crudely executed book is wise, wise-acre (so to speak), and a hoot to read. How to think about things rural includes economics, demographics, Things To Watch Out For, cries of delight, instructions for playing the country realty game, and checklists to ensure your own honesty — all stuff you need to know if contemplating a move to the country. —J. Baldwin*

■ I especially like old subsistence farms for many reasons:

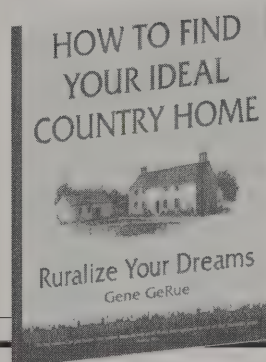
- They have land too poor and/or too hilly for agribusiness operations.
- They have established water sources.
- They are in communities of small farms.
- They are often reasonably priced.
- They have a set of buildings, which, even if ramshackle, can be used for temporary shelter and storage.

- They have old garden sites, maybe fruit or nut trees.
- They have history.
- They have nostalgic surprises: remnants of stone walls or split-rail fences; family cemeteries; old-fashioned rose bushes; daffodils that in spring appear in a row where a long-ago fence protected a farmwife's flower garden from chickens, cows, horses, hogs and dogs.

### How to Find Your Ideal Country Home

Gene GeRue. 1994; 400 pp.  
ISBN 0-9641478-0-7

\$25 postpaid from Heartwood Publications, HC 78, Box 1105, Zanoni, MO 65784; 800/787-2522



## The Village Baker

*This book drives an Oldsmobile through a wall of flaming bread machines. Joe Ortiz, a professional baker, has hunted down the working bakers of Europe and America and recorded their processes. He lays out the central philosophy of baking a good, chewy loaf of bread, then teaches you how to do it using flour, water, and wild yeast captured from the air in your house.*

*I now bake a better loaf of bread. That is the real test for a cookbook. For recipe collectors, there are measured recipes. And there are how-to drawings, color photos of yummy breads of all persuasions, and a whole section sharing bulk recipes for the professional baker. Kitchen mechanics, listen up. This is the shop manual of breadmaking. You could start a bakery with this one book, or put a whole lot of class and craft into your weekly chores. —J. D. Smith*

■ To begin with, a starter (levain) does not have to be saved from kith or kin, from generation to generation, charming as the idea may be. A good, strong, workable sourdough starter can be created from scratch in three to five days just with flour and water.

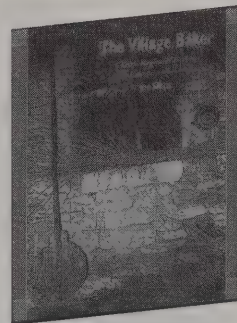
### The Village Baker

(Classic Regional Breads from Europe and America)

Joe Ortiz. 1993; 306 pp.  
ISBN 0-89815-489-8

\$24.95 (\$28.45 postpaid) from Ten Speed Press, PO Box 7123, Berkeley, CA 94707; 800/841-2665

■ Besides flour and water, other ingredients such as a natural yeast from unsulfured grapes, ground cumin, sour milk, fermented apples, and honey can be used to attract favorable strains of yeast from the air. All of these extra ingredients are catalysts used to help the *chef* (the initial dough or starter) to encourage the friendly strains of bacteria and wild yeast, so-called because they are the best ones for making bread rise.



## ORIENTAL VEGETABLES

The Complete Guide for Garden and Kitchen

Joy Larkcom. 1991; 232 pp.

ISBN 1-56836-017-7

\$17 (\$21 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/788-6262

## GROWING GREAT GARLIC



### Growing Great Garlic

Ron L. Engeland. 1991; 213p.

ISBN 0-9630850-1-8

\$13 (\$16 postpaid) from Filaree Productions, Rte. 1, Box 162, Okanogan, WA 98840

### The Pepper Garden

Dave Dewitt & Paul W. Bosland.

1993; 240 pp. ISBN 0-89815-554-1

\$14.95 (\$18.45 postpaid) from Ten Speed Press, PO Box 7123, Berkeley, CA 94707; 800/841-2665

### Oriental Vegetables

(The Complete Guide for Garden and Kitchen)

Joy Larkcom. Kodansha International,

1991; 232 pp. ISBN 1-56836-017-7

\$17 (\$21 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/788-6262

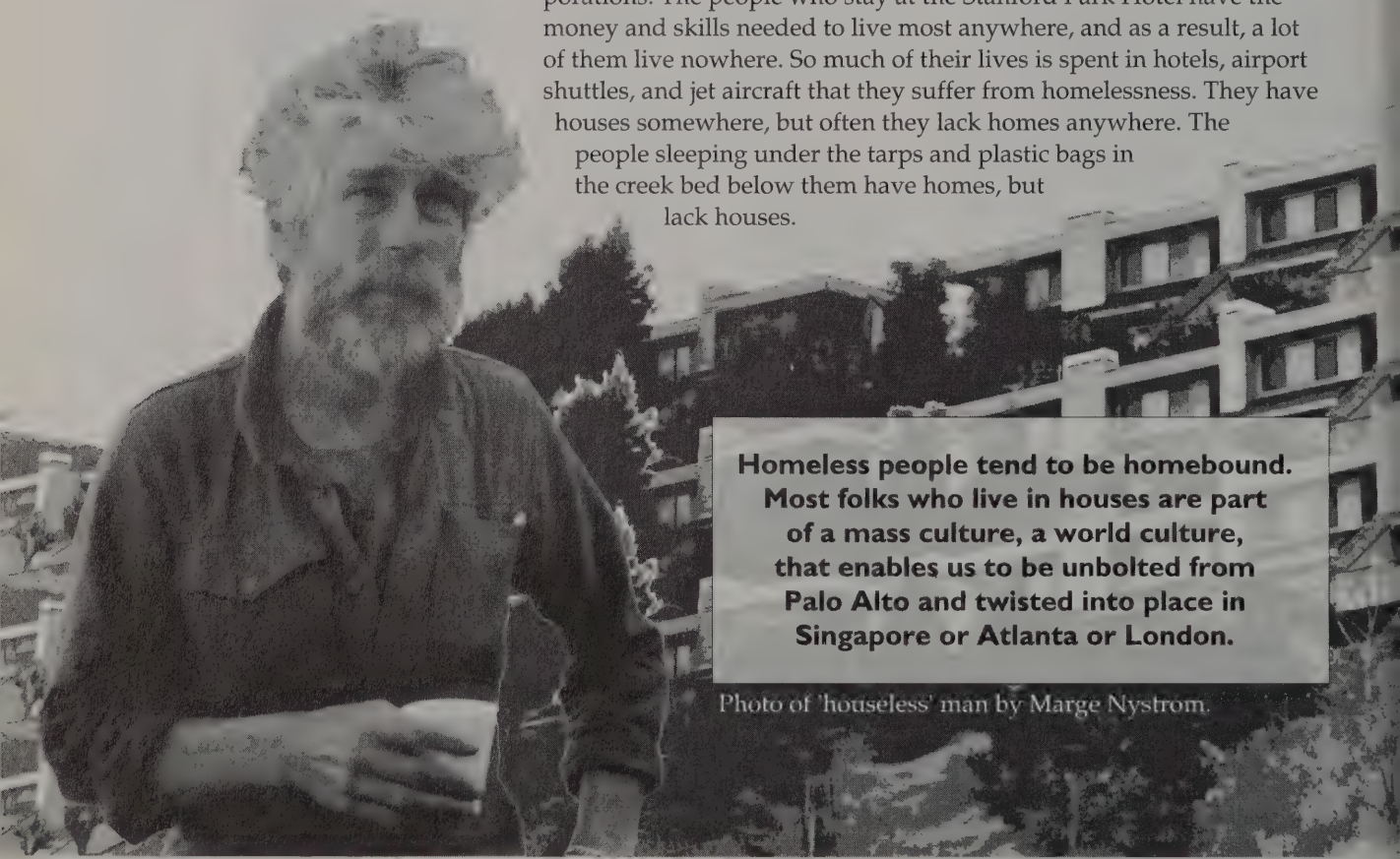
# Houselessness and Homelessness

BY JIM BURKLO

*Introducing "Coffee Hour: America's True Religion" (CQ 41:34), the last piece Jim Burklo wrote for us, editor Jay Kinney observed that Burklo "does ongoing research as associate minister of First Congregational Church in Palo Alto, CA." Since then, he has been the executive director of Urban Ministry of Palo Alto, and he is now the minister of College Heights Church in San Mateo, California. His research continues to pay off. —JD*

**A** CLUSTER OF HUTS, ALL BLUE TARPS AND BLACK PLASTIC BAGS, straggles along the creek that demarcates Palo Alto and Menlo Park, California. This camp has been functioning since I came to town in 1979. It functioned as a home for the homeless during the seven years that I served as director of the Urban Ministry of Palo Alto, which offers hospitality and other services to people on the streets. I now live about a quarter of a mile from this camp, and pass it every day on my way home from my job as the minister of a church. I check in with the residents of this camp whenever I check out books at the Menlo Park Library, which offers hot and cold running water in its bathrooms and is not far down the railroad tracks from the creek.

Looming on the top of the creek bank above the camp is the Stanford Park Hotel, an expensive place for a different kind of homeless people to stay. It is a place for people to sleep and eat and use hot and cold running water while they do business with high-tech industrial corporations. The people who stay at the Stanford Park Hotel have the money and skills needed to live most anywhere, and as a result, a lot of them live nowhere. So much of their lives is spent in hotels, airport shuttles, and jet aircraft that they suffer from homelessness. They have houses somewhere, but often they lack homes anywhere. The people sleeping under the tarps and plastic bags in the creek bed below them have homes, but lack houses.



**Homeless people tend to be homebound. Most folks who live in houses are part of a mass culture, a world culture, that enables us to be unbolted from Palo Alto and twisted into place in Singapore or Atlanta or London.**

Photo of 'houseless' man by Marge Nystrom.



There is little romance in the houseless homeless life, as I learned in my work with people on the streets. But in a striking way, homeless people are more at home than the rest of us. According to the jet-setters who are members of my church, there isn't much romance in global nomadism, either. The people in the creek are indigenous, unlike the inter-urban wanderers who stay in the Stanford Park Hotel. The people living in the creek bed belong to a certain "home slice" of a specific geographic radius within which they have found ways to survive, within which they have synchronized themselves with the natural and social seasons. They know whom

to trust and whom to avoid, where to get free food and clothes, which dumpsters contain the items they most need. People often asked me why the folks we served at Urban Ministry didn't move to Fresno or Modesto or other places where the cost of living is lower. I'd answer that homeless people, ironically, tend to be homebound. Most folks who live in houses are part of a mass culture, a world culture, that enables us to be unbolted from Palo Alto or Menlo Park, California, and twisted into place in Boston or Singapore or Atlanta or London. Our skills and our lifestyles are useful and acceptable just about anywhere, making us interchangeable parts in the world economic machine. We communicate with money, a language that most people everywhere understand well.

A few homeless people aren't indigenous — they are on the streets temporarily, as a result of a personal disaster of a transitory nature. Often, these folks adamantly refuse to be called homeless, even though they live in the

bushes like the rest. They are still interchangeable nuts belonging to the world economic engine; they just happened to spin off their bolts and land in the gutter for a while, and in the meantime, they cling tenaciously to their passports as world citizens. If they stay in the gutter too long, they might become indigenous, a fate which frightens them. These people tend to be more isolated

**“Indigenous” need not connote “indigence.” It is not a term that necessarily indicates poverty or houselessness. It is a mistake to presume that only seniors or disabled or houseless or unemployed people are homebound.**

and emotionally upset than the long-term houseless people around them. They are acutely homeless, in every sense of the word, and often this suffering motivates them to rapidly return to jobs and houses again.

But few homeless people are interchangeable, portable economic units of the New World Order. Moving out of the hometown is a frightening prospect for someone so dependent on such a locally idiosyncratic web of delicate social and natural ecology. Most homeless people can't speak the global language of money. Their survival depends on intimate knowledge of a set of locally specific individuals — other homeless people, cops, storekeepers, library employees, and social service workers.

Some of the most "homeful" people I know are technically homeless. At Urban Ministry, we served a 93-year-old woman who, for a period of months, slept on a park bench at night. She'd been kicked out of the residential hotels in town because she was a

pack rat and never cleaned her rooms. We had no trouble finding board and care placements for her, but she refused them, because they were in Mountain View, the next town to the south. "I live in Palo Alto," she bluntly informed us, and returned to her park bench until we persuaded the managers of the subsidized senior housing in her hometown to let her name jump the waiting

list and get her a place indoors again. Practically every merchant in town knew her well, since, at her plaintive request, many of them were storing her moldy boxes in their store-rooms so that neither she nor her possessions would be separated from her place of residence, which was the whole of down-

town Palo Alto. Until she died, she was a town character who made a major contribution to the character of the town. Palo Alto really isn't the same without her smiling ancient face greeting people on the sidewalks.

"Indigenous" need not connote "indigence." It is not a term that necessarily indicates poverty or houselessness. It is a mistake to presume that only seniors or disabled or houseless or unemployed people are homebound. Whether poor or rich, indigenous people have characteristic relationships to specific geographic places. They belong where they are, and where they are belongs to them — or ought to belong to them. If they go elsewhere, by force or by choice, they tend to suffer physically, psychologically, and spiritually. But being indigenous doesn't have to be a crippling or marginalizing condition on home turf.

Each local place has its characters, upon whom the character of the place depends. Each place has people who have developed roles



or businesses that are site-specific. Their skills and their habits are not geographically transferable. They might be able to move elsewhere and have the money to live for a while, or even for a long time. But, emotionally, they would dry up inside. Many older people with money retire and move, only to discover too late that they are indigenous to their home town. Outside of that geographic radius, life makes no sense.

In today's world economy it is not considered safe to be indigenous. Our places in the system are temporary assignments, subject to the whims of global forces. To become indigenous is to risk losing a place anywhere, including one's dwelling "unit." We're accustomed to the global economic system. We are attached to its material abundance, even as our souls groan at the loss of any real home on the planet. But to embrace the indigenous life is a bold move that has deep pleasures and rewards for self and others. There is a wonderful intimacy that results from the face-to-face, year-in and year-out relationships that can only come by acting as if you are indigenous to a local place. The great attraction, and the great revulsion, that people have toward rural life is the prospect of becoming dependent on a local culture, to the exclusion of being able to fit into the world economy ever again.

I became a minister in order to create and sustain indigenous societies, groups of people who belong to each other in a local urban area over a long period of time. A lot of the volunteers who came to help us at Urban Ministry were spiritually homeless people with jobs and homes, yearning to taste the fruits of indigenous living.

**One of the marks of indigenous people is the persistent presence of annoying people among them.**

They were attracted to the sense of belonging to a place that exists among people who live on the streets. In fact, I noticed that volunteering with us was an excellent way for newcomers to Palo Alto to get to join the town and its people. It's ultimately impossible to know the streets without knowing the street people.

I went to work as the minister of a local church in order to serve homeless people who live in houses as well as in creek beds. I'm in a church because it is not a support group or a therapy group, made up of people who are looking for something specific from each other, for a specific period of time, before moving on to the next group. A church or temple is a place where people go for good, for keeps, for birth and life and death. I'm interested in organized religion only insofar as it creates and maintains deep and intimate relationships in a community of people who have come together to live indigenously, for

good. Understandably, lots of people — particularly those who want to fit in anywhere on earth, in any nation or culture — fear the sectarian nature of most religious congregations, the proprietary language and habits that go with people who have strong links to tradition and to a local church or synagogue community. People are afraid to give up their homelessness, much as they suffer from it. People will hang tribal masks on the walls of their condos, but they are afraid of wearing the masks and doing the indigenous rituals in which they were used. And people are afraid of having a home that is so precious to them that they would have a hard time leaving it when they receive New World Orders to move elsewhere.

I'm haunted by the words of a man who attends the church I serve. He's a Ph.D. with a job in a high-tech Silicon Valley firm. He said that if he had to go to another office party where people did nothing but exchange small-talk, another gathering of people who had no intimacy and no real connection with each other, he would scream. I heard his soul crying out for a place to call home, a specific local circle of people worth taking the risk of depending upon for his spiritual survival. A place and a people that, if he left them, would render him heartsick.

One of the marks of indigenous people is the persistent presence of annoying people among them.

A church is not an indigenous community unless there are a few people in it who are permanent thorns in the sides of the rest of its members. One of the marks of non-indigenous societies is that they throw out obnoxious participants, or the societies fall apart because the rest of the participants leave and join or create other groups. At the Urban Ministry, we had our share of annoying homeless people who drank coffee at our drop-in center every day. They reminded me that I belonged to a truly local community of indigenous human beings. Go to a city council meeting anywhere, and listen to the people who speak during the part of the meeting devoted to "oral communication" from citizens. Listen to the ones who go up to the mike week after week, causing consternation or irritation among the council members. Those oral communicators are indigenous people. If they weren't there at the city council meeting, you would know that your town was a stone-cold-dead suburb, a place belonging everywhere, and, thus, to nobody.

A place cannot hope to be home to anyone unless there are people in that place who are indigenous to it. People who are gears in the global clock-

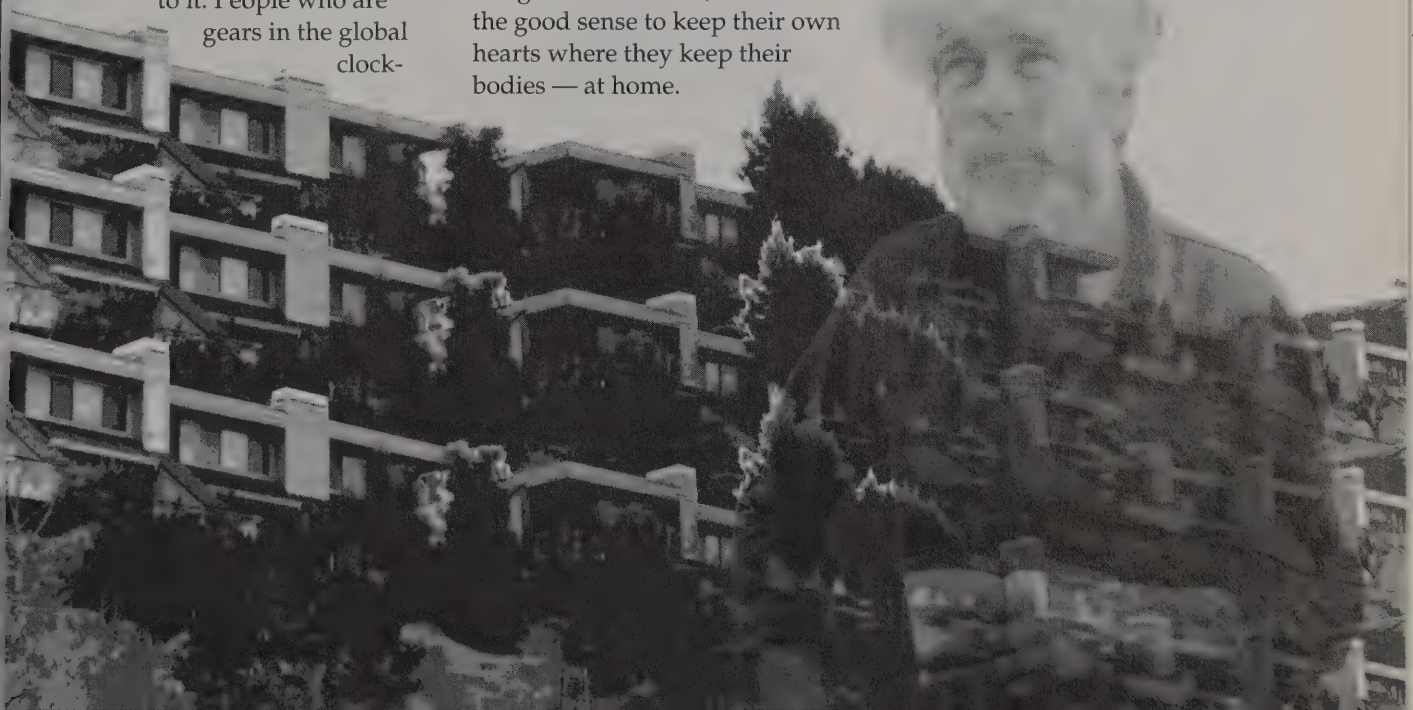
work yearn deeply for the sentiments that come from indigenous living, but fear that they would have to give up too much in order to live that way themselves. Avoiding eye contact, they will

**In a culture of people who really live where they are, who are living in a permanent manner and are dependent on the local people around them, there is a social web that prevents all but a very few folks from having to live outdoors.**

pass by local houseless indigenous people, and they will proceed on their way to shop for conversation pieces at the ethnic art store. As they commute from faceless condos to faceless tilt-up industrial headquarters buildings, they will listen to Garrison Keillor on the car radio as he describes the latest doings among the indigenous citizens of mythical Lake Wobegon. To create a homey atmosphere, spiritually homeless people will buy antiques from quaint locations. They will travel to charming spots for vacations and "leave their hearts" with the indigenous residents, who have the good sense to keep their own hearts where they keep their bodies — at home.

In my travels, I have observed that the greater the number of indigenous people in a place, the fewer houseless people there are in that place, relative to the population. In a culture of people who can live anywhere, and, thus, live nowhere in particular, you will find a subset of people who are reduced to living on the streets. In a culture of people who really live where they are, who are living in a permanent

manner and are dependent on the local people around them, there is a social web that prevents all but a very few folks from having to live outdoors. The houseless homeless are our canaries. When they fall into the creek bed, the rest of us need to pay attention to what has become of our communities, and take the risks and rewards that come from making the choice to live indigenously in them. ☪



## People of Color Environmental Groups Directory

When people of color realized that they lived in Cancer Alley — towns in the petrochemical Hades of the lower Mississippi or the redlined radioactive dumps of Navajoland or among the toxic drinking fountains of the Mexican-US border — the word "environment" suddenly became real. When Apaches realized that clearcutting for telescopes desecrated their holiest mountain, the word "conservation" entered their vocabulary. When all the separate communities started to network, the "environmental justice" movement was born.

This remarkable directory of over 225 grassroots groups, with a comprehensive bibliography, a solid historical introduction and vignettes of select groups, is a must for all those looking for a citizen-based democracy and a non-governmental organization power base. Elegantly presented. —Peter Warshall

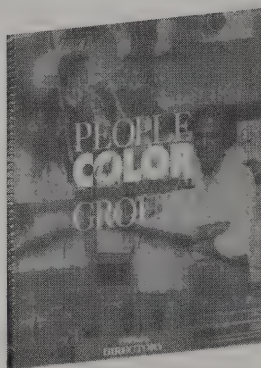
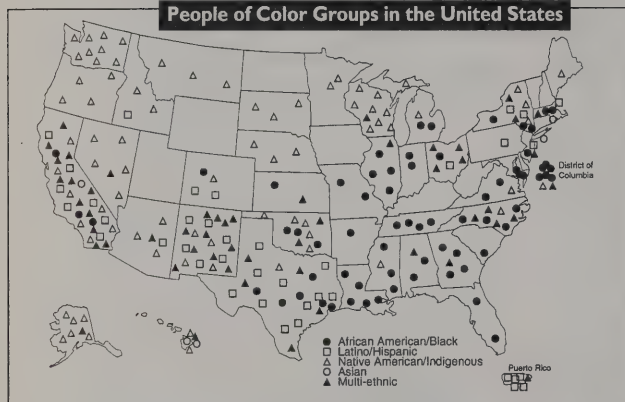
■ Mohawks Agree on Safe Health (MASH)  
P.O. Box 281  
Hogansburg, NY 13655-0281  
(518) 358-9015

**Contact/Title:** Mark Narsisian  
**Type Position:** Volunteer  
**Mission:** Educate the local community about health risks and pollutants in our community.  
**Issues:** Toxics, Energy, Air pollution, Water pollution, Water disposal, Wildlife, Recycling, Community organizing  
**Activities:** Educational  
**Organization Incorporated:** Yes  
**Number of Paid Staff:** 0  
**Number of Volunteers:** 8  
**Number of Members:** 8020  
**Charge Membership Dues:** No  
**Constituency Served:** Native American / Indian  
**Geographic Focus:** Regional  
**Membership Base:** Native American  
**Started as Environmental Group:** Yes  
**Year Founded:** 1980

■ National Congress for Puerto Rican Rights  
577 Columbus Ave.  
New York, NY 10024  
(202) 724-7702

**Contact / Title:** Richie Perez, National Vice President  
**Type Position:** Volunteer  
**Mission:** To defend the civil and human rights of the Puerto Rican community in the U.S.  
**Issues:** Toxics, Air pollution, Waste disposal, Facility siting, Lead, Asbestos, Parks & recreation, Worker safety, Housing, Community organizing, Police abuse, Language rights  
**Activities:** Lobbying, Organizing, Education, Direct action, Litigation  
**Organization Incorporated:** Yes  
**Number of Paid Staff:** 0  
**Number of Volunteers:** 100  
**Number of Members:** 3000  
**Charge Membership Dues:** Yes  
**Constituency Served:** Puerto Rican / Latino  
**Geographic Focus:** National  
**Membership Base:** Low income, Middle income, Urban, Coalition  
**Started as Environmental Group:** No  
**Year Founded:** 1981

People of Color Groups in the United States

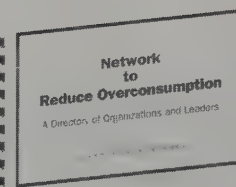


**People of Color Environmental Groups: 1994-95 Directory**  
Robert D. Bullard. 1994; 194 pp.  
Free from C.S. Mott Foundation, 1200 Mott Foundation Bldg., Flint, MI 48802-1851;  
810/766-1766, fax 810/766-1753

## Network to Reduce Overconsumption

The flip side of Third World poverty is First World poverty. Third World poverty is a poverty of basics: food, shelter, clothing, health, education. First World poverty is a poverty of compassion and meaningful work. Its major symptom is overconsumption — a desperate need to fill up emptiness with material goods or more real-estate holdings or spiritual commodities or computerized info-bits. The pendulum now swings crazily with hope in family, church, jogging, wilderness, community activism, identity quests, and politically correct lifestyles. It's a muddle right now. This directory is the embryo — each group in a cell trying to fuse and mature into a gentler, less greedy, less self-centered organism. Compiled by the New Road Map Foundation. —Peter Warshall

**Network to Reduce Overconsumption**  
(A Directory of Organizations and Leaders)  
1994; 112 pp. \$10 postpaid from New Road Map Foundation, PO Box 15981, Seattle, WA 98115; 206/527-0437



### Greener Pastures Institute

William L. Seavey, Director  
Laurel Gillespie, Assoc. Director  
PO Box 2190  
Pahrump, NV 89041  
702/382-4847 Fax:  
Email:  
Org: for profit Staff: 3  
Mission: We assist disenfranchised urbanites in relocating to smaller cities & towns in rural areas. We are also committed to educating consumers about the excesses of large urban areas (and their denizens).  
Areas of Focus:  
1) Simplicity/simple lifestyles  
2) Saving money  
3) Spirituality and values  
4) Consumer education and protection  
5) Population and consumption

### Resources for Lowering Consumption:

Title: Bringing Back Small Town America  
Author: William L. Seavey  
Subject: Returning to society of medium-sized and smaller communities/reducing urbanization  
Type: article Cost: \$3  
Obtain: contact org  
Title: The Eden Seekers Guide  
Author: William L. Seavey & 7 co-authors  
Subject: Ideas for relocating to smaller towns, rural areas, etc.  
Type: book Cost: 13.95 + \$3 ship  
Obtain: contact org  
Other resources: Contact organization  
Initiatives for Lowering Consumption:  
Greener Pastures Expo, May 1993  
Network with Carrying Capacity Network, ZEG, Population/Env Balance, etc  
We have excellent media relations to get message out

Want from Network:  
Tech: share (may be interested in server)  
Contacts: more the merrier  
Inspiration: yes  
Offer to Network:  
Tech:  
Contacts: yes  
Inspiration: yes

Information: especially on back-to-land issue  
Exposure: media co-ordination/cooperation  
Email:  
Other:  
Information: yes  
Exposure: yes  
Email:  
Other:

For Interviews: William Seavey  
For Conferences: William Seavey  
Additional Info: Where we live affects many if not most issues related to consumption/consumerism.



## A Book for Midwives

The Hesperian Foundation is a public health organization that publishes books — **Where There Is No Doctor, Where There Is No Dentist** (EWEC p. 214, 215) — that review basic health procedures and recommendations in straightforward, simple, but never simplistic terms, for people who live in areas where — through poverty or geographic remoteness — it is difficult to obtain medical attention.

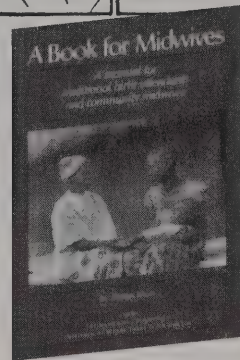
**A Book for Midwives** was designed as a reference for traditional birth attendants, professional midwives, community health workers, or anyone who happens to find herself or himself giving care to a woman during pregnancy and birth. It assumes no very wide gulf between caregiver and care-receiver. Instead, it outlines simple steps for differentiating between normal and complicated pregnancies, deliveries and postnatal care, with specific recommendations for treatment or referral. The appendices are excellent; they include sections on low-cost homemade equipment (appropriate technology) and teaching materials, a pharmacopoeia and a glossary of medical terminology. The book is written in basic English, easily translatable into other languages in the developing world, where it is intended to be used.

**A Book for Midwives** makes a valuable contribution to the library of anyone with an appreciation for the natural, demystified process of birth. —Patrizia DiLucchio



### A Book for Midwives

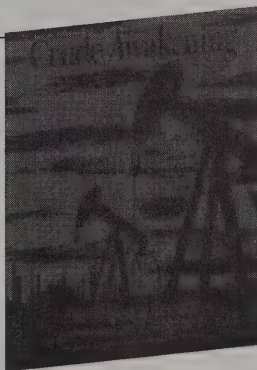
(A Guide for Community Midwives and Traditional Birth Attendants)  
Susan Klein. 1995; 519 pp.  
ISBN 0-942364-22-83 \$17 postpaid from  
Hesperian Foundation, 2796 Middlefield  
Road, Palo Alto, CA 94306; 415/325-9017



## Crude Awakening

This is well-documented whistle-blowing; environmental research at its best. Friends of the Earth points its finger not at the dramatic Exxon spills or the Russian infrastructure hemorrhages of pipeline crude, but at the endless mid-dling disasters. Highlighting the oil industry's sloppy technology and careless managerial efforts, the book is as much an indictment of America's shoddy attitude toward the workplace and economic inefficiencies as of the industry's disgusting environmental abuses. I gained more practical knowledge about the oil industry in **Crude Awakening** than from Daniel Yergin's **The Prize**. FoE's reasonable (though typically idealistic) suggestions for legislative change unnerved the dinosaurs: the American Petroleum Institute went ballistic. I particularly thank FoE for its clear explanation of perverse US tax incentives that encourage incredible waste of the crude oil left in the ground. —Peter Warshall

■ As a result of oil leaks and inefficiencies, America leaks more oil than the entire country of Australia consumes.



● According to the Environmental Protection Agency, oil and gas wastes alone exceed the combined total of all other categories of municipal, agricultural, mining, and industrial wastes. Nearly 170 million tons of oil wastes generated annually by oil refineries are buried at refinery sites; another 18,000 tons make their way into community landfills. As much as 57 million tons of oil field wastes are disposed of in landfills annually.

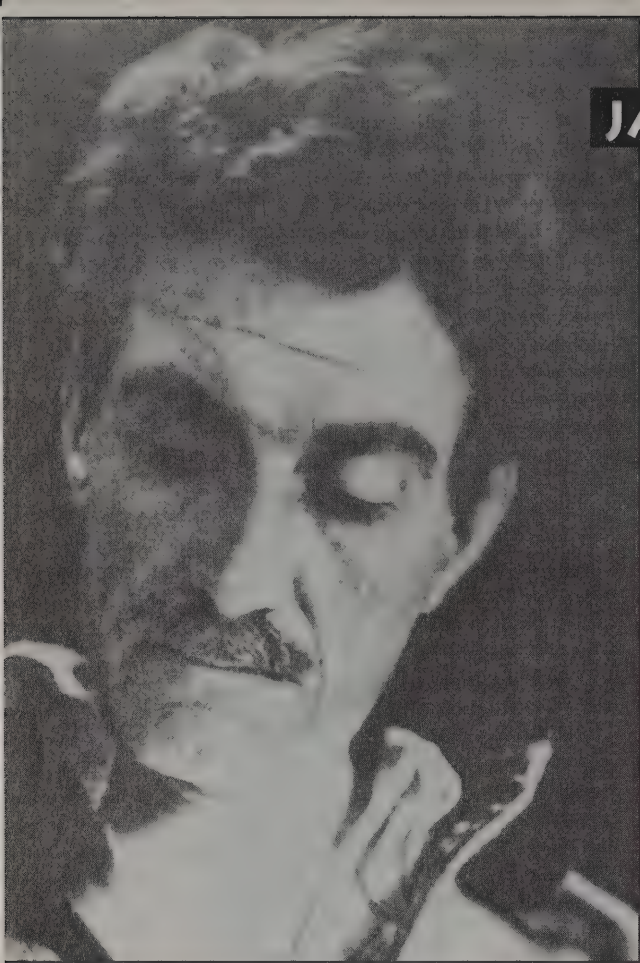
● The cost of plugging and clearing up after the industry's 1.2 million abandoned oil wells is still unknown. However, the state of New York estimates it will spend \$100 million just on this aspect of the oil mess, and Texas estimates it will spend \$300 million.

### Crude Awakening

(The Oil Mess in America: Wasting Energy, Jobs and the Environment)  
Jack Doyle. Friends of the Earth, 1994; 335 pp.  
\$35 (\$38.50 postpaid) from Public Interest  
Publications, PO Box 229, Arlington, VA 22210;  
800/537-9359

■ According to the General Accounting Office, 16,000 oil spills occurred in navigable waters in 1988, amounting to more than 46 million gallons of oil. Further, the routine release of oil and grease in "operational discharges" from barges and tankers may exceed the annual amount of oil spilled each year.

■ A 20 percent industry-wide improvement — based on 1988 U.S. Department of Energy reported consumption figures — would save approximately 217 million barrels of oil equivalent. A 30 percent savings would yield about 326 million barrels of oil equivalent.



# JAIME DE ANGULO

was one of those

outrageous people whose energies and talents range to far edges. He was born in 1887 Paris to rich Spanish parents, but was punching Colorado cattle in his eighteenth year. Before long, he would dig ditches in Honduras, fight the fire of San Francisco's 1906 earthquake, and earn an MD from Johns Hopkins University.

By the time he was thirty, Jaime was widely recognized as a lay expert in linguistic anthropology. He worked with Alfred Kroeber (one of the top anthropologists of his day, and Ursula Le Guin's father), who hired him to teach courses at UC Berkeley. Jaime liked to travel in northeastern California, where he made lots of friends among the Achumawi people. He transcribed their language and learned their cycle of Coyote stories. Eventually, Jaime transcribed more than sixty native languages, from all over the West and Mexico.

Jaime's beautiful home became one of Berkeley's intellectual centers of the twenties and thirties, notorious for wild parties. Later, Jaime lived at his Big Sur ranch and in San Francisco's bohemian North Beach. He corresponded with Ezra Pound, C.G. Jung, and William Carlos Williams. Williams called him "one of the most outstanding writers that I have ever encountered."

Jaime died in 1949. —Hacsi Horvath

## Indian Tales

*Years of friendship and study with Californian native groups inspired Jaime to write this collection of stories for his kids. He acknowledges in the preface that while some parts were translated almost word for word from his anthropological texts, other parts just spun from his mind. But the stories and Jaime's simple drawings carry a truthful charm.*

• So the Hawk went and still he went. He went all around looking for his grandfather. Everywhere the world was still full of mud and it was dark and it was cold. At last he arrived at Tuleyomi. He stood on one side of the creek, and on the other side there was a man standing.

"Who are you?" asked that man.

"And you, who are you?"

"First you tell me who you are."

"No, no, you tell me first what your name is."

"The world has been destroyed! Where are you going? You must be full of power to be still alive!"

"Well, you seem to be full of power, yourself," said Hawk Chief, and he added, "Come on, hurry up, tell me who you are before I kill you!"

### Indian Tales

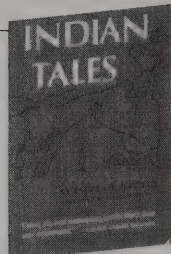
Jaime de Angulo. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1953; 246 pp. ISBN 0-374-52163-8 \$10.95 (\$14.45 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/788-6262

"Very well then, I'll tell you who I am. I am Coyote Old Man!"

"And I am Hawk Chief!"

"Grandson, Grandson, *huyey!*"

Coyote cried. From the other side he jumped across the creek and threw his arms around his grandson. He put Hawk Chief on his shoulders and took him home to his house and he made a bed for him and there they stayed.



### Indian Tales (cassette)

*Just before he died Jaime recorded his Indian Tales for broadcast on Berkeley radio station KPFA. His richly accented voice makes a soulful medium. Now the recordings are available on cassette.*

Audio cassette series recorded in 1949: 22 cassettes, \$13 each plus p&h. Contents list free from Pacifica Radio Archive, PO Box 8092, Universal City, CA 91608; 800/735-0230, 818/506-1077



## Indians in Overalls

*This is Jaime's account of his linguistic field trips to Achumawi country in the early twenties. Jaime had owned a ranch in the region some years earlier, and had become acquainted with folk thereabouts.*

I was up again, the next year. This time I had a jalopy, myself. Progress. You can't defend yourself against progress. So this time I came up following the Pit River from Redding up. I was meeting more and more Indians after Montgomery Creek. I had never been through that territory before, only once, years before with a drove of horses, through a snowstorm. I didn't even recognize the country.

I got into the upper land. It was getting dark. I had a wolfish-looking bitch swaying on the back, on top of my camping stuff. I was getting tired driving that damned car. I hate them. When I got to Big Valley I couldn't stand the driving over the rough road anymore. I saw a campfire a little south of the road. I was awfully tired. I thought: They must be Indians.

I got out and walked over, being careful to make a noise. There was no need for care. There comes Sukmit: "I have been watching for you. I got lonesome for you. I sent my poison after you. The old lady is there, in the camp. Old lady Gordon died. The other woman, my uncle, she is dead. We

are all going to die. We can't help it. What have you got there? Is that a coyote? Looks like a coyote. Don't growl at me, you son-of-a-bitch, I am Indian doctor. I ain't afraid of you. Want to be my poison? Say, Jaime, did you get my message? I got lonesome for you. You want to be a doctor? I teach you. I am Indian doctor. I teach you, pretty bad, get scared, I teach you, you no white man. . . ."

Under this avalanche I was being dragged across some wasteland toward the campfire I had seen. There were no introductions of any kind whatever. Nobody paid any attention to me at all. I sat in a corner. I said nothing. Then a little boy brought me a basket full of some kind of mush, and it had salt in it, too. I was reserved and very careful, keeping out of the way, in the outer light of the fire. Then Mary's chuckle came out of the darkness (I hadn't seen her until that moment, sitting there beyond the firelight): "Ha-ha, you white man."



Old Blind Hall and Jaime de Angulo.

### Indians in Overalls

Jaime de Angulo. 1990; 120 pp.  
ISBN 0-87286-244-5; New printing is expected for Fall 1995 from City Lights Books (see address below).

## Jaime in Taos

*Jaime made two trips to Taos, New Mexico, to study the language and religious philosophy of the Taos Pueblo people. These letters, compiled and annotated by his daughter Gui, are the sincere and vivid document of Jaime's experience.*

Taos in the twenties was a crossroads for anthropologists, psychologists, artists, and bohemians, as well as for the Indians who lived there. Jaime and his family spent time with Carl Jung, D.H. Lawrence, and other noted passers-through. The Taos papers are candid and strange, often funny, and tell a lot about cultural attitudes of the day.

You can imagine my excitement. I made up my mind that I would kidnap him if necessary and take him to Taos. It was quite a fight because his time was so limited, but I finally carried it. And he was not sorry that he went. It was a revelation to him, the whole thing. Of course I had prepared Mountain Lake (Antonio Mirabal). He and Jung made contact immediately and had a long talk on religion. Jung said that I was perfectly right in all that I had intuited about their psychological condition. He said that evening "I had the extraordinary sensation that I was talking to an Egyptian priest of the fifteenth century before

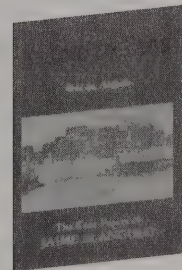
### Jaime in Taos

(The Taos Papers of Jaime de Angulo)  
Gui de Angulo, Editor. 1985;  
140 pp. ISBN 0-87286-165-1  
\$6.95 (\$9.45 postpaid) from City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Avenue,  
San Francisco, CA 94133; 415/362-8193,  
fax 415/362-4921

Christ." The trip was an immense success all around. Jung got a great deal out of it. I got a great deal out of Jung, both about philosophy and about my own work. I needed his confirmation of all the stuff I have been working out by my own lonely self and against all anthropological precedent.



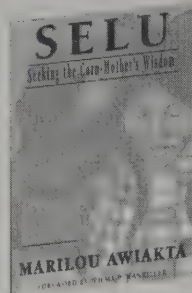
D.H. Lawrence. His face is a combination of Tolstoy, G.B. Shaw, and Abraham Lincoln . . .



## Selu: Seeking the Corn-Mother's Wisdom

In this luminous book, Cherokee/Appalachian poet and writer Awiakta weaves contemporary essays, stories and poems with the timeless advice found in the legend of Selu, the Corn Mother. As Selu shakes the corn from her body to feed the People, Awiakta shakes us from our entropy and nourishes us with kernels of truth required for psychic and physical survival. With a forward by Wilma Mankiller, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, this potent offering of Native wisdom is pure inspiration.

—Pamela May



**Selu**  
(Seeking the  
Corn-Mother's Wisdom)  
Marilou Awiakta.  
1993; 336 pp.  
ISBN 1-55591-206-0  
\$14.95 (\$16.95 post-  
paid) from Fulcrum Pub-  
lishing, 350 Indiana Street  
#350, Golden, CO 80401;  
800/992-2908

As a link to the spirit, many tribes long ago composed an Origin of Corn story, which they tell to this day. They designed the story to create a synapse in the mind, a lens in the eye, a drum in the ear, a rhythm in the heart. Listeners take the story in, think it through and, when the need arises, apply its wisdoms to life. Although the stories vary in content from tribe to tribe, they have a spiritual base in common, which began when the People first cultivated maize from a wild grass. They perceived corn as a gift from the All-Mystery, the Creator, the Provider. In telling Selu's story to a general audience recently, a Cherokee medicine man established its spiritual base immediately. "In the beginning, the Creator made our Mother Earth. Then came Selu, Grandmother Corn."

But there was hopeful news from the Iroquois in the North. As a primary model for their constitution, Benjamin Franklin and his colleagues were studying the League of the Iroquois and its Great Law of Peace, which by the late 1700s had united five, then six nations for centuries. Based on equal representation and balance of power, the Great Law had been codified long before European contact by Hiawatha and the Peacemaker, with the support of Jikonsaseh, the most powerful of the clan matrons. The Iroquois system was (and is) spirit-based. The Council of Matrons was the ceremonial center of the system as well

as the prime policy maker. Only sons of eligible clans could serve on the councils at the behest of the matrons of their clans, at the executive, legislative, and judicial levels. Public and private life were inseparable and the matrons had the power to impeach any elected official who was not working for the good of the people.

## Mabel McKay: Weaving The Dream

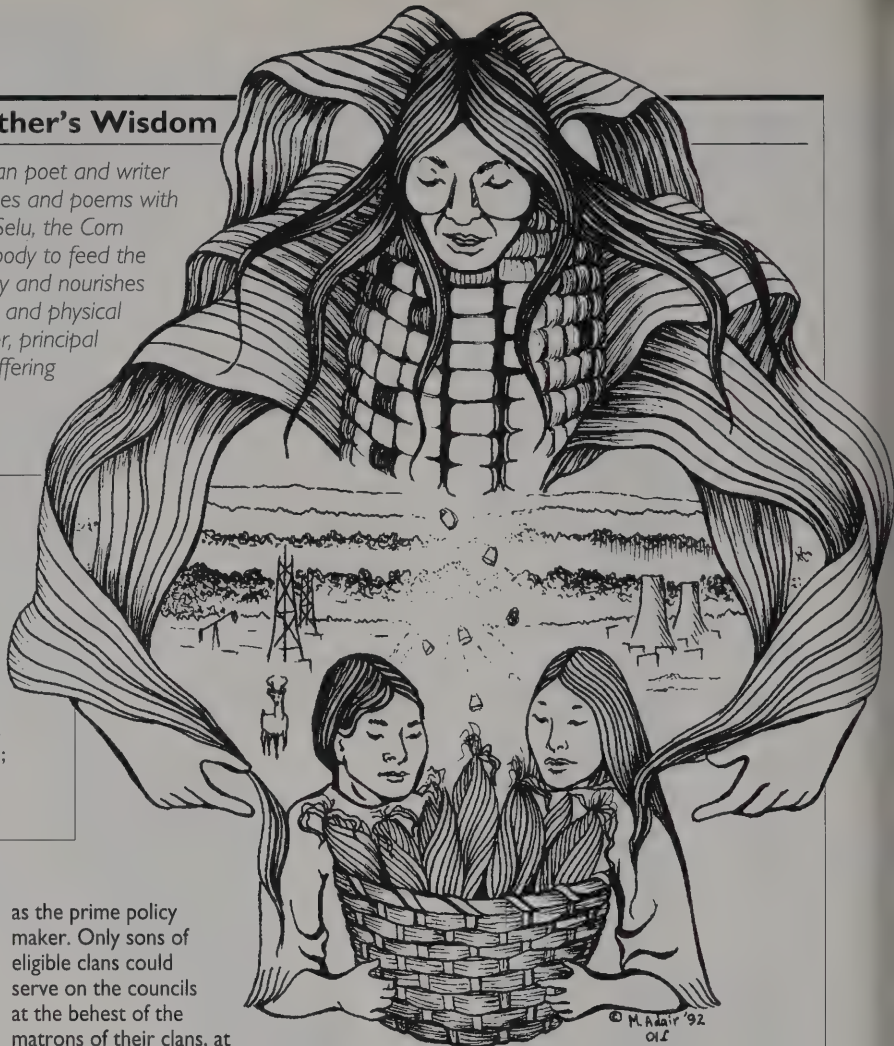
This important book is a monument to the life of a Pomo Indian healer and basketweaver named Mabel McKay (1907-1993). It is also more than mere biography. In a multileveled book evocative of the best of Gabriel Marquez and Isabel Allende, Greg Sarris has used mercilessly honest and direct language to describe, among other things, the ultimate disruption of Pomo culture by the "white people's way," and his own search for family and identity.

This book also ponders the power of spirituality and the way that it seems to transcend the limits that conventional worldviews would place upon it — an important consideration in light of the small respect often afforded indigenous American expressions of spirituality, either through outright disdain or through



its commodification by Hollywood and/or New Age practitioners.

Ms. McKay was a woman of tremendous personal strength, integrity, and patience. These qualities are everywhere evident in this study. She stubbornly insisted on being herself — a healer who presided over tribal rituals and sang people back to health — in spite of tremendous pressure to the contrary, and in spite of attempts to stereotype her.



© M. Adair '92  
OIL

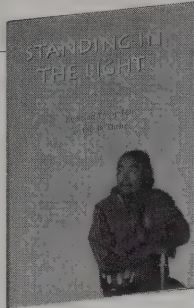
## Standing in the Light

Here is an inside view of the Lakota world — of the meaning of Lakota song and dance, of their history, and what it is to be Lakota in America today. In this "written" oral history, the late musician and elder Severt Young Bear discusses both contemporary and traditional issues, to create a lasting personal tribute to the Lakota way of living.

—Yolanda Montijo

● Since I am concerned with putting things in order again for our people, I want to talk about the way we use stories and oral language both in Lakota and in English. In stories, songs, speeches, jokes, whatever, we take ideas and give them a shape, a body through the human voice. Through lively and creative language we give life and color to ideas. Through that language we make those ideas walk and fly and shine; we share our feelings and our knowledge and our memories.

■ The idea of the four circles of our Lakota culture today is another way of trying to understand ourselves. That's why, looking at it all from a positive point of view, we picked the title for the book as we did. What is so disheartening is the amount of people in the outer ring, the circle of darkness where people live without direction. They need to be able to put things in order, to know their cultural and their family history, to recognize and to keep the limits in this life, to realize the time and preparation needed for the balanced, meaningful life — what we call *canku luta*, the red road.



### Standing in the Light

(A Lakota Way of Seeing)

Severt Young Bear &

R. D. Theisz. 1994; 207 pp.

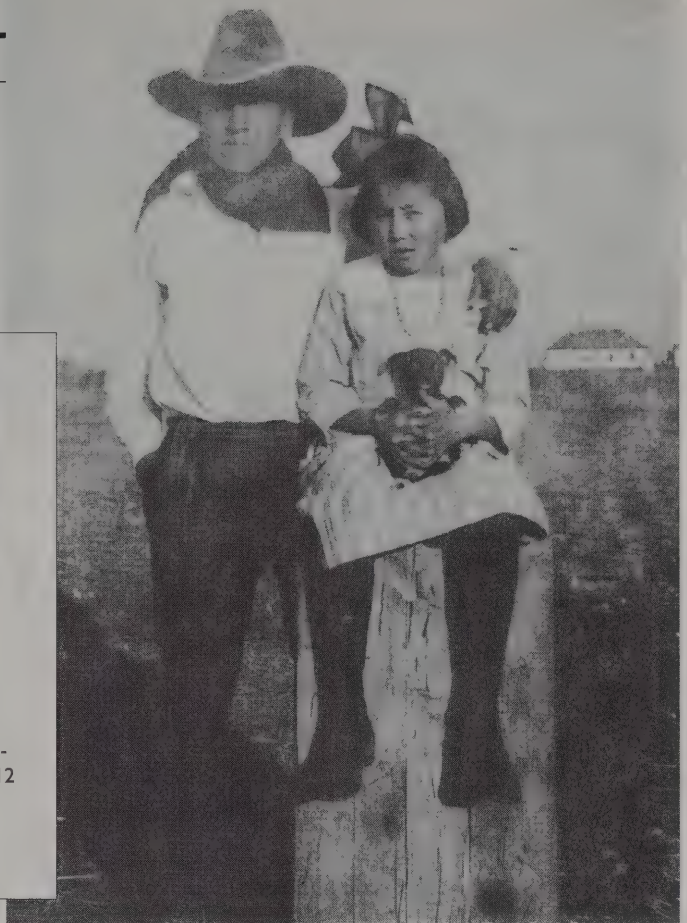
ISBN 0-8032-4911-X

\$30 (\$33 postpaid) from Uni-

versity of Nebraska Press, 312

N. 14th Street, Lincoln, NE

68588-0484; 800/755-1105



Severt's grandfather Wendell Smoke and aunt Elizabeth Smoke.

*We live in a time when agreements about reality are being renegotiated. We would do well to consider the example that Ms. McKay has left for us.*

—Carmen Hemosillo

● Sarah's grandfather, or great-grandfather. The same one who discovered the snake one dry summer in Cache Creek just north of the village. A snake a hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, pure white with the head of a deer. It filled the creek bed; it was stuck, unable to slide past the stone-dry creek walls. He sacrificed the snake, killed it with song. He called many people to see it, then ground its dried remains into a powder that he sold to all the neighboring tribes. It was a deadly poison, but he figured if everybody owned it, nobody could use it. You counteracted the poison with the poison.

■ Essie had been sick a long time. A few years before she passed on, she appeared in Mabel's Dream. "You must come up now and see me for the final instructions." So Mabel packed and found a ride to the Kashaya Reservation. For two weeks she spent day after day, night after night in the Roundhouse with Essie. No one knew what they said, what they did. But Mabel knew what to do when the time came. Essie was to lie in state in the Roundhouse for four days. Her medicine poles, both of them, were to lie with her, and she was to wear her white dress, sewn now with the blue lining. After the fourth night, she was to be buried in the small Kashaya cemetery and the Roundhouse was to be locked until it fell or until another Dreamer came to open it. That's how the funeral was handled. "The people with the white dresses, tear them up," Mabel said. "No more dances. Only the Strawberry picnic in the spring



### Mabel McKay: Weaving the Dream

Greg Sarris. University of

California Press, 1994; 165 pp.

ISBN 0-520-08612-0

\$18 (\$21 postpaid) from Califor-

nia/Princeton Fulfillment Services,

1445 Lower Ferry Road, Ewing, NJ

08618; 800/777-4726

and the Acorn picnic in the fall. And the few songs she left for protection." She locked the Roundhouse, turning the key in the padlock over the doorway. Then she handed the key to Paul, Violet's husband, Essie's son-in-law, and said, "Throw it in the river someplace where nobody can find it."



# WRITING A PRESENT

BY ANNE LAMOTT

**T**wo close friends of ours had a baby who was born so damaged that he died at five months old. I began to wonder if I was some sort of carrier. Sam and I spent a lot of time with the parents and their little son. They did such an amazing job and taught me so much, and their son taught me so much that I wanted other people to know about it. I wanted to write about it as a present for the parents, so that this baby would keep on living. So all those months when Brice was alive, I scribbled down notes on index cards, with no idea of whether I would ever actually write a story about him. I watched all that went on inside me: how I automatically think that closing down is safe, but that really staying open and loving is safer, because then we're connected to all that life and love. And I watched Sam watch Brice and scribbled some of this down on index cards. I felt self-conscious and vaguely ashamed that so much of what I'd written lately concerned suffering and death, but I let myself take notes anyway.

Brice died that May. A month or so later I had the opportunity to write a three-minute essay for a radio show on anything I wanted, and I asked Brice's parents if it would feel like an invasion of privacy if I wrote about their son. They said no, just the opposite. So I sat down with my index cards, and I looked through the one-inch picture frame, and started writing:

**S**am saw his first dead person last month. Two friends of ours had a baby who died, and we went to spend the morning with them and the body of their son. He was five months old and weighed eight pounds, down from the ten he weighed at birth. He wore a white baptismal gown, and lay in a big basket on top of his crib, covered with flower petals from the waist down, white as a rose. There were flowers and shrines everywhere, statues of the Buddha and pictures of his Holiness the Dalai Lama (because his mother is a Buddhist) and of Jesus (because his father is a Christian). Brice looked like a small, concerned angel from someplace snowy. None of us, including Sam, could take our eyes off him. He looked like God.

Photograph by Herbert List.  
From *The Body*, reviewed on page 109.

"You *what?*" my relatives asked when I mentioned this. "You took Sam to see *what?*" as in, What will you take him to see next? Brain surgery? I couldn't explain why I thought it was right, except that I was taught to be terrified of sickness and death (especially early death and also, ironically, aging) and I believe this greatly compromised my life. Of course I want better for Sam.

Lots of my friends have died of cancer and AIDS. But Brice was the first dead person Sam ever saw. Sam didn't seem scared. Maybe it was because Brice looked so beautiful in death. He was an old pro at it: he had died during delivery and was resuscitated seven minutes later, and so was born a second time, but it turned out that he had been gone too long. His eyes were deep gray, and always open, and he never cried or, for that matter, smiled, or even blinked.

Brice's mother's Buddhist friends called him Cloud Boy because he was suspended between heaven and earth, not quite here, not quite there. His father's Christian friends did much of the cooking. Everyone held him and rocked him. Sam and I spent a lot of time reading to him, mostly Dr. Seuss.

"He's a *good* baby," Sam assured Brice's parents one day. Not knowing how on earth they would take care of him, they had brought Brice home when he was three weeks old, because they didn't want him to die at the hospital. They just wanted him to be home with them and their friends. It was an amazing thing to be a part of. Some people saw Brice as a tragedy, thought his parents were crazy for not leaving him at the hospital. The rest of us felt incredibly sad but also that maybe we were in the presence of something holy, something that didn't have to do with personality or character or age.

"He's a *good* baby," Sam told me one day in the car, after we'd been reading to Brice for a while. "But he's a little funky."

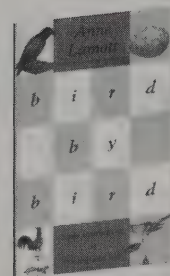
When Brice died, his parents called us and asked if Sam and I would come over. They were sad but Okay. Sam brought the baby two presents that morning, which he laid in the basket. One was a ball, in case you get to play catch on the other side. The other was a small time-travel car, from *Back to the Future*. Brice's parents and I are still scratching our heads over that one.

After we left that morning, I took Sam to the local bowling lanes. It was another big first for him. It was all so ridiculous and real that it felt sort of sacred. We bowled in the kids' lane for an hour. "You took him *where?*" asked my relatives. And I couldn't really explain why. It had something to do with wanting to shake off the solemnity, with wanting to complete the cycle of life and death. Bowling is life at its most immediate — you fling a ball and the pins fall down, sometimes. And I also wanted to show Sam that the holy goes on, no matter how many balls you fling at it. 🍷

---

*Anne Lamott wrote Operating Instructions (WER 78:24) about the birth and first year of her son, Sam. What follows is from Bird by Bird, "a step-by-step book on how to write and how to manage the writer's life." Of all the books on the subject of how to write, Bird by Bird is the only one I have recommended to friends who are trying to learn.*

*Sam was three when this piece was written. —JD*



### **Bird by Bird**

(Some Instructions on Writing and Life)

Anne Lamott. Pantheon Books, 1994;

240 pp. ISBN 0-679-43520-4

\$21 (\$23 postpaid) from Random

House, Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road,  
Westminster, MD 21157;

800/733-3000

## Fatheralong

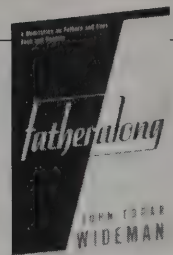
The subtitle labels this book a meditation — patient thought boring deep inside the author and the reader. As a personal memoir, **Fatheralong** tells John Edgar Wideman's family's story — uncovering ancient connections to Promised Land, South Carolina, lifelong struggles with his father, and his own despondency over his oldest son; as an analysis, it discusses how race handicapped his father — robbing him of his role of provider and protector; as a vision, it dares to break away from the racial paradigm that defines so much of America: "Teach me who I might be and you might be — without it."

Wideman balances his swirl of hopes, ideas, and history in prose that is both difficult and beautiful. **Fatheralong** demands attention, and rewards with knowledge and hope — knowledge of the locks placed on relationships by America's racial consciousness and the hope that they can be broken.  
—Andrew Needham

- The pieces that follow on fathers, color, roots, time, language are about me, not my

"race." They are an attempt, among other things, to break out, displace, replace the paradigm of race.

- Seeing my parents in the same room, no matter how large or small the room, I was forced to consider this history. How pain had supplied them with ample justification as well as the means to ignore each other totally. I could almost hear the hum of energy, the constant exercise of will and discipline it required for each of them to pretend the other was not in sight, could not be reached by a medium-loud yoo-hoo. Too many bitter memories formed a wall between them and from where I sat on stage I could hear more bricks being stacked. Two people as far apart as they could manage, without exploding the confines of the building containing them.
- How many more trips would there be? My father not getting any younger, and me, unaccountably, impossibly, fifty-two years old, a father myself, a grandfather if one of my grown kids wills it or slips. Fear the starkest form my wondering takes, the cross-wired jolts of anticipation and dread complicating this visit and every other. Growing up and having a father and leaving



### Fatheralong

(A Meditation on Fathers and Sons, Race and Society)  
John Edgar Wideman. Pantheon Books, 1994; 197 pp. ISBN 0-679-40720-0  
\$21 (\$23 postpaid) from Random House, Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminister, MD 21157; 800/733-3000

and returning and leaving doesn't go on forever. Fear of losing him, that visceral fear and another kind shaped by frustration and remorse. I hadn't ever handled this business of my father very well. Couldn't. Feared the day when I'd have to answer for my failure to be a different kind of son. Still my greatest fear was looking in the mirror the moment after the moment I'd lose him, when "handling it" wouldn't mean a damn thing one way or another because "it" was finally out of my hands. Distance between us finally closed.



## Tales from the Crib

Like an escaped zoo animal, Hendrik Drescher's subconscious is at large and dangerous, delighting children and scaring adults. Now he has written and illustrated a book about parenthood that easily qualifies as his most frightening work yet.

Although from the outside it superficially resembles a children's book, thanks to its dye-cut baby-bottle profile, **Tales from the Crib** is intended for brave adults. "Father Knows Best" this is not (well, maybe Father Knows Beast, or Father Becomes Beast). Drescher uses words, collage, and quivering inked line to cut right to the sleepless, twitching underbelly of fatherhood, and it's not pretty. But it's brutally, compellingly honest.

I found this book funny as hell, but the laughter that emerged from my lips was an octave too high and for days afterwards I wondered if becoming a father was such a good idea after all. But though the news is hard to hear, this bizarre lesson in life-as-it-really-is demythologizes parenthood and left me strangely relieved. Thanks, man, for telling it like it is.

(Once you have taken the procreation plunge, and graduated your kid from **Pat the Bunny**, I heartily recommend Hendrik's immortal **Pat the Beastie**. Scratch-and-sniff monster feet is only the beginning. Demented and delightful.)

—Winslow Colwell



## Journey to the Ants

Pound for pound the biomass of ants is the same as the biomass of human beings on this planet, the authors tell you on the first page — and that is just the beginning. After reading about the myriad physical attributes and social behaviors compiled here you will never be able to view the tiny creatures that scurry across the kitchen counter as you did before. These highly socialized creatures exhibit behaviors you thought were the province of human beings: farming, herding and livestock management, war, slavery, vocabularies, and the construction of massive edifices, among others. The loving descriptions found here not only leave you with a profound respect for these insects, but also provide a deep view into the mystery of life. —Paul Wintemitz

### Journey to the Ants

(A Story of Scientific Exploration)

Bert Hölldobler & Edward O. Wilson.

Belknap Press, 1994;

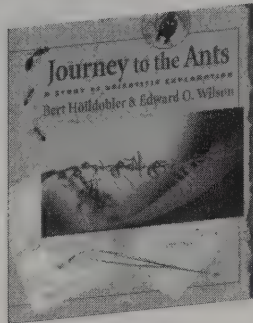
228 pp. ISBN 0-674-48525-4

\$24.95 (\$27.95 postpaid) from Harvard

University Press, Customer Service,

79 Garden Street, Cambridge, MA 02138;

800/448-2242



They envelop the lives and direct the evolution of countless other kinds of plants and animals. Ant workers are the chief predators of insects and spiders. . . . they are responsible for the dispersal of large numbers of plant species. They move more soil than earthworms, and in the process circulate vast quantities of nutrients vital to the health of land ecosystems.

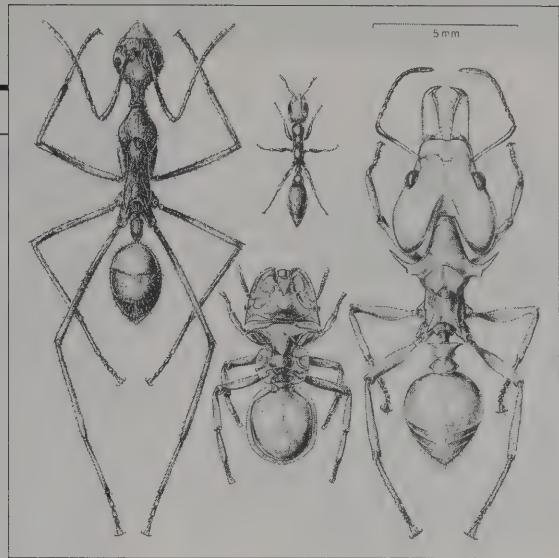
When the gap between the leaves is wider than the length of an ant, the workers use another, even more impressive tactic; they chain their bodies together to form living bridges. The lead worker seizes a leaf edge with her mandibles and holds fast. The next worker then climbs down to grip the first worker's waist, and holds on. A third worker now climbs down to grip the sec-

ond worker's waist, and holds on. A fourth worker now climbs down to grip the third worker's waist, and so on ant upon ant, until chains ten workers long or more are formed. When an ant at the end of the chain finally reaches the edge of the distant leaf, she fastens her mandibles onto it, closing the span of the living bridge, and all the entrained force begins to haul back in an attempt to bring the two leaves together.

Propaganda, slavery, decoding, entrapping, mimicry, panhandling, Trojan horses, highwaymen, cuckoos: they are all present among the ants and the predators and social parasites that victimize them. Such words may seem unduly anthropomorphic . . . but perhaps not. It is equally possible that the number of social arrangements available to evolution anywhere in the world, or even in the universe, is such that the phenomena we have recounted here are inevitable natural categories of exploitation wherever it may occur.

If all of humanity were to disappear, the remainder of life would spring back and flourish. The mass extinctions now under way would cease, the damaged ecosystems heal and expand outwards. If all the ants somehow disappeared, the effect would be exactly the opposite, and catastrophic. Species extinction would increase even more over the present rate, and the land ecosystems would shrivel more rapidly as the considerable services provided by the insects were pulled away.

Near the upper extreme, queens of the leafcutter ants of South and Central America each give birth to as many as 150 million workers, of which 2 to 3 million are alive at any given time.



A diversity of ants from South America. On the left is a long-necked *Dolichoderus*; on the right is a *Daceton*, with spines and long trap jaws. The center ants are *Pseudomyrmex* at the top and a flat turtle ant, *Zacryptocerus*, below.



### Tales from the Crib

(True Confessions of a Shameless Procreator)

Henrik Drescher. Harvest Books, 1995;

80 pp. ISBN 0-15-600051-2

\$9.95 (\$13.45 postpaid) from Harcourt Brace

Trade Dept., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando,

FL 32887-4300; 800/543-1918, fax 800/874-6418





# rheingold spins a new web

by HOWARD RHEINGOLD

**M**Y MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE expanded dramatically when I first read a *Whole Earth Catalog*. Years later, my worldview changed with similar suddenness the first time I played with Macpaint. In 1985, I joined the Well, discovered the Net, and my life got changed again.

This time, it's called the Web.

The World Wide Web is a subset of the Internet. It links computers all over the world, enabling people to browse through words, sounds, and images, and to publish multimedia documents. The Web is also a subculture, an art form, a communication tool, a new industry and, for more than a few obsessive souls, a way of life.

I believe that the software that enables people to publish words, images, and sounds through the Internet might be important in the same way that the printing press was important. By expanding the number of people who have the power to transmit knowledge, the Web might trigger a powershift that changes everything.

In 1991, Tim Berners-Lee, who worked at CERN, the European high-energy physics laboratory, released software that made it possible for scientists to share data, including visually displayed data. WWW software made possible cooperative information-sharing among entire

The next eight pages were assembled by current or escaped *Whole Earthers*. Howard Rheingold opens with two pages on what the World Wide Web is (and why it is), succeeded by a two-page simulacrum of part of his own (very large) Web acreage. Winslow Colwell, who designed these (magazine) pages, follows with a spread on The Millennium *Whole Earth Catalog's* Web pages. Todd Tibbetts and Mike Stone conclude with information on finding your way around the Web and making your own Web site. —RK



This page: early Rheingoldian Web pages and links. Page 81: Rheingold's Pixel Theater paintings.



communities of networked computers in different parts of the world. In the US, the National Center for Supercomputer Applications created Mosaic, a free software "browser" that made it possible to navigate the Web in its full graphic glory. Over a million copies of Mosaic were downloaded within a year. In 1995, all the major online services surrendered to the power of something nobody really planned to take over the world: America Online, CompuServe, Microsoft Network and Prodigy all announced plans to include Web-viewing capabilities.

The old dream of a global hypermedia library, envisioned by Vannevar Bush, pioneered by Ted Nelson and Doug Engelbart, has materialized. The key to the Web's power is that anybody can create a direct link to any material on the Web from anywhere else on the Web. If you were reading this via WWW, the word CERN might be underlined; if you mouseclicked on the word CERN, the browser software would automatically connect your desktop with the online files stored in CERN's computer in Switzerland. You could view pictures of CERN, download libraries of papers, and view computer-graphic representations of physical datasets. Some further link from CERN might lead you to explore (for example) chaos theory through fractal graphics.

For schoolkids in Saskatchewan or Kazakhstan, access to the Louvre and the Library of Congress is pretty significant in itself. But the greatest power of the Web is not in its capacity as a continually updated, globally accessible, multimedia encyclopedia, but as a publishing medium. If you want the world to see and hear what you have to show and tell, all you need is a computer, an Internet connection, and someone who knows how to set you up as a "Web site" (or the knowledge of how to do it yourself). The low cost means that all kinds of people can display their work without intermediaries. Every day, some astronomical observatory or biomedical institute puts up its "home page" — its multimedia face to the world. So do cartoonists, pop



musicians, senators, sophomores, commercial enterprises, and political activists.

Last year, as I was finishing work on the *Millennium Whole Earth Catalog*, I began to sketch ideas, build a team, and meet with the other principal architects of *Hot Wired* — the first commercial Webzine, backed by the founders of *Wired* magazine. The eventual product of six months of team effort proved commercially and culturally successful, but it was, inevitably, *Wired's* vision. After designing and launching *Hot Wired*, I resigned and immediately started working on my own Web page.

To create images suitable for Web publishing, all you have to do is read in a scan or image from a digital camera or graphic created with a computer graphics tool, use the cropping and sizing options to create a small-enough image, change the mode of the image to "indexed color," and save the processed image in CompuServe GIF format. That gives you a computer file that, properly installed, will turn into a graphic image on a Web page. Small size and limited colors are necessary to reduce the size of the digital file; the larger the file, the longer it takes the reader's computer to read it, and thus the longer the reader must wait to see it.

If you are a self-expression junkie, a digital artist who wants to exhibit, or a columnist who wants to self-syndicate, consider Web publishing. To prepare your words for publication, save them as a "text-only" file. Then you find links by surfing the Web. Since thousands of Web sites become available every day, it is impossible for anyone to keep track of them. So when you find something important, you can create links from your own document.

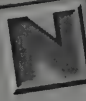
You add links to your copy, and prepare the words and images to be displayed by Web browsers, using Hypertext Markup Language (HTML). I can't program my way out of a paper bag; BASIC was far from basic enough for me. HTML is so simpleminded that even I can use it. One of the neat things about the Web is that you can "view Source" on any WWW page and see (and copy) the exact HTML code that was used to create that page. In this way, innovative publishing tricks propagate spontaneously through the Web.

Right now, nobody is in control of the World Wide Web. Nobody knows what is going to happen when the medium is commercialized. Nobody knows what cultural or economic or political powershifts might transpire. With a computer, a modem, the right kind of account with an online ser-



vice, a few hundred dollars' worth of software, and around twenty dollars a month, you can become a Web publisher and find out for yourself. The Web, the way I see it, is the latest place to prove that what it is is up to us. ☺

If you wanna see my new shoes, it's around 70K and prolly worth it. You've never seen shoes like these. I made them myself. If you want to follow my travels, peek at the Rheingolden Foodshots. My Etern Theater is now open for display of Rheingolden patterns in pigment and photoshop.



Location: <http://www.well.com:80/www/hlr/lamas/>

# The Electronic Incarnations of Pashu Lama



Something is going on between me and Pashu Lama, and I'm not sure what it is. But I think it's clear from looking at Thomas Laird's photographs that Pashu Lama's force of personality burns through the photographic emulsion and shines brightly through the electronically scanned and digitally manipulated copies of shadows of the light that reflected off his face years ago. The guy seems to talk to me and through me by way of those pictures. I bet he'd be amused to know that I've made him part of my palette. I'd love to see the universe from the angle where it becomes clear how the karma of a Tibetan incarnate teacher got entangled with the destiny of a cyber-writing Californian.

It started when I discovered six photographs in an old envelope in the bottom of a cluttered drawer in the editor's office at **Whole Earth Review**. It was the day I moved in. Kevin Kelly, the previous editor, had spent six years in this tiny room, piled high with books, papers, and files. He had moved 99 percent of his effects out. There was one drawer full of projects-in-progress and things he couldn't bear to throw away. In the bottom of that drawer was an envelope.

The postmark showed that it had been sent from General Delivery, Kathmandu, more than four years previously. In the envelope was a brief query: Would I [the Editor of **Whole Earth Review**] be interested in a story about an extraordinary Tibetan monk? Enclosed were 6 black and white photographs. I knew I wanted to know more as soon as I saw the photos. But I didn't have much hope for finding Thomas Laird again. However, part of an editor's job is to throw messages out in bottles, so I sent an aereogram.

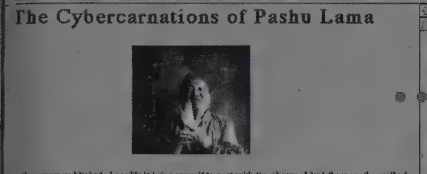
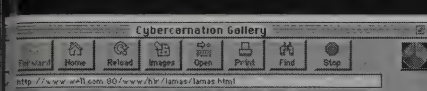
Six months later, I received a larger envelope from Thomas Laird, mailed from elsewhere in Asia. He enclosed an article by Nick Gregory, a British journalist who had interviewed Pashu Lama in Lhasa. I published the article and accompanying photographs in the Fall, 1991 issue of **Whole Earth Review**. If Laird or Gregory can get in touch, I'll pay them again.

The Lama had begun his studies of Buddhism in 1913, at the age of six. He completed a rigorous twenty-year lamasery training, involving hard work and intensive, continuous, meditation. His entire childhood and young manhood was spent arising before dawn, meditating for hours, scrubbing floors, eating extremely humble meals, and meditating some more. According to Gregory, Pashu Lama explained to him with "a huge grin" that after he completed his monk's training, "I began to say some crazy things." Apparently, one of his previous incarnations, a great lama of the past, was surfacing his personality. Pashu Lama was made the head of the monastery where he had first studied as a child.

At the age of 56, Pashu Lama was imprisoned and tortured for eighteen years. He died peacefully in the fall of 1990. God only knows who he is now, and the guy obviously did not have a life of luxury this time around. But something shines through his face. Judge for yourself. Here are some scans and more of the story of Pashu Lama, and my musing on how I came to publish it on paper and then on glowing phosphorescent screens, and how the image keeps pushing me to do new things with it.

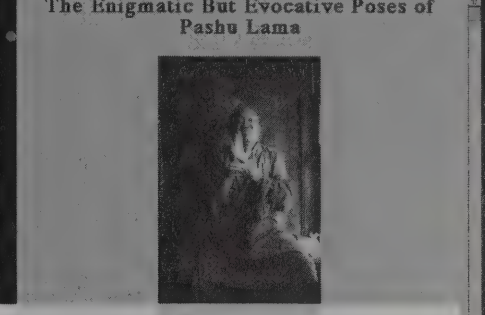
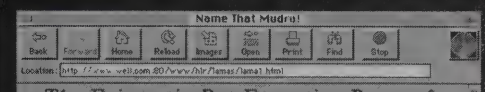
- Go on to [More about the Lama.](#)
- Go back to [Cybercarnation Gallery.](#)
- Return to [Rheingoldian Roadshows.](#)
- Return to [Howard Rheingold's home page](#)

This is a fairly close approximation of some of what you'll see if you go to Rheingold's home page on the Web. To do so, access <http://www.well.com/user/hlr>



Even after they were published, I couldn't bring myself to part with the photos. I had them on the wall of my office at Whole Earth Review for a couple of years, and the photos have been leaning against the Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary for a year or so. Yesterday, five years after Pashu Lama's death, and three years after publishing his story, I grabbed the photos, drove over to the Whole Earth Review office and scanned them. When they popped up on the screen, I realized that whatever it is that seems to accompany these images definitely translates to html.

Can anyone name that mudra? Whatever it means, he's doing it with both hands and a head-tilt. See how he's doing his mudra down below while he's keeping the straight face up above? I got in trouble in high school for making the very same gesture in a class picture.



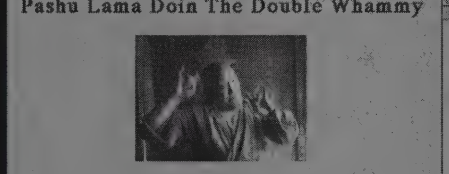
Does this look like a man who spent the first four decades of his life undergoing metaphysical boot camp, and another couple decades of daily torture? Meditation was his crime; he did it in jail. Nick Gregory, the journalist who interviewed him in Lhasa for the Fall 1991 edition of Whole Earth Review, asked him about the two years of freedom he had during the Cultural Revolution:

"All I did was meditate for the two years I was out of jail, so they put me back in for another eleven years. I was in various camps in China and Tibet. I shoveled shit and broke rocks. Sometimes I could meditate. Sometimes things were such that I couldn't. I was able at least to keep my mind on his Holiness the Dalai Lama."

Gregory noted, at this point:

All this is said in a lighthearted tone, but when he mentions the Dalai Lama his eyes roll inward, leaving only the whites exposed, and for a moment I have the sense that everything is poised in stillness. Then he brings his palms together in front of his heart in the universal sign of devotion and breaks out again into smiles.

I cropped the light source out of the other pictures. In this one, you can see the window. The look on his face confirms the journalist's report that Pashu Lama, despite his travails, had a definite jolly side. At this point, I began to notice what is happening behind the Lama. So I zoomed in to get a closer look at the wall behind him. And then zoomed in extremely close, to the border of visual disintegration. At that point, the image of the Lama grabbed me from a different dimension and started to become part of my waking dreamworld. Later that same bardo, I stumbled into Levels of Lamas.

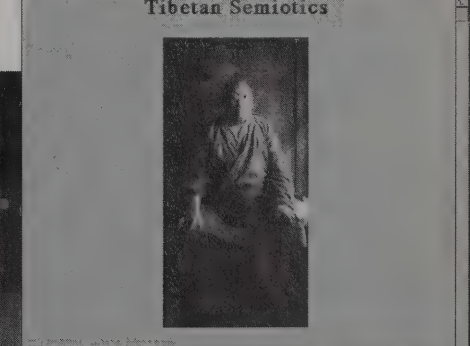


All I have are these six photos, all taken in the same place, and to judge by the light, at the same time. Again, quoting Nick Gregory's interview in *Whole Earth Review*:

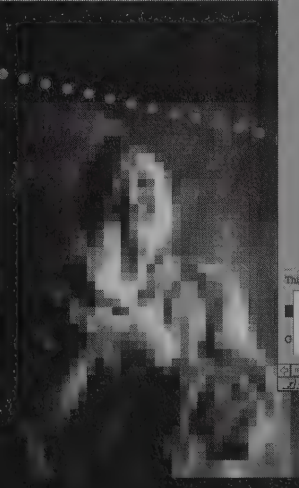
"With raised finger and aloof expression he momentarily imitates to perfection a petty bureaucrat; the next moment he is a furious jailer, invisible stick in hand, about to beat this idiot of a prisoner. He switches from one personality to another instantaneously. Then he is himself again. I have the sense that he doesn't see the distinctions between people in the same way I do."

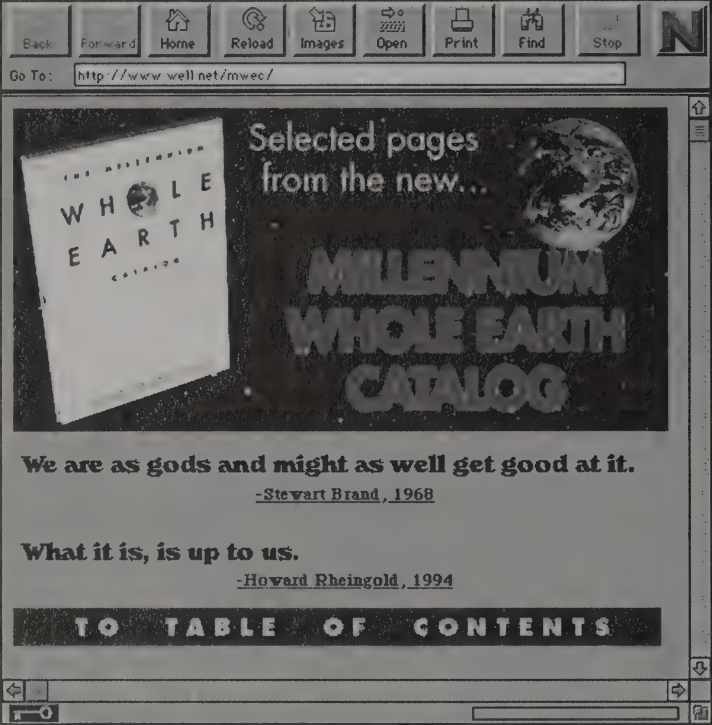
All I have are these six photos, all taken in the same place, and to judge by the light, at the same time. Again, quoting Nick Gregory's interview in *Whole Earth Review*:

With raised finger and aloof expression he momentarily imitates to perfection a petty bureaucrat; the next moment he is a furious jailer, invisible stick in hand, about to beat this idiot of a prisoner. He switches from one personality to another instantaneously. Then he is himself again. I have the sense that he doesn't see the distinctions between people in the same way I do.



This guy is definitely signalling.





<http://www.well.net/mwec/> by Winslow Colwell

Eight years ago *The Electronic Whole Earth Catalog* was one of the first books produced on CD-ROM, a collaboration between Broderbund, Apple Computer, and the folks at Whole Earth. The result was a multimedia romp at a time when most offerings were galumphing at a confused stumble. (Of course, very few people had CD-ROM readers at the time, but such is the way we seem to do things here at Gate Five Road.)

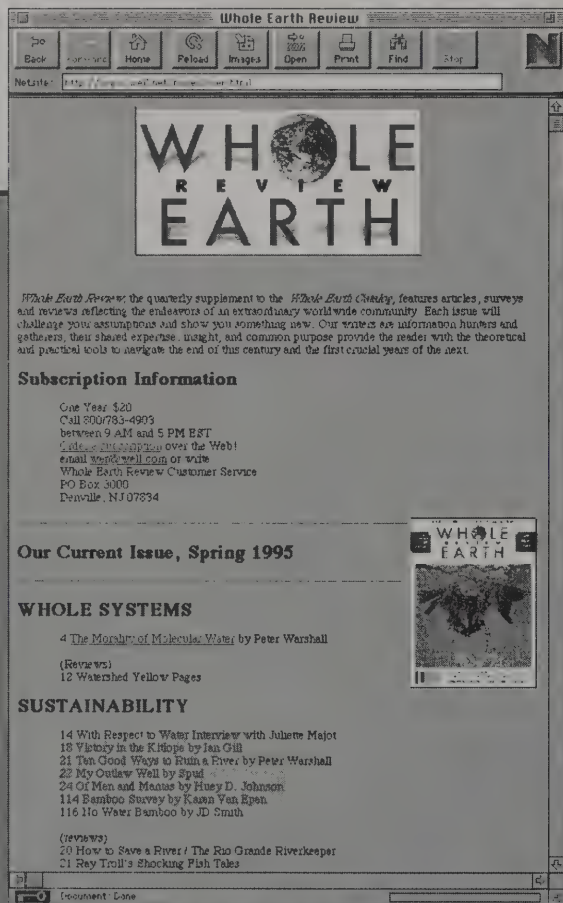
The *Millennium Whole Earth Catalog Online* project has been just as exciting. The resources we celebrate are constantly shifting and changing address or price (and, sadly, going out of print/business). While books and CD-ROMs are difficult to update, the Web can be brought up to speed immediately. Hurrah!

Hyperlinks are what make this medium unique and exciting. When a book, organization, or individual that we cite in *MWEC* has a presence on the Web, their name is made "hot" so browsers can hop immediately to more detailed information. Full text from books, online membership forms, clickable email feedback: these features and more are what make the Web version of the *Catalog* useful. What it is!

Architect for the project was our friend Matisse Enzer of Internet Literacy Consultants. Design and coding was by Kathleen O'Neill, former Point librarian Caius van Nouhuys, and myself. Interns chipped in enthusiastically (thank you!). We are pleased to be the first client of the Well's newest Web domain, well.net.

Access to this fresh publishing tool is growing quickly. Libraries, community centers, and schools are all making internet connections available to those they serve. The Web is starting to reach the people...

A Web page in the raw. Bracketed tags instruct the software browser how the page should appear on the screen. This page, as it appears in Netscape, is seen to the left of the clunky text.



```
<HTML>
<HEAD>
<TITLE>Whole Earth Review
</TITLE>
</HEAD><BODY>
<CENTER><IMG SRC=/mwec/images/wer.logo.gif></CENTER>
<PRE>
</PRE>
<CITE>Whole Earth Review
</CITE>, the quarterly supplement to the <CITE>Whole Earth Catalog</CITE>, features articles, surveys and reviews reflecting the endeavors of an extraordinary worldwide community. Each issue will challenge your assumptions and show you something new. Our writers are information hunters and gatherers; their shared expertise, insight, and common purpose provide the reader with the theoretical and practical tools to navigate the end of this century and the first crucial years of the next. <P>
<H2>Subscription Information</H2>
<BLOCKQUOTE>One Year: $20<BR>
Call 800/783-4903<BR>
between 9 AM and 5 PM EST<BR>
<a href=/mwec/order.html>Order a subscription</a>
over the Web!<BR>
email <A
HREF="MAILTO:wer@well.com">wer@well.com
</A>or write<BR>
Whole Earth Review Customer
Service<BR>
PO Box 3000<BR>
Denville, NJ 07834
</BLOCKQUOTE>
<img src=/mwec/images/wer.85.gif align=right>
<hr>...
```

Whole Earth Review also has a new presence on the Web. Browsers can see the cover and Table of Contents for current and back issues, read selected articles, and then subscribe through the same secure transaction system used for MWEC orders. To get directly to WEW, use the URL: <http://www.well.net/mwec/ewen.html>

Sample pages from MWEC Online. Items are linked within the site as well as to other WWW servers. Since new sites appear every day, we will have our hands full keeping the links fresh.

**WHOLE EARTH TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Front Matter  
A Preface by Editor Howard Rheingold  
A Foreword by Founding Editor Stewart Brand

Whole Systems  
Productivity  
Sustainability  
Community  
Household  
Health

**GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION / PERFORMANCE AS COMMUNICATION**

GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION  
Environmental Information in the Millennium  
The Visual Display of Quantitative Information  
Other Great Resources

PERFORMANCE AS COMMUNICATION  
The Secret Art of the Performer  
An Actor Prepares  
Shakti: Theatrical Ritual Power, Healing, and Community

**Communication**

**GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION**

**The Secret Art of the Performer**

A true how-to book or practical magic. Education, friendship, courtship, parenting, politics, art, commerce, warfare all depend upon a string of elements of performance. This book is an intense combination of acting and useful lore about how performers perform everywhere in the world, illustrated by a professor, if equally astounding and useful photographic and drawings. Movies, musicals, rituals, improvisation, dramatics, rhythm, stage improvisation, semantics, footwork, make up, choreography, mythology, and other phenomena are examined in *The Secret Art*. The different aspects of the full spectrum of human performance are addressed with attention to the spiritual, non-rational, social, and scientific meanings of each variety of performative behavior. It is a vibrant example of what anthropologist Clifford Geertz means by "thick description."  
—Howard Rheingold

**A Dictionary of Theatre Anthropology**  
(The Secret Art of the Performer)  
Egon M. Mueggler, Editor  
1991, 272 pp. ISBN 0-415-05309-0 \$29.95 (\$32.45 paperback) ISBN 0-415-05310-7  
Clarendon and Harlow, Dept. 29 W. 35th Street, New York, NY 10001-2291, 212-244-6412

Among the qualities of the classic in Indian medicine, there is one quality which best to do with knowledge, best meaning in working, extracting, and using the essence of any knowledge in your own life. It is this: the ability to be able to use it in your own life.

**Online Resources**

It will be awfully nice if lots of folk click here.

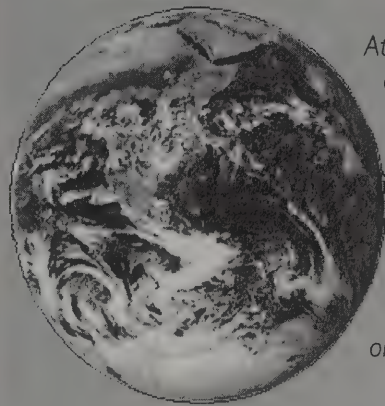
**ORDER A CATALOG**

**POINT FOUNDATION**  
**THE WELL INC**  
**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

**Winslow's Web Tools**

Back Forward Home Reload Images Open Print Find Stop

Go To: p 85, \_Whole Earth Review\_



At present the "Swiss Army application" for preparing Web graphics is not yet available. This vacuum will likely be filled soon, but in the meantime designers rely on a combination of programs to get graphics Web-ready. To usher MWECC pix online we used these tools:

**Adobe Photoshop:** The standard (and remarkable) application for all matters computer-graphical. Reduce your scans to 72 pixels per inch (screen resolution), touch them up and, if necessary, resize (small is beautiful), reduce the color table, and then save as CompuServe GIF.

**Indexed Color**

Resolution  
 3 bits/pixel  
 4 bits/pixel  
 5 bits/pixel  
 6 bits/pixel  
 7 bits/pixel  
 8 bits/pixel  
 Other: 30 colors

Palette  
 Exact  
 Uniform  
 Adaptive  
 Custom...  
 Previous

Dither  
 None  
 Pattern  
 Diffusion

Then move them along to . . .

**Folder File Drive Options Group**

TESLA

Save as GIF file:  
earth.gif

File Type: GIF

**GIFConverter:** This shareware all-star can interlace GIFs, which allows them to load quickly (and coolly; an interlaced graphic emerges gradually into position in most Web browsers).

GIFConverter can also crop and resize graphics, but it doesn't have Photoshop's sophistication or ability to retouch.

**GIF Converter**

File Type: GIF

Number of Colors: 256 Colors

Compression  
 Interlaced  
 Global Maps

Set Compression  
 87x Compatibility  
 option

**Transparency:** To create graphics in a shape other than rectangular (for example, round bullets), this simple shareware application designates one color in your graphic as clear. Quick and easy.  
—WC

**Adobe Photoshop 3.0.1**  
List price \$795 (mail-order catalog price approximately \$560). Product information from Adobe Systems, Inc., PO Box 6458, Salinas, CA 93912; 800/833-6687.

**GIF Converter 2.3.7 and Transparency 1.0** can be downloaded by ftp from [microlib.cc.utexas.edu/microlib/mac/graphics/](http://microlib.cc.utexas.edu/microlib/mac/graphics/) as well as many other shareware sources.

**T**EMPESTUOUS DEGENERATES abound upon the World Wide Web. Numerous do-it-yourself addicts use the Internet's WWW to publish and trade texts, graphics, minute films and sounds. Yeah, it's true that the majority of data on the Web is senseless clutter, but you also find these tiny clumps of passion. All over the planet, artists and writers are finding that the Web allows them to hold audience with millions. And hey, since the Web is the slickest in global self-publishing, if you don't like the data, you can go out and make some of your own.

### WWW Paraphernalia

This page is intended to help you traverse the Web while keeping your sanity. It proceeds from the assumption that you are connected directly to the Internet with TCP/IP.

### Browsers

A browser program is the software tool that provides your window to the WWW. The browser lets you step through the Web of images and text using only your mouse. You need a

browser. There's a bazillion to choose from. The two below are distributed freely on the Internet.

### NCSA Mosaic (free)

The original browser; still a solid program. Available for anonymous ftp from: <ftp.ncsa.uiuc.edu> in Mosaic directory.

### Netscape (free trial use)

The current master browser. Available for anonymous ftp from: <ftp.mcom.com> in Netscape directory.

### Extra Nuggets

Your browser will do most of the work on the Web, but occasionally it needs help from other (tiny) programs. When you encounter moving pictures or sounds, for example, you will need the software below to experience them.

### For the PC:

QT extension (for viewing Quicktime movies): <ftp://ftp.nps.navy.mil/pub/unsupported.soft/win/qtw11.zip>

Wplany (for listening to sounds): <ftp://ftp.nps.navy.mil/pub/unsupported.soft/win/wplny11.zip>

### For the Mac:

Sparkle (for viewing Quicktime movies): <ftp://mirrors.aol.com/pub/info-mac/grfutil/sparkle-231.hqx>

Sound Machine (for listening to sounds): <ftp://ftp.ncsa.uiuc.edu/Mosaic/Mac/Helpers/>

### Destinations

Once you have your browser and its assistants, you need to point them toward a destination. A World Wide Web address (URL) is archaic-looking and semi-cryptic. Just type it in and be assured that the computer will understand it and will get you where you want to go. Each destination is called a home page. Just about anyone can set up a home page, so be prepared to feel lost and overwhelmed. That's just the Web. Keep poking and you will dig up data that is meaningful to you.

**B**elow is a list of home pages you may find useful or valuable.

### The Web Crawler

This is a great place to start. You type in key words, then the Web Crawler returns a list of related home pages complete with direct, clickable links. <http://webcrawler.cs.washington.edu/WebCrawler/WebQuery.html>

### Yahoo List

An index of home pages organized by subject. <http://aqua.ccwv.ac.za/mirrors/yahoo.html>

### Uncle Bob's Kids' Page

A compendium of links for kids. <http://gagme.wva.com/~boba/kids.html>

## Teach Yourself Web Publishing with HTML in a Week

*Hypertext markup language is clunky and inflexible. But until more elegant alternatives appear, HTML remains the Web's only tongue: you must learn it to do your own writing for the Web. Fortunately, Laura Lemay delivers on her title's promise. By following her clear sequence of explanations, examples and exercises, even the absolute Web novice (as I can personally attest) can create serviceable documents within a few days. Better, she moves quickly beyond mechanics to techniques and tools for designing maximally effective and attractive presentations in spite of the medium's limitations.*

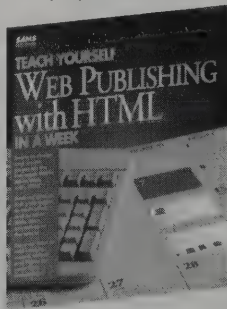
—Michael K. Stone

• For smaller or simpler Web presentations, or presentations with a simple logical structure, storyboarding may be unnecessary. But for larger and more complex projects, the existence of a storyboard can save enormous amounts of time and frustration. If you can't keep all the parts of your content and their relationships in your head, consider doing a storyboard.

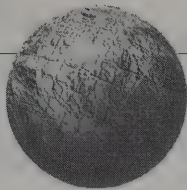
■ Keep in mind as you write that your reader could jump into any of your Web pages from anywhere. Although you may have structured things such that section four distinctly follows section three and has no other links to it, someone you don't even know might create a link to the page starting section four, and a reader could very well find himself or herself on section four without being aware that section three exists.

### Teach Yourself Web Publishing with HTML in a Week

Laura Lemay. Sams, 1995;  
397 pp. ISBN 0-672-30667-0  
\$25 (\$28 postpaid) from Macmillan  
Computer Publishing, Attn: Order Dept.,  
201 W. 103rd Street, Indianapolis, IN  
46290; 800/428-5331 or on the Web from  
<http://www.mcp.com/> or by gopher from  
<gopher.mcp.com> or by ftp from  
<ftp.mcp.com>







### Zarf's List of Interactive Games

Numerous interactive Web games like "Name that Tune" and "Battleship."  
<http://www.cs.cmu.edu:8001/afs/cs.cmu.edu/user/zarf/www/games.html>

### Justin's Links from the Underground

Links to off-the-beaten-path resources.  
<http://www.sccs.swarthmore.edu:80/jahall/>

### Vegies Unite

An archive of vegetarian recipes.  
<http://www-sc.ucsc.indiana.edu/cgi-bin/recipes/>

### National Public Radio Online

<http://www.butterfly.net:80/NPR/>

### WebMuseum, Paris (Le Louvre)

Hundreds of master paintings and related info.  
<http://www.emf.net/louvre/>

### Colleges and Universities

Some of the best sites on the Web are hosted by schools. Here is a comprehensive list of schools on the net.  
[http://teal.nosc.mil/planet\\_earth/uni.html](http://teal.nosc.mil/planet_earth/uni.html)

### Related Books

Print resources are available to help you traverse the World Wide Web.

*HTML Manual of Style*: Larry Aronson. 1994; 130 pp. ISBN 1-56276-300-8. \$19.95 (\$23.45 postpaid) from Ziff-Davis Press, 5903 Christie Ave., Emeryville, CA 94608; 800/688-0448.

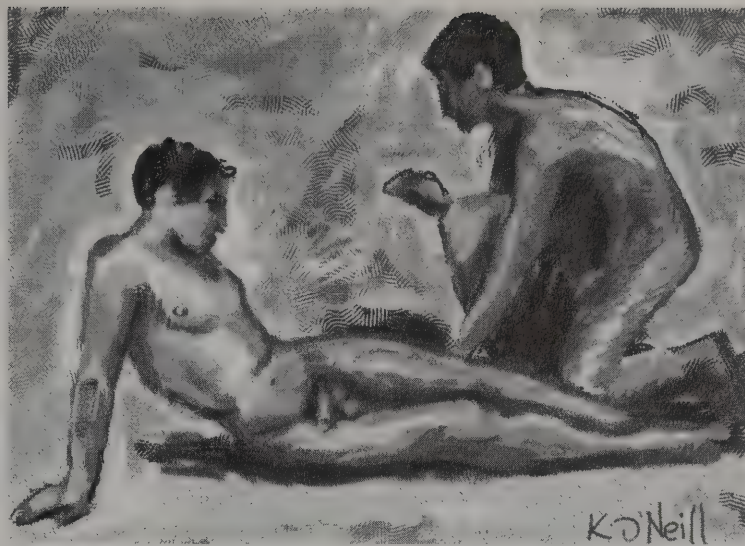
Hypertext markup language is the lingua franca of the World Wide Web; it is essential for creating your own Web pages. This great introduction will remain a valuable resource.

*NetGuide*: Patrice Adcroft, Editor. \$22.97/year (12 issues) from PO Box 430235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235; 800/829-0421.

A monthly magazine devoted to reviewing a ton of new home pages. It includes news and articles.

*How to Publish on the Internet*: Andrew Fry & David Paul. Warner Books, 1995; 288 pp. ISBN 0-446-67179-7. \$14.99 (\$17.49 postpaid) from Little, Brown and Co., Order Dept., 200 West Street, Waltham, MA 02154; 800/343-9204.

All you need to build your own WWW home pages. (SPRY Mosaic included on disk.) ☺



### Painter 3.0

*Painting with light has hit my mind and my life will never be the same. Last month, crazed and cabin-bound during torrential rains, I bought a Wacom tablet and stylus and Painter 3.0, expensive (\$300 – \$500) "natural-media" software for creating digital art that is worth the price if you are a graphic artist who wants to paint with light. The software, which comes in a large paint can, is thick with features. I can remember how exciting it was to play with Macpaint for the first time, ten years ago. Macpaint was Kitty Hawk. Painter 3.0 is a 747, a jet fighter, a space shuttle. You want chalk? Oil pastel? Oil? Watercolors?*

*Airbrush? And four thousand things you can't do with pigment that you can only do with a computer, like replaying your entire painting, stroke by stroke? Painter has it. Don't even think about using a mouse; get a tablet. Take a week to go through the excellent tutorial booklet and accompanying files. Figure it's going to take you a long time to get down deep into all the software's capabilities.* —Howard Rheingold

#### Painter 3.0

List price \$499 (mail-order catalog price approximately \$330). Product information from Fractal Design, PO Box 9050, San Fernando, CA 91340-9050; 800/297-2665.

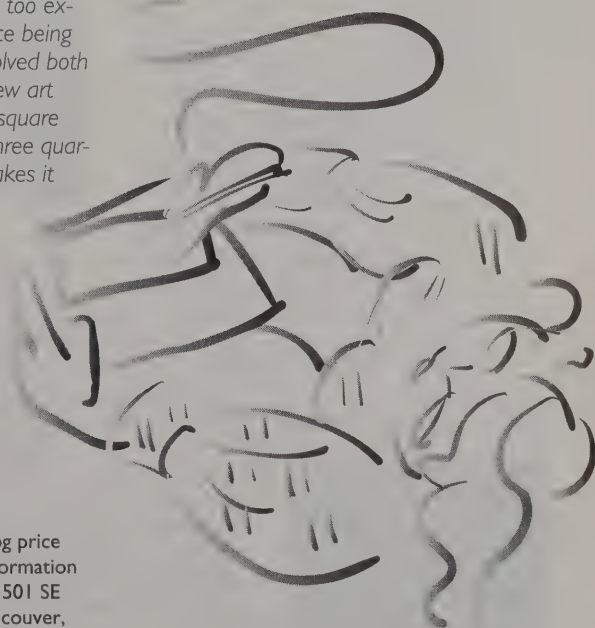
### Wacom ArtPad

*I've been eyeing graphics tablets for years, but they always seemed too expensive and too big (desk space being at a premium). Wacom has solved both of those problems with their new art pad. It's a petite seven inches square with a live area of three and three quarters by five inches. The size makes it comfortable to hold on my lap while drawing, and a nifty double plug lets both the tablet and the mouse connect to the Mac keyboard.*

*It was absolutely a no-brainer to install. I confess that it often travels home from the office with me.* —Kathleen O'Neill

#### Wacom ArtPad

List price \$199 (mail-order catalog price approximately \$150). Product information from Wacom Technology Corp., 501 SE Columbia Shores Blvd. #300, Vancouver, WA 98661; 800/922-6613.



## The Secret Guide to Computers

This is the book chosen by the Education School at Harvard to get computer illiterates up to speed. So what makes it special? For me (an educator), it is the comprehensible and humorous language that makes the book extremely accessible. What computer software manuals attempt to explain (and often don't) in 300 to 400 pages, Russ does in 20. His mission is to guide humanity toward sophisticated computer use. Just the thirty pages in the **Guide** devoted to computer shopping tricks can save a person thousands of dollars. You also get the inside scoop about the scams computer manufacturers use to bilk the public. Welcome to a true survival guide: Power to the people!

What is in the tome? There is a full tour into hardware parts and how they interrelate, an understandable explanation of the popular operating systems, including MS-DOS, Mac Finder, and Windows, a guide showing how to choose and use the best software programs for word processing, databases, spreadsheets, graphics, accounting, and straightforward instructions for writing programs in BASIC and six other computer languages.

The best is yet to come. If, after buying the book, you have any kind of computer problems, Russ has included his home phone number. I was skeptical about this, so I called him. He really

### The Secret Guide to Computers (19th Edition)

Russ Walter. 1994; 639 pp.  
ISBN 0-939151-19-7

\$15 postpaid from Secret Guide to Computers, 22 Ashland Street, Floor 2, Somerville, MA 02144

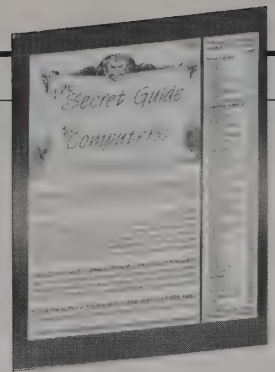
does answer the phone — getting about forty to fifty calls a day, some lasting up to an hour. He says he does it “to be a nice guy” and because it gives him instant feedback about systems and software. Russ could have chosen many other paths in life since the first edition of this guide. One option would have been to charge four times the price for his book and give people a 900 number to call. His way has been the “path of the heart” in computer garb. We all benefit. (It was his suggestion to include the phone number in the review.)

—Arthur F. Buehler

NB. We had a review of the tenth edition of **The Secret Guide to Computers** in **CQ** (Fall '82). Much has changed in the world of computers in the last thirteen years, but Russ Walter, now working on the twentieth edition of his book, has helped us to keep abreast of them.

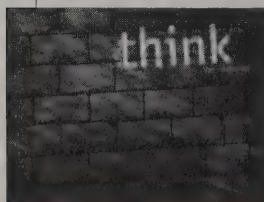
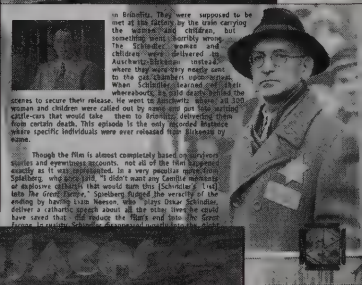
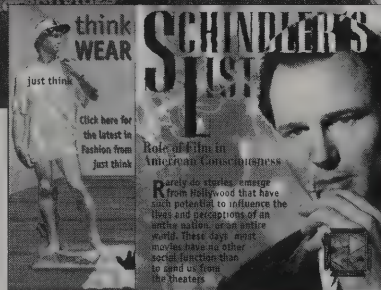
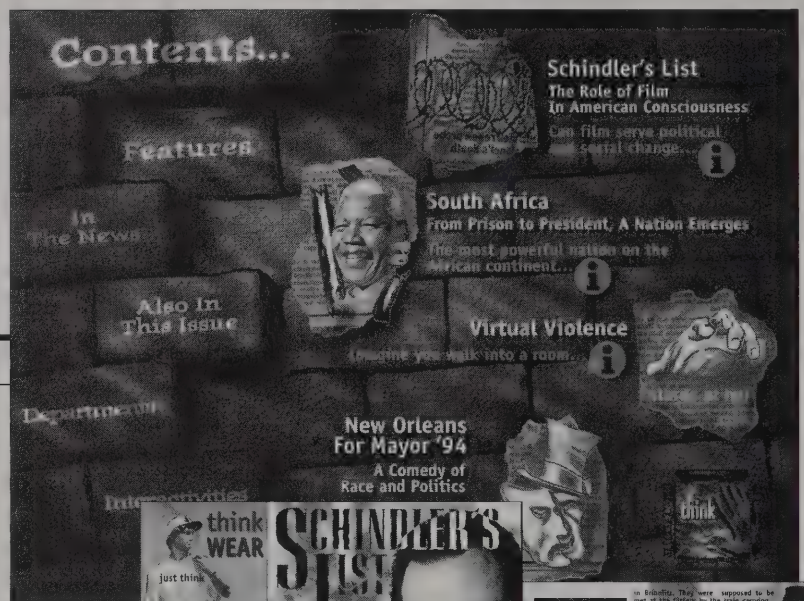
—Wade Fox

■ When you get a bit confused  
Snatch this book and come peruse  
If you still can't find the fix  
Call 666-2666



### just think

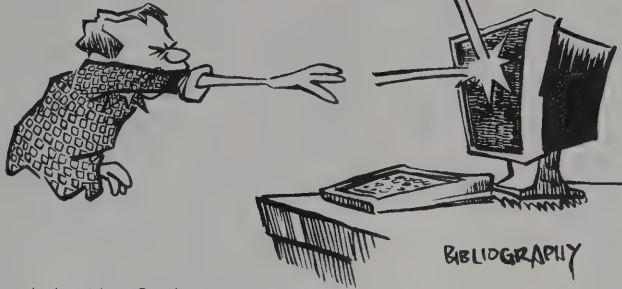
Been wondering what all the multimedia hype is about? Then check out **just think** — a sociopolitical CD-ROM magazine that pushes the envelope on where this medium is headed. Imagine melding the topical gloss of **Time**, the in-depth political savvy of **Mother Jones** and the audiovisual impact of “60 Minutes” — all in an interactive format. This interactivity is greatly enhanced by **just think's** “intelligent quebe,” a six-sided 3D object rotated by mouse to manipulate and navigate the ROM. In addition to the serious articles, you'll also find some fun no-brainers like “Inter-Faces” — a mix-and-match gallery of foreheads, eyes, noses, mouths and chins. Just think, an interactive zine that walks its talk. —William T. Wandall



**just think**  
[an interactive] Magazine on CD-ROM  
\$39.95/year (4 issues); single issue \$19.95  
from ad•hoc Interactive, Inc., PO Box 1559,  
Sausalito, CA 94965; 800/92think



## The UNIX-HATERS Handbook

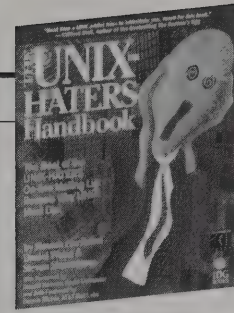


This book is intended neither for the UNIX novice nor for the faint of heart. Rather, it is for those who, like me, have always suspected that there was something fundamentally wrong, maybe even evil, about UNIX. It collects and annotates the pithiest observations of a virtual group known as the UNIX-HATERS. As I leafed through page after page of truths revealed and suspicions confirmed, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

UNIX will continue to make life a living hell for years to come. Keep this book handy to counter the angst, salve the wounds, and kill time while waiting for your system to recover from its latest UNIX-inspired crash and burn.

UNIX barf bag included.  
—Andrea Chase

- Unix doesn't have a philosophy: it has an attitude. An attitude that says a simple, half-done job is more virtuous than a complex, well-executed one. An attitude that asserts the programmer's time is more important than the user's time, even if there are thousands of users for every programmer. It's an attitude that praises the lowest common denominator.
- The traditional Unix file system is a grotesque hack that, over the years, has been enshrined as a "standard" by virtue of its widespread use. Indeed, after years of indoctrination and brainwashing, people now accept Unix's flaws as desired features. It's like a cancer victim's immune system enshrining the carcinoma cell as ideal because the body is so good at making them.

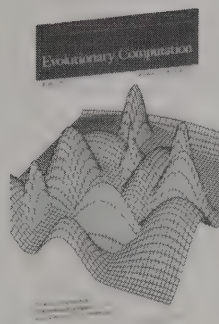


**The UNIX-HATERS Handbook**  
Simson Garfinkel, Daniel Weise, Steven Strassmann & John Klossner. 1994; 329 pp. ISBN 1-56884-203-1 \$16.95 (\$21.45 postpaid) from IDG Books, 7260 Shadeland Station, Indianapolis, IN 46256; 800/762-2974

- Sysadmins are highly paid baby sitters. Just as a baby transforms perfectly good input into excrement, which it then drops in its diapers, Unix drops excrement all over its file system and the network in the form of core dumps from crashing programs, temporary files that aren't, cancerous log files, and illegitimate network rebroadcasts. But unlike the baby, who may smear his nuggets around but generally keeps them in his diapers, Unix plays hide and seek with its waste. Without an experienced sysadmin to ferret them out, the system slowly runs out of space, starts to stink, gets uncomfortable, and complains or just dies.

## Evolutionary Computation

Computer scientists are turning to nature for insight into some of the most intractable problems in computer science. A new technique, the genetic algorithm, is being unleashed on problems of the dreaded NP variety (such as the traveling-salesman problem). Genetic algorithms work by simulating "populations" of possible solutions to a problem which undergo mutation, breeding, and natural selection. This academic journal from MIT Press covers the evolution of this technique. —Paul King



Although the emergence of EC as a coherent field is a relatively recent phenomenon, its roots are closely tied to the arrival of the digital computer and to its rapid development in the scientific and engineering communities as a tool for analysis of complex nonlinear systems by means of computer simulations. The ability to simulate evolutionary processes rapidly and inexpensively led quite naturally to the perception that such processes might in turn be used as tools for designing and

**Evolutionary Computation**  
Kenneth De Jong, Editor. \$45/year (4 issues) from MIT Press Journals, Circulation Dept., 55 Hayward Street, Cambridge, MA 02142; 617/253-2889; Fax: 617/258-6779

implementing artificial systems capable of interacting with and adapting to changing environments.

Representative topic areas will include:

- mathematical foundations of EC
- biological foundations of EC
- characterizations of problems suitable for EC approaches
- parallel computation of evolutionary algorithms
- implementation issues of evolutionary algorithms
- evolutionary approaches to optimization
- evolutionary approaches to machine learning
- evolutionary approaches to artificial life
- evolution of neural networks
- evolution of emergent properties
- applications of EC to problems in science, engineering, economics, etc.

# Oliver Sacks: The Bedside Interview

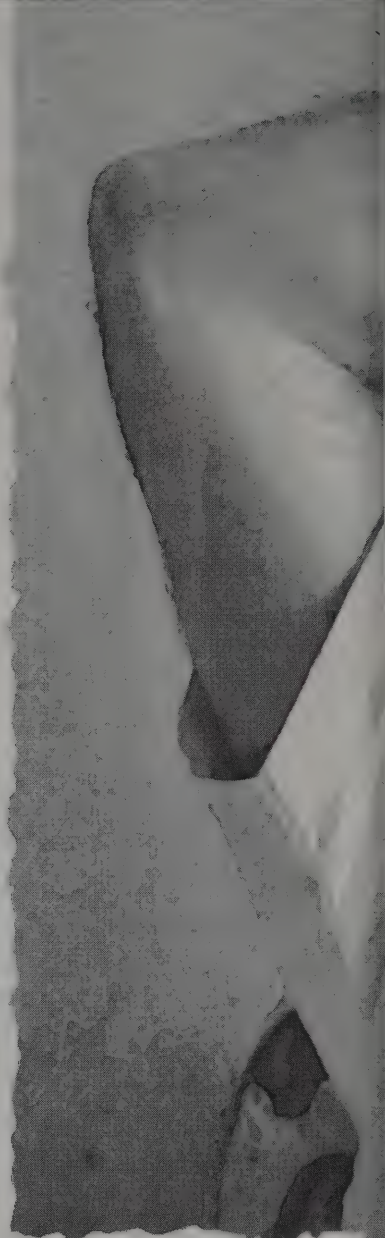
BY TOM MCINTYRE

*Oliver Sacks is restless. "I'm about eighty hours behind on my sleep right now," he says, ushering us into his hotel suite. The world's most famous neurologist is in San Francisco promoting the publication of An Anthropologist On Mars. Like his two most famous works, Awakenings and The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat, his latest book is a fascinating blend of "commemoration" and "vivisection," as Sacks puts it, that explores a variety of neurological disorders through the case histories of seven individuals.*

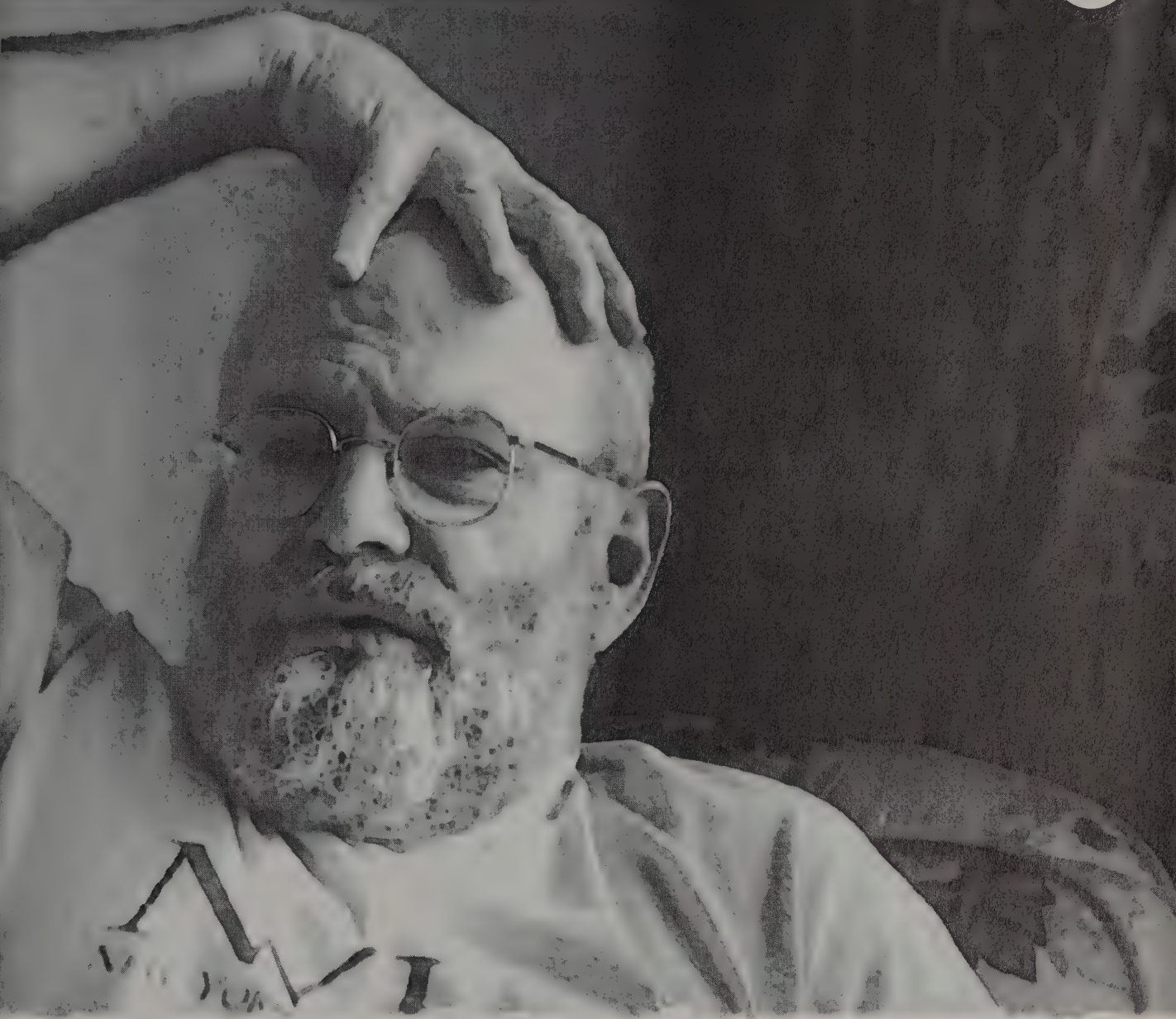
*While these poignant stories can be appreciated on one level for their entertainment value, Sacks's intentions are clearly more ambitious. "The study of disease and of identity cannot be disjoined," he writes in his introduction to The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat. Sacks believes that the "patient's essential being is very relevant in the higher reaches of neurology" and endorses a more personal approach to medicine that enables the physician to better understand the mysteries between mind and brain. In our era, Sacks contends, the patient has been relegated from a "who" to a "what" by many physicians.*

*In person, Sacks embodies many of the characteristics of his books: intelligence, candor, wit, and compassion, with perhaps a dash of the absent-minded professor who has trouble keeping track of his own material world. Ultimately, it is his affection for his patients that ennobles all of Sacks' books. Whether it is the encephalitis patients whom he "awakened" or the Tourette's syndrome and autism patients whose worlds he seeks to comprehend, Oliver Sacks is a healer and a master medical detective.*

—Tom McIntyre



Photos by Paul Whitehead. Photo treatment by Kathleen O'Neil



*Tom McIntyre:* You and Mickey Hart, one of the drummers of the Grateful Dead, spoke at a congressional hearing about the healing aspects of music. What are the most vivid examples of this that you've witnessed?

*Oliver Sacks:* The first and still the most vivid example for me was the effect of music with some of the post-encephalitis Parkinsonian patients whom I later wrote about in *Awakenings*. Here you would see people who were either immobile and frozen or who sometimes made rapid accelerated steps, but who really, in a sense, had lost their sense of time and of organization in time. Some of them could immediately dance with music and sing, and music seemed to give them back their tempo, their own rhythm.

TM: You mentioned in *Awakenings* that the patient often "borrows" the music, in a sense.

OS: Yes. The idea of "borrowing" is very fascinating. I actually had to give evidence in England for one patient, one man, who was accused of following people. What would happen was that he would sort of be frozen until he saw someone going in the right direction, and then he would immediately fall into step with them, and, as it were, borrow their health, their ambulatory rhythm, their direction, and their impetus. He didn't have to touch them. Seeing them was sufficient. And then sometimes if they went in the wrong direction, he would have to hitchhike onto the next person. Similarly, I think one can borrow the rhythm of music, and perhaps much more. But in Parkinsonism, I think there is the Mickey Hart aspect: the rhythm, the dynamic aspect. In *Awakenings*, I quote one patient whom Jonathan Miller later filmed, a music teacher who said that she felt she had been "un-musiced" by her Parkinson's, and that she needed to be "re-musiced." You know sometimes people call Parkinsonism a "kinetic stutter," and again people who stutter can often sing beautifully. So the first aspect I saw was this sort of rhythmic flow being given back to people whom disease had deprived of it.

TM: How does music affect you personally?

OS: Well, in many different ways. I love and need background music . . . whatever one means by that. Sometimes it stimulates me, sometimes it soothes me, sometimes it makes me weep, sometimes it makes me giggle. I don't know why it's so powerful. Schubert, especially, sort of tears at me. I've sometimes been liberated from a depression by music,

and I've sometimes been haunted by music. So it gets me all sorts of ways. Specifically, when I myself was a patient and had lost the idea of walking after a leg injury, music played an essential part in helping me back. But I find music to be a very powerful mnemonic as well, in the Proustian sense. It brings the past back.

TM: I think you can hear the music in a lot of the best writing. James Joyce, for instance. His sentences have a musical feel to them, and supposedly he had a beautiful tenor singing voice.

OS: And for that matter there's Saul Bellow, whose *Dr. Sammler's Planet* I'm now reading. Some of the paragraphs, you know they're obviously . . . This is a *voice*: this is the voice of the writer. There's the wit and the observation of the writer and everything else, but there's also the sheer music of the prose. And I think if that music runs through you, you have to sing or write or talk. I tend myself to have two sorts of reading: a rather rapid sort of scanning, a page a second to grab at the content, and then a much lower one which is really internal speaking.

TM: Why do you think some people are enraptured by music while others seemingly are indifferent to it?

OS: Freud was indifferent. With great difficulty people would pull him along to a concert or an opera, and he would either sleep or concentrate on something else. I don't know. Some people have, as it were, a very bad ear and can hardly hear music. But some people who are quite musical in a sense are also a little indifferent to it. I was actually fascinated this way by Temple Grandin [an autistic college professor and architect who is the subject of Sacks's essay, "An Anthropologist On Mars"]. She has absolute pitch and a very good musical memory,

but she really doesn't enjoy it much. Although interestingly, I met her again at Christmas in New York, and she'd just been to some Bach two- and three-part inventions. Her term for this music was "ingenious." She thought they were very ingenious and wondered whether one could have four- and five-part inventions. (laughs) But I don't know. I'm puzzled by indifference to music; I can hardly imagine it . . . except sometimes when I've been depressed. And when I've been depressed, I'm also indifferent to poetry and art. Specifically, I will appreciate its ingenuity, but I won't be able to enter it. I will say with poetry that I get the feeling of an intricate tessellated surface, a sort of mosaic of words, and I can't enter it because I won't let it enter me. That sort of penetration into the inside of the spirit doesn't occur. And at other times . . . I have this actually sometimes when I wake up if there's music on . . . there was a Schubert quintet on my alarm clock radio the other day, and it pierced me to the marrow, to the quick, whatever. It was so overwhelming that I wondered whether, in fact, one might lose some of that almost excruciating sensitivity in the distractedness of the day.

TM: I think very much so. I wanted to ask you some questions about how memory and creativity work. You state in "Landscape of His Dreams" [from *An Anthropologist On Mars*] that the creative imagination, in particular a person's recollective powers, often is sparked by an early trauma or dislocation of some kind. You used as examples people like Joyce, Marcel Proust and, of course, the painter Franco Magnani, who is the subject of "Landscape of His Dreams." They all seem to create their art from the great nostalgia that they feel for a certain time or place. What

does this have to say about the relationship between creativity and memory?

OS: Well, I want to say first that I don't think that one needs loss or pain or sickness to be creative. I think there is sometimes a creativity like that of plants, which is just a sort of blossoming and a growth, a creativity which is akin to animal vitality. For example, I often feel this of Mendelssohn. I love the lightness. It seems to me that Felix Mendelssohn is rightly called Felix. One might also say, however, that there's not much development with him. His incredible octet when he was fifteen is as good as almost anything he wrote. He had a rather charmed life, or at least one gets that impression, until his sister died. And one wonders, in fact, whether the lack of development in Mendelssohn, who was clearly a man of genius, whether there was a lack of edge, of grief, of loss, of suffering, as it were, to get him to higher depths. I think his last works are greater: "Elijah" and so forth. And maybe this was after the death of his sister, to whom he was very devoted.

TM: There seems to be a real connection between pathological disorders and creativity.

OS: Certainly I think that loss can drive one to an attempt to regain what one has lost or something equivalent to it in another form. And this would certainly seem to be the case with Franco [Magnani]. One feels that this was the case perhaps with Gauguin, in part, through being brought up in this tropical paradise, or what he thought of as a tropical paradise, and then being sort of kicked out of it. I think he then tried to recapture it in a way.

TM: Or Joyce, perhaps.

OS: Now Joyce, of course, wasn't kicked out. He exiled himself de-

I don't think that one needs loss or pain or sickness to be creative. I think there is sometimes a creativity like that of plants, which is just a sort of blossoming and a growth, a creativity which is akin to animal vitality.

liberately, as in a sense Ibsen did, because he had to put distance [between himself and where he once lived]. I'm not sure that one can live completely in a situation and write about it. I think there has to be some sort of geographic distance or some other detachment. Thomas Mann, for example, continually writes about morbidity and creativity. In *The Magic Mountain*, it's tuberculosis. In *Doctor Faustus*, it's syphilis. In *The Black Swan*, it's ovarian cancer. In *Buddenbrooks*, it's typhoid. Certainly, one can see how the energy of a disorder can sometimes link with whatever creativity the person has. I don't think hypomania itself is creative, but it may be so in a creative person. . . . I myself am very interested in Tourette's Syndrome and creativity. I know many Tourettic composers and artists whom I'm studying very closely.

TM: Like Witty Ticoy Ray [from *The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat*]?

OS: Yeah, sure. When he was on and high and Tourette it would lead into sudden improvisations on the drums and sudden spurts of energy which he didn't have when he was on medication. But the effect can be negative, as in Goya's last works — his black period, when he was deaf and melancholic. He drew these terrifying

paintings and drawings of children being devoured. The one thing which is not productive is this fatigue and loss of energy and boredom and indifference.

TM: I wanted to talk to you about the nature of memory itself.

OS: I could have sworn you were about to say the nature of "mimicry," but it came out as "memory" (laughs), which shows again that one isn't just a passive listener. There are hypotheses all the while, and no sooner had you made the "M" sound than I was already taking it in a different direction.

TM: How does memory work? What happens in the brain that causes certain memories to be more powerful than others?

OS: (*Shifts in his chair.*) I'm uncomfortable! I've got to lie down.

(*Sacks relocates to his bed.*) I think one should do all interviews like this! (laughs)

TM: This has been quite a fascinating progression here.

OS: Or regression!

TM: We started at your writing table, with you seated across from me in a very formal, dignified manner, and now we've moved all over the room, until you've collapsed here on the bed. The true Oliver Sacks comes out.

OS: (laughs) There are many true

Oliver Sacks! One of me is a very energetic swimmer, but I'm feeling sort of dead right now. Now what about memory?

TM: What happens in the brain that causes certain memories to be more powerful and lucid than others?

OS: I would think in general that the sharpness of memories goes with there having been some special significance so that one may remember particular moments . . . particular events and scenes. Almost every American who was alive at the time — or more than ten — reflects the moment of Kennedy's death, which suddenly burst out — *whoosh* — like that.

TM: What are some of your most vivid memories?

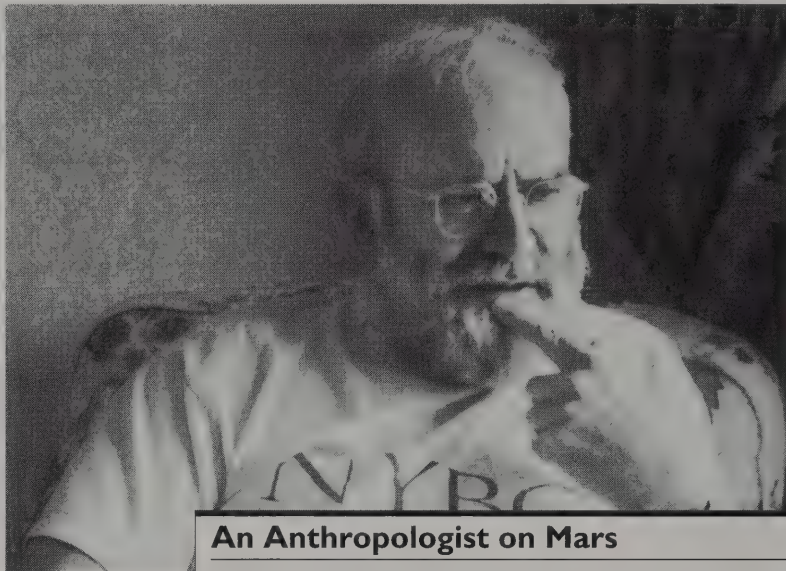
OS: I remember my mother's death, and how there seemed to be a moment in which I saw her entire life and its pattern, everything in an extraordinary sort of moment. One of my earliest and most vivid memories, when I think I was just two, was being bitten in the face by our dog, Peter, a chow. Peter was eating a bone, and I was a little boy and I pulled his tail. And although I think he was a fairly good-natured dog he leapt up and bit me in the face, and I was carried howling and bleeding into the house. And my father sort of stitched me up. So those were traumatic memories as well as vivid ones.

So many memories from child-

hood! There's one sort of mystical or religious memory, and I've now become so unmystical and irreligious. I come from a moderately orthodox Jewish family, and when I would see my mother lighting the candles on Friday, welcoming in the Sabbath, I would sometimes think that the Sabbath was an astronomical event and that a piece of God at that moment was descending on star systems all over the galaxy. Somehow the

sense of that sweet sabbatical calm, presided over by a good God, stays in my mind. And while I'm on the religious side, another memory comes to me, when I was four or five and riding my tricycle on Saturday, on Shabbas, and it suddenly started raining. And an aunt of mine said, "See. You can't get away with it. God's watching." . . . I used to love the sunflowers in our garden, and I counted some of the whorls. I see you have something about self-

organization in *Whole Earth Review*. I loved numbers as a child, and I saw that some of the sunflower florets came in multiples of prime numbers. And that struck me as extraordinary and made me think that nature might be



## An Anthropologist on Mars

*These "paradoxical tales" document the lives of seven people who have been "visited" by a variety of neurological conditions, ranging from amnesia to Tourette's syndrome. Written with an elegance and wit found only in the best storytelling, Oliver Sacks achieves a wonderful balance of medical detection and human understanding, as he explores the fascinating inner worlds that his afflicted patients inhabit. —Tom McIntyre*

■ Mr. I. could hardly bear the changed appearances of people ("like animated grey statues") any more than he could bear his own appearance in the mirror: he shunned social intercourse and found sexual intercourse impossible. . . .

The "wrongness" of everything was disturbing, even disgusting, and applied to every circumstance of daily life. He found foods disgusting due to their greyish, dead appearance and had to close his eyes to eat. But this did not help very much, for the mental image of a tomato was as black as its appearance. Thus, unable to rectify

even the inner image, the idea, of various foods, he turned increasingly to black and white foods — to black olives and white rice, black coffee and yogurt. These at least appeared relatively normal, whereas most foods, normally colored, now appeared horribly abnormal. His own brown dog looked so strange to him now that he even considered getting a Dalmatian.

● In June of 1990, Greg's father, who had come every morning before work to see Greg and would joke and chat with him for an hour, suddenly died. . . . He had been given the news, of course, when it happened. And yet I was not quite sure what to say — had he been able to absorb this new fact? "I guess you must be missing your father," I ventured.

"What do you mean?" Greg answered. "He comes everyday. I see him every day."

"No," I said, "he's no longer coming. . . . He has not come for some time. He died last month."

Greg flinched, turned ashen, became silent. I had the impression he was shocked, dou-



numerical. I have vivid memories of the ferns in our garden before the war. I was just six when the war started, and I used to love these ferns and lie on them. I thought that paradise was full of ferns. I'm now a member of the American Fern Society (*laughs*), which I think is sort of nostalgic. I have many, many awful traumatic memories of being evacuated and mistreated during the war . . .

So I don't know what my most vivid memory is.

TM: How do these vivid memories differ from most memories? You might remember an event from six months ago, for instance, and you'll be able to reconstruct most of what happened, but in actuality what you're recalling is more like a memory of the memory.

OS: I think in general, memories are revised and reconstructed all the while, and certainly one has to be suspicious of some childhood memories because they are

memories of what one has been told — or something like that. I think some of the memories I've spoken of seem to have an enormous compulsive force and not to change much. It's almost as if a particular moment has caught again. The sudden leaping of the dog's teeth in the cheek, the delicious lying in the ferns . . .

TM: Sometimes taste or one of the other senses can catalyze memories. Like hearing a song might remind you of a particular time when you heard that song previously.

OS: Right. Well, there's a funny old musical that dates from the first World War called "Chu-Chin-Chow." Let's see. What are some of the verses? "Here be oysters stewed in honey/ And fricasseed sturgeons' roe." My father used to sing that when we were very young. He was a great big barrel-shaped man with a big bass voice.

I have an old grandfather clock, which is actually my mother's clock; she was very fond of it. I have it now with me in City Island in the Bronx, and whenever it strikes, it strikes 1938, so to speak. (*laughs*) And somehow it brings back the house and my mother and England as it was, and what was for me that last summer unclouded by the imminence of war. For me, this is an auditory mnemonic of a London, which for me is like Franco's Pontito.

TM: Both Stephen Wiltshire's drawing abilities ["Prodigies" from *Anthropologist*] and The Twins' [from *The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat*] astounding facilities with numbers seem to come to them fully intact, with little or no training. The same with children: they seem to possess innate abilities to learn languages quickly. Does this suggest to you that, as Plato postulated, much of what we learn is actually recognizing or recollecting information that already is contained within us?

OS: I think there certainly can be very strong innate capacities, which includes the capacity for perceiving regularities: grammatical, numerical, musical. But I think that the actual content has to be put in experience, and that what one needs to do is to study the interaction of innate dispositions with experiences so that there is clearly a very strong species-specific language instinct, or what Chomsky would call a language acquisition device, a LAD. But equally one needs a LASS, as Jerry Bruner puts it, which is a language acquisition support system: people who speak language and who encourage the use of language, and so forth. So I don't incline fully to either a nativist view or a behaviorist view. Everything, so far as I'm concerned, is a mixture of biology and culture.

bly shocked, at the sudden, appalling news of his father's death, and at the fact that he himself did not know, had not registered, did not remember. "I guess he must have been around fifty," he said.

"No, Greg," I answered, "he was well up in his seventies."

Greg grew pale again as I said this. I left the room briefly; I felt he needed to be alone with all this. But when I returned a few minutes later, Greg had no memory of the conversation we had had, of the news I had given him, no idea that his father had died.

• Savant talents have a more autonomous, even automatic quality than normal ones. They do not seem to occupy the mind or attention fully — Stephen will look around, listen to his Walkman, sing, or even talk while he is drawing; Jedidiah Buxton's huge calculations moved ahead at their own fixed, imperturbable rate while he went on with his daily life. Savant talents do not seem to connect, as normal talents do, to the rest of the person. All this is strongly suggestive of a neural mechanism different from that which underlies normal talents.



OLIVER  
SACKS

### An Anthropologist on Mars

(Seven Paradoxical Tales)

Oliver Sacks. Alfred A. Knopf Inc., 1995; 320 pp. ISBN 0-679-43785-1

\$24 (\$26 postpaid) from Random House, Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminister, MD 21157; 800/733-3000

It may be that savants have a highly specialized, immensely developed system in the brain, a "neuromodule," and that this is "switched on" at particular times — when the right stimulus (musical, visual, whatever) meets the system at the right time — and immediately starts to operate full blast.

TM: How do you feel about paranormal activities such as telepathy, near-death experiences, synchronicities, or prophetic dreams? Are these phenomena just examples of the brain itself illuminating experience in ways that normally are not accessible for most people?

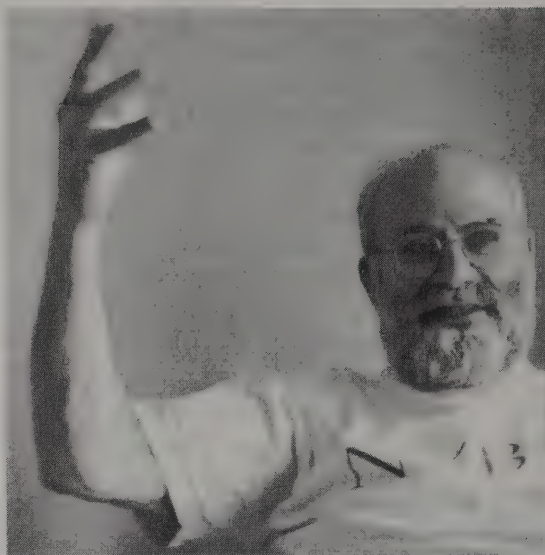
OS: I would say I have a negative bias, if you want, to all notions of the paranormal. I have never been convinced of the existence of any paranormal events, either in my own life or in anyone else's life, and I find them deeply uninteresting and a waste of time to think about. There you are: an unusually fierce dogmatism in the same way as Freud used to talk about the "black mud of occult."

TM: I find your position puzzling. It seems to me that there are countless patients in your books who have bizarre things like premonitory dreams and visions that often are associated with the paranormal.

OS: Well, I would dispute that. I report what happens, and I think that a quite different and much more prosaic or non-mystical interpretation might be given. It's not up to me to say. I just tell the stories. You interpret them how you wish.

TM: What ultimately is it about your patients' lives that you would like for your readers to understand?

OS: Their individuality, their complexity, their tragedy, their bravery, but especially the ways in which a devastating loss may sometimes lead to a discovery of powers or creation of powers in other directions. The first history of the colorblind painter [from *Anthropologist*] seems to me a



very clear example of this. This man was so centered on the use of color and famous for the use of color in his paintings, and by the cruelest irony, he loses exactly what is most important for him. And yet after this awful period between two worlds, I'm haunted by that Matthew Arnold line: "between two worlds, one dead,/ The other powerless to be born," except in Mr. I.'s case a new world was born, and a black-and-white world arose with all the richness and magic of the one he had lost. But I don't know exactly. I do not write these stories with the notion to teach a lesson to people. It's up to people what they want to take away. I will neither interpret them nor am I preaching. Obviously, something makes me select the stories I tell and tell them the way I do, but I think these may be strong, unconscious drives which is not up to me to analyze. So I can't say what I'm trying to do. People can take away what they want; they can interpret how they want. That's not my business.

TM: How has being a doctor changed you as a person over the years?

OS: It's been a very rich experience in a way because I've been

privity to many lives, and, perhaps to some extent, lived through them. I think there has been a richness of shared experience or vicarious experience. It has given me an extreme sense of how fragile and mortal we are, but also an extreme sense of the transcendent powers, the humor and the heroism which can also be in people. It's given me a sense of the complexity and delicacy of everything, and the fact that one shouldn't rush in and try to fix things straight away

without considering all the possible effects of one's actions. That's very much the lesson of the Virgil piece, "To See and Not See" [from *Anthropologist*].

TM: Yes. Perhaps even for some of the encephalitis patients [from *Awakenings*]. Like Rose R., for instance. It seemed like the cure was even worse for her than the malady she suffered from.

OS: Yeah. I don't know if that was so with Rose R. or not. Most of the encephalitis patients finally said that they wished only that L-DOPA had been available years before . . . before they had lost so much of their lives and their nervous systems. What Rose R. actually felt . . . I don't know. A very mysterious patient. Of course, this is the patient who stimulated Pinter's play.

TM: Which play was that?

OS: "A Kind of Alaska." It's a wonderful play, and the opening line is "Something is happening," which is the moment when she's beginning to awaken. The last line of the play is "I have everything in perspective" — which doesn't exactly sound like someone who regrets the experience, but someone who, in fact, has finally somehow integrated what it

# SIMPLIFY YOUR LIFE . . .

16% SAVINGS!

Subscribe to **WHOLE EARTH REVIEW** today, and we promise the next four issues will challenge your assumptions and make you look at the Earth in a whole new light. **ONE YEAR: \$20.** That's four issues at a savings of **16% off** the cover price!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Bill me  Check enclosed  Visa/MC

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Card # \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP/COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_



(Please add \$8/year for additional postage to Mexico or Canada, \$15 to other countries. New orders begin with our next quarterly issue, unless you specify otherwise. Please allow 6 to 10 weeks for arrival of your first issue.)

3086S1

# GET HOME DELIVERY.

16% SAVINGS!

Subscribe to **WHOLE EARTH REVIEW** today, and we promise the next four issues will challenge your assumptions and make you look at the Earth in a whole new light. **ONE YEAR: \$20.** That's four issues at a savings of **16% off** the cover price!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Bill me  Check enclosed  Visa/MC

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Card # \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP/COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_



(Please add \$8/year for additional postage to Mexico or Canada, \$15 to other countries. New orders begin with our next quarterly issue, unless you specify otherwise. Please allow 6 to 10 weeks for arrival of your first issue.)

3086S2

# YOUR CATALOG IS READY!

The **Millennium Whole Earth Catalog** is here, and copies are still available for you! For just **\$30\*** per copy you get almost 400 pages of tools and ideas to guide you into the Millennium. **Health. Sex. Technology.** And many more subjects bound to change your life.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

**YES! Send me** \_\_\_\_ **copies @ \$30 each!**

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Check enclosed **TOTAL \$** \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**Visa/MC #** \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP/COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. date \_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_



(Delivery outside the U.S.: For surface mail add \$5/book; for air mail add \$15/book to Mexico/Canada and \$30/book to all other countries. CA residents add 7.25% sales tax.)

3086SC

A Rating System for War

Hazel Henderson

Dutch Green Plans

Bernadette Devlin

Armadillos

Mind Writing

Invisible Leaders

COMING UP



**BUSINESS REPLY MAIL**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 13 SAUSALITO, CA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



**P.O. Box 3000  
Denville, NJ 07834-9879**

NO POSTAGE  
NECESSARY  
IF MAILED  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES



**BUSINESS REPLY MAIL**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 13 SAUSALITO, CA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



**P.O. Box 3000  
Denville, NJ 07834-9879**

NO POSTAGE  
NECESSARY  
IF MAILED  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES



**BUSINESS REPLY MAIL**

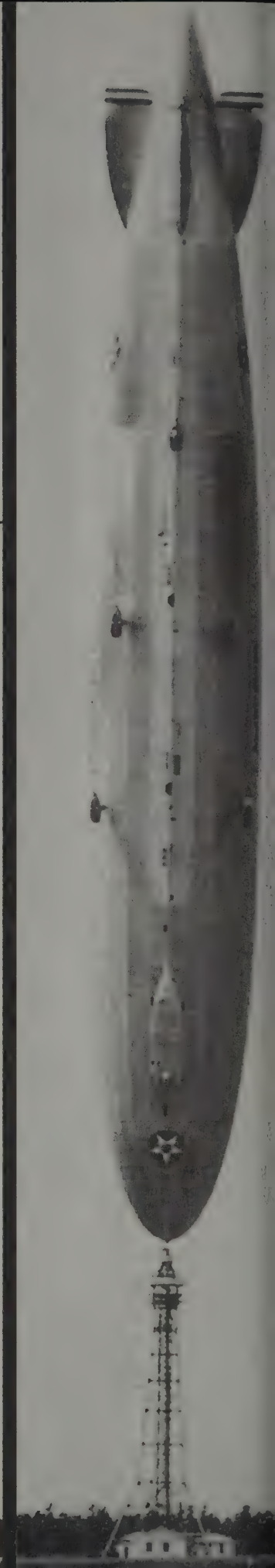
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 13 SAUSALITO, CA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



**PO Box 38  
Sausalito, CA 94966-9932**

NO POSTAGE  
NECESSARY  
IF MAILED  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES



means to wake up forty years later and has somehow put it together.

TM: Did these encephalitis patients have no memory of the years that had passed when they were "awakened?"

OS: Rose R., for example, would say, "I can give you the date of Pearl Harbor. I can give you the date of Kennedy's assassination." She'd say, "I've registered these things, but they don't matter." She had no autobiographical sense, no sense of the continuity of a life lived over that time, just these occasional sort of flash-bulb memories, and little in the way of feelings. . . . It was a sort of dull twilight with occasional moments, and a twilight sometimes dominated by low-level mechanical activities, like multiplication, going on in the head.

Rose used to say her mind would say  $2 = 2 = 2 = 2$  for hours on end. So there were altered and debased forms and lowered forms of consciousness. Occasionally there were some nice ones too, like in the patient I called "Gertie," who would imagine herself — or remember herself — lying in a meadow for hours and hours.

But I think being resurrected or recalled to life excited them all, and the first reactions were "Wow! I can see! I can move! I can feel!" There was an amazing sort of resurrective excitement, and then, of course, a sense of how complex and tragic things might be: "What's happened? Where are my relatives? What's happened to my life?"

TM: How much of a role does a patient's state of mind contribute to their recovery or even to their illness?

OS: I think it depends somewhat on the illness, but I think very greatly. I think that the will to live and the will to recover and the inner and outer resources of

[Encephalitis] was a sort of dull twilight sometimes dominated by low-level mechanical activities. . . .

Rose used to say her mind would say  $2 = 2 = 2 =$

$2$  for hours on end. There were altered and debased forms and lowered forms of consciousness.

Occasionally there were some nice ones too: the patient I called "Gertie" would imagine herself — or remember herself — lying in a meadow for hours.

such a will are very real. And if nothing else, one may sometimes strengthen that will when one sees a person, so that they go out with a certain feeling of being able to contend with what's happening and extract or make something positive out of their condition. I think this was very important with Mr. I, the first patient ["The Case of the Colorblind Painter" from *Anthropologist*]. One couldn't help him neurologically. His V4, the color-producing parts of the brain, were gone, but he changed from a very negative state of mind when he felt that everything was very horrible and impoverished to a positive one . . . though how much the change of attitude lead to the aesthetic change, or vice versa, I don't know.

TM: His brain also appeared to be acclimating itself to seeing everything in black-and-white.

OS: Absolutely.

TM: You said in *Awakenings* that you believe that the medical community is "overdeveloped in mechanical competence but lacking in biological intelligence, intuition and awareness." What ideas

do you have for the medical community to acquire a more holistic, balanced approach to healing its patients?

OS: You're quoting words I wrote twenty or more years ago but I guess they probably still hold.

TM: I go to an HMO, for instance, and I've heard that the doctors there are supposed to see each patient for only about eight minutes. There's no way that a doctor there can ever get to know you the way you come to know the patients in your books. And I think that's a real shame.

OS: Yes, but it's not just time. There needs to be an attention to what Barbara McClintock called "a feeling for the organism." And an organism is not like a piece of clockwork. Everything is an interaction, and there is a sense of goal or will which this (*points to the tape recorder*) doesn't have. I mean, this is simply an instrument. You know what they say: "The secret of patient care is caring for the patient." I'm all for the latest technology. I don't want to be misunderstood. Whatever the PET scan or the SQUID can contribute, fine. Obviously, some of

I don't think a doctor needs to be particularly clever. He needs to be moderately intelligent, but he doesn't need to be anything like a physicist or mathematician. . . . But he must have a strong common sense, and a feeling for people and their lives, and a sense of sympathy, and at the same time, he mustn't be too sentimental, and I think he must love medicine.

medicine — and of neurology, in particular — can be taken over by this. But if anything, this should allow *more* time for the personal attention. I love that Osler quote [in *Anthropologist*]: "Ask not what disease the person has, but rather what person the disease has." The doctors have to spend more time; they have to be more interested. They have to learn again how exciting and gratifying it is to have a relationship with people and to attend to their wants, and they have to like doing it. If they don't, they should do something else.

One thing here is that entry into medical school is often dependent on academic rather than human qualities, which again may sometimes predispose against selecting the right *human* material. I don't think a doctor needs to be particularly clever. He needs to be moderately intelligent, but he doesn't need to be anything like a physicist or mathematician, although if he is it does no harm. (*laughs*) But he must have a strong common sense, and a feeling for people and their lives, and a sense of sympathy, and at the same time, he

mustn't be too sentimental, and I think he must love medicine. . . .

TM: And they also must be inquisitive to be able to ask the right questions and figure out what the problem is.

OS: Yes, right. Certainly, with myself, I think curiosity about creatures is a very strong thing. Though another strong impulse is what E. O. Wilson calls "biophilia." I love organisms, including ferns.

TM: What attracted you to the medical field, and neurology in particular?

OS: Curiosity. I wanted to understand how things work. Curiosity which first, when I was quite young — ten, eleven, twelve — expressed itself as a passion for the physical sciences and then sort of moved into biology and physiology. I came to people rather late. I think that hearts and kidneys are fascinating and all very well, but they're nothing like the brain in complexity and they're not the intermediaries between the outer and the inner worlds. So it is finally the way in

which our emotions and thoughts and language and dispositions are embodied in the body, in the brain, which I find to be the most interesting thing in the world . . . although I will say it's also a relief to get to other subjects. (*laughs*)

I felt this strongly a couple of years ago when I wrote a piece about Humphry Davy, the great nineteenth-century chemist, who was a hero of mine when I was a chemistry madboy. It was such a relief to get away to other things. And by the same token, I like to go back to ferns and botany, which are less demanding than people, but also demanding in a different sort of way. If you don't look after your ferns properly, they die. You have to be tender and understanding and know how they tick. This may be an implicit sort of thing: having a green thumb, or maybe it's something partly that you learn.

TM: You mentioned in *Awakenings* that as a young man you felt a conflict between your interests in the arts and your interests in the sciences. Was becoming a doctor, and later a writer, a way for you to bridge these twin passions of yours?

OS: Yeah, I think so. I think I used to feel divided between a sort of a scientific and a literary and artistic half.

TM: Your passion for literature seems to come through with the numerous literary references that you make in your books.

OS: I don't think of them as "literary references." I don't feel like a very literary person, but they just seem to apply. I mean, when I was reading Donne's *Devotions*, which I quote a lot in *Awakenings*, it just seemed so close: "Diseases hold consultations. They seem to multiply among themselves." This was not just poetry: it was actually what seemed to be

happening in front of me, and it was like a sort of science. . . . I think that medicine, and case history in particular, allows us a blending of art and science. That's why I like it.

TM: What kinds of problems or ethical considerations do you sometimes face when you decide to write about a particular patient in one of your books?

OS: It's difficult. I will obtain a formal consent, but I would not regard this as enough. And I have to be entirely convinced that the sort of biography I write will not be offensive or embarrassing to the patient, or to their family or friends. I have written many, many things which I have never tried to publish. I have been sort of reassured here by positive reactions. A couple of days ago in Fort Collins, Temple [the autistic subject of "An Anthropologist On Mars"] got up in a bookshop and said, "I am the anthropologist on Mars." She said, "And I think Oliver has got into my head better than I could get into it myself." And here yesterday I saw Franco, who was obviously delighted with his story ["The Landscape Of His Dreams"] and gave me . . . (*Sacks reaches into a drawer and produces a copy of An Anthropologist On Mars. He opens it to the first page and shows me a beautiful, intricate watercolor of Pontito by Magnani, with an inscription to Sacks written in Italian.*) Isn't it beautiful?

TM: Wow! That's wonderful.

OS: How's your Italian? Translate it for me. I can't read it.

TM: I don't speak Italian, but some of the words look similar to Spanish, which I do know a little. It looks like the first sentence says, "Thank you for the book," perhaps? I can't figure out the rest of it.

OS: I'll have to get someone to

Hearts and kidneys are fascinating and all very well, but they're nothing like the brain in complexity and they're not the intermediaries between the outer and the inner worlds.

translate it, but the point is those first five words, "Thank you for the book." And, as it were, "Thank you for your portrait of me." These portraits are done in a sense out of respect, and even as a sort of celebration, though celebration might seem a very strange term to use for some of these tragic patients. I can't answer the question fully . . . but I proceed cautiously. And at least in general, I will consult with the person first, all the way through, to see how they might feel. In a way, the *Awakenings* patients said to me (sometimes very literally), "Tell our stories, or they will never be known." I think many of them had a sense of having been forgotten and neglected and devalued and marginalized, and in some sense, I try to give them back an exemplary role. It has some similarity to the use of patients in teaching. I remember one patient with a rare disease called syringomyelia. I remember her once saying to the students, "Don't just try to remember the paragraph on page 920 of your textbooks." She said, "Remember me: the way I sat on the chair, the way my arm hung down, the painless burns I have on my arm." And she said, "Think of me, and this will tell you all you need to know about syringomyelia." And this was very, very moving because in a sense she was exposing much of herself, and with great dignity. So in a way, this is what

I'm trying to do: these stories are commemorations, even though they might also appear like dissections or vivisections.

TM: No, I don't think so. I feel like you really do portray your patients in an extremely compassionate manner. So many of your case studies are beautiful examples of how people can learn to adapt to even the most horrible circumstances, and how the brain itself often adapts to a given problem, like being sightless for instance, and heightens the other senses to compensate for the loss. I think your books are great. (*While I am showering Sacks with praise, he begins distractingly searching for something on the lunch cart.*)

OS: Right, yeah. I was about to make myself some more tea. Where did I put the cup? Let's see. There's the teabag . . . no, that's yours . . . this happens to me all the time! (*laughs*) Oh, what the hell! The missing tea bag. "The Case of the Missing Tea Bag." I'm so sleep-deprived that I don't know what I'm doing . . . Very, very strange . . . (*He searches the room unsuccessfully for his missing tea cup and tea bag. After a few moments, he looks again on the lunch cart and instantly finds the "missing" articles.*) Okay. All has been found! (*Sacks pours himself a cup of tea.*) I would put this down as early Alzheimer's, except that this sort of thing used to hap-

pen twenty years ago. I remember there was one time, especially if I'm distracted, when I was eating my cereal, and the phone rang. When I came back, I couldn't find the cereal, and I was perplexed. A week later, a strange smell (*laughs*) emanated from the linen cupboard where my sheets and things were . . . I must have somehow gone to the phone and actually put the cereal in the cupboard without realizing and it was sort of rotting. (*laughs*)

TM: I do things like that constantly. My wife will find a CD in the refrigerator.

OS: Yeah. I always leave my eyeglasses in the icebox. . . .

TM: In the movie version of *Awakenings*, the character who is based on you is uncomfortably shy. Has overcoming shyness been a problem for you?

OS: Yes. It has indeed, and it remains a problem and quite a severe one. Because even though now you may say, "Hell. What is he doing hamming it up and posing, and this and that?" but behind this there's a . . . I'm not good in complex social situations, I don't know how to handle them, I don't like them. In the clinical life, there are certain proprieties and constraints built in and the other side of this intimacy is that there's always a distance. I'm always Dr. Sacks. I'm not Oliver. And even if I take off the white coat, either literally or metaphorically, then to some extent I'm the anthropologist or whatever. I'm still on duty.

It was similar with my mother. She was very comfortable and confident and clear with her patients and students in a teaching or professional situation. But she was agonizingly shy in public and hated dinners and things and would not be able to talk and would sort of stand in a corner. And I do the same sometimes. I

I don't think there's anything deeply significant or interesting in regard to gender cognitive differences. I often can't tell whether, say, a philosopher or a scientist is male or female.

think shyness is a very complex and deep disorder, and I have it. And it may be charming at fifteen or twenty, but it is not at all charming at sixty . . . let alone sixty-one.

TM: Here's a question that's sure to ruffle a few feathers: Is there any neurological evidence to support whether men and women are predisposed to be better at certain tasks than the other gender?

OS: (*laughs*) For some reason, I thought you were going to ask, "Is there any neurological evidence to support the existence of God?"

TM: Perhaps that's an easier question to grapple with!

OS: There is quite a lot of neurological work on this, which I haven't looked into, and in a certain sort of way, I'm not interested in. One recent and rather solid piece of work was published in *Science* about apparently gender-related differences in the hemispheric processing of phonology [speech sounds]. Not the semantics, just the phonology. It seemed that women tend to use both hemispheres, while there's predominately a left-hemisphere activity in men. And it wondered whether one sign of this was that a left-hemisphere stroke tends to leave men more severely aphasic than women, perhaps because in women the neural networks are

more distributed. What would be interesting here is if in fact men and women are doing things in different ways.

Now, quite a lot is said about differences between verbal and spatial abilities. These may be statistically significant, but personally, I don't deal with statistics but with individuals. At another level, Evelyn Fox Keller and others have written about women in science and wondered whether science is a sort of phallic thrusting, a bullying, dominating sort of activity because of all of these dead white males. (*laughs*)

I don't think there's anything deeply significant or interesting in regard to gender cognitive differences. I often can't tell whether, say, a philosopher or a scientist is male or female.

For example, I love Hannah Arendt as a philosopher. I think she's rather like Kant. She's a woman and Kant's a man, but that's not the point. The intellectual disposition is much more important than the gender. Now obviously, I think in novels it may be different. I mean, clearly Saul Bellow writes as a man.

TM: Or Norman Mailer or Hemingway.

OS: Yes, although I think Mailer and Hemingway have a much narrower range of sympathies



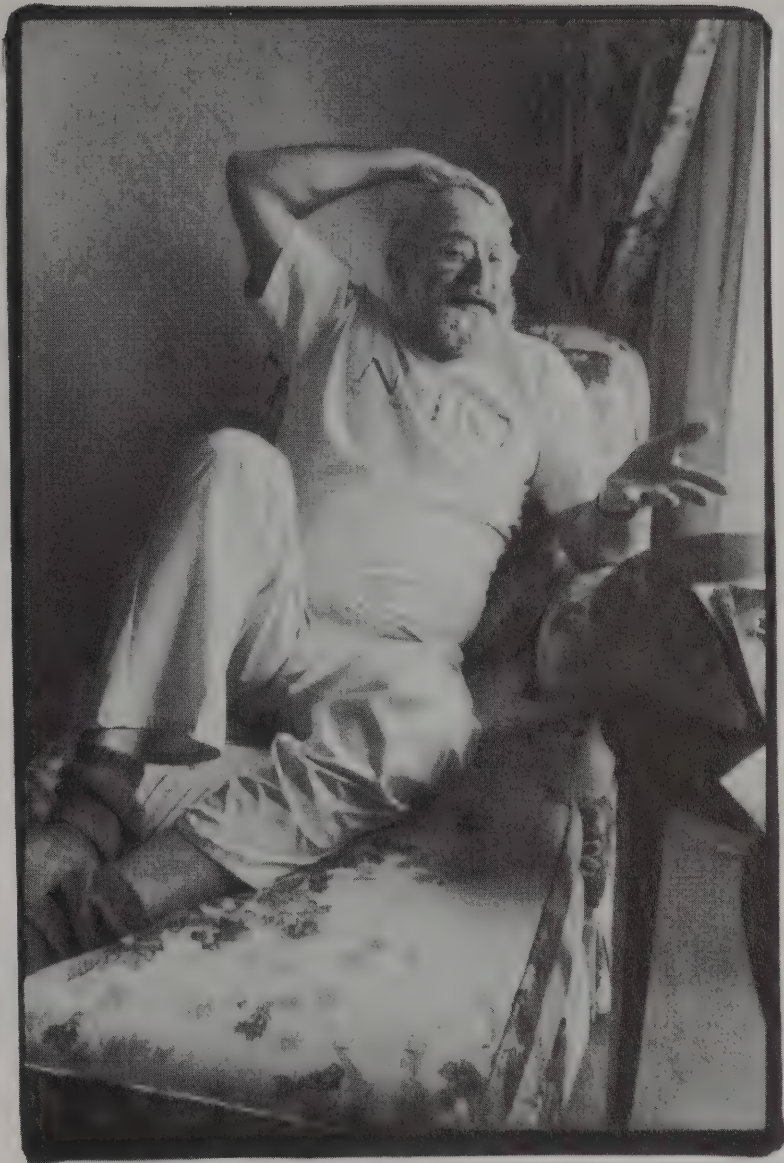
than Bellow. Bellow enters very fully into his characters, including all the female ones, whereas I think they're sometimes narrowed. I am sort of correctly or incorrectly bored by and indifferent to questions of gender and ethnic difference. I don't give a fuck whether people are black or white or male or female. I'm only interested in the substance of what is said and the feeling in it.

TM: What are some things — professionally or personally — that you still want to experience?

OS: Outer space.

TM: Outer space in the sense of the mind, or in the sense of the actual universe?

OS: In the sense of the actual universe. I would like to go on the space shuttle. What else would I like to experience? I would like to experience God! That would be fun, that would be interesting. Maybe it'll only be on the day of judgment. I would like to experience Madagascar and many islands. I would like to go down in a submarine and see the deeps. *(sighs)* I sometimes think I would like to be granted a second life having made such a mess of this one, but I know that's not possible. ☺



### Books by Oliver Sacks

*Migraine (The Evolution of a Common Disorder)*: 1973, 1992, University of California Press.

*Seeing Voices (A Journey into the World of the Deaf)*: 1989, HarperPerennial.

*The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat (And Other Clinical Tales)*: 1986, HarperPerennial.

*A Leg to Stand On*: 1984, HarperPerennial.

*Awakenings*: 1981, HarperPerennial.

### Pacific Vista Productions

The City Arts and Lecture programs in San Francisco present some of the most entertaining and challenging thinkers of our time. Pacific Vista Productions makes recordings of these programs available for rebroadcast on NPR affiliates; cassettes are available for individual sale. I would be hard pressed to single out one recording as my favorite. There's Bailey White, writer/grade-school teacher/radio commentator, musing on the absurdities of modern advertising, or Jonathan Miller, neurologist/director/producer, expounding on the theory and practice of humor as a male bonding ritual. Either would have to be near the top of any list I could prepare. Other recordings cur-

rently available (and no less worthy) include novelist Paul Theroux, social commentator/gadfly Jessica Mitford, and performance artist Anna Devereaux Smith.

The best example I can give of why you should invest in these offerings is political columnist Molly Ivins. Ms Ivins is possessed of a laid-back drawl that belies a stiletto-sharp wit — making her barbs just that much more deadly. That's the sort of nuance that you can't get in print. —Andrea Chase

#### Pacific Vista Productions

Tapes \$10.99 each plus postage. Catalog free from 101 H Street, Suite D, Petaluma, CA 94952; 800/417-4837, fax 707/765-0132

## The Artist's Way

When a friend gave me this book, I was like, "Man, this is a self-help book." Which it is. But it presents things so clearly and truthfully that I found myself thinking, "Self-help means helping yourself, silly."

Developed from the author's workshops on creativity, **The Artist's Way** addresses all the creativity blocks a person might encounter. Issues — your third-grade teacher red-penning everything you wrote; your ideas about money; perfectionism — are explored and turned around so you see them for what they are: blocks.

The block-eluding exercises are fun, challenging, and appropriately frustrating. While **The Artist's Way** freed me of some stubborn obstacles to making my art, I found it as helpful (if not more) in showing me the issues I should work on as a person (treating myself well, self-confidence). This book shows you how to become a stronger person, artist or not. —Hillary Hoffman

- We strive to be good, to be nice, to be helpful, to be unselfish. We want to be generous, of service, of the world. But what we really want is to be left alone. When we can't get others to leave us alone, we eventually abandon ourselves.

- It's my experience that we're much more afraid that there might be a God than we are that there might not be. Incidents . . . happen to us, and yet we dismiss them as sheer coincidence. . . . Most of us are a lot more comfortable feeling we're not being watched too closely. If God — by which I do not necessarily mean a single-pointed Christian concept, but an all-powerful and all-knowing force — does not exist, well then, we're all off the hook, aren't we? There's no divine retribution, no divine consolation. . . . If there is no God, or if that God is disinterested in our puny affairs, then everything can roll along as always and we can feel quite satisfied in declaring certain things impossible, other things unfair.



### The Artist's Way

(A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity)

Julia Cameron, Jeremy P. Tarcher Inc., 1992; 219 pp. ISBN 0-87477-694-5 \$13.95 (\$17.95 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/788-6262

## The Moral Animal

In this exasperating and amusing book, Robert Wright steps all over the toes of Freudian psychologists, feminists, theologians, and ethicists. **The Moral Animal**

provokes debate about natural selection and sexual politics, challenging feminists and anyone else whose opinions stray from the doctrines of Darwinian natural selection.

—Sharon Hennessey

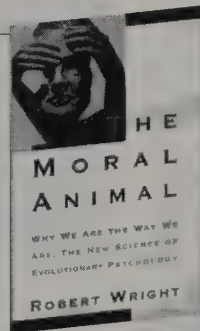
- The new Darwinian social scientists are fighting a doctrine that has dominated their fields for much of this century: the idea that biology doesn't much matter — that the uniquely malleable human mind, together with a unique force of culture, has severed our behavior from its evolutionary roots; that there is no inherent human nature driving human events, but that, rather, our essential nature is to be driven.

- But today's Darwinian anthropologists, in scanning the world's peoples, focus less on surface differences among cultures than on deep unities. Beneath the global crazy quilt of rituals and customs, they see recurring patterns in the structure of family, friendship, politics, courtship, morality. They believe the evolutionary design of human beings explains these patterns: why people in all cultures worry about social status (often more than they realize); why people in all cultures not only gossip, but gossip about the same kinds of things; why in all cultures men and women seem different in a few basic ways; why people everywhere feel guilt, and feel it in broadly predictable circumstances; why people everywhere have a deep sense of justice, so that the axioms "One good

turn deserves another" and "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" shape human life everywhere on this planet.

- Pygmy chimps, or bonobos (they're actually a distinct species from chimpanzees), may be the most erotic of all primates. Their sex comes in many forms and often serves purposes other than reproduction. Periodic homosexual behavior such as genital rubbings between females, seems to be a way of saying, "Let's be friends." Still, broadly speaking, the bonobos' sociosexual outline mirrors that of the common chimpanzees: a pronounced male hierarchy that helps determine access to females.

Amid the great variety of social structure in these species, the basic theme of this chapter stands out, at least in minimal form: males seem very eager for sex and work hard to find it; females work less hard. This isn't to say the females don't like sex. They love it, and may initiate it. And, intriguingly, the females of the species most closely related to humans — chimpanzees and bonobos — seem particularly amenable to a wild sex life, including a variety of partners. Still female apes don't do what male apes do: search high and low, risking life and limb, to find sex, and to find as much of it, with as many different partners, as possible; it has a way of finding them.



### The Moral Animal

(Why We Are the Way We Are: The New Science of Evolutionary Psychology)

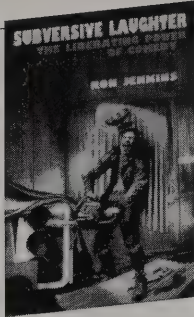
Robert Wright. Pantheon Books, 1994; 467 pp. ISBN 0-679-40773-1 \$27.50 (\$29.50 postpaid) from Random House, Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminister, MD 21157; 800/733-3000

- In other words maybe hierarchies serve "the good of the group" and are thus favored by "group selection." This theory was embraced by the popular writer Robert Ardrey, a prominent member of the generation of group selectionists whose decline marked the rise of the new Darwinian paradigm. If people weren't inherently capable of submission, Ardrey wrote, then "organized society would be impossible and we should have only anarchy."

Well, maybe so. But judging by the large number of essentially asocial species, natural selection doesn't seem to share Ardrey's concern for social order. It is perfectly willing to let organisms pursue inclusive fitness amid anarchy. Besides, if you start thinking carefully about this group-selectionist scenario, problems arise.

## Subversive Laughter

Ron Jenkins has sought out comedy, laughter, and clowning all over the world. This book attempts to synthesize his twenty years of study, performance, and research (including stints with Dario Fo, a Balinese clown troupe, and the Rudy Brothers Traveling Circus) into a sort of Unified Field Theory of Comedy. While the theory doesn't quite unify, he writes very clearly about his experiences in a variety of cultures, including South Africa, Lithuania, Bali, and Japan. The descriptions are great — though I wish the book were accompanied by a video of the described performers.  
—Adam G. Gertsacov



### Subversive Laughter (The Liberating Power of Comedy)

Ron Jenkins. Free Press, 1994;  
224 pp. ISBN 0-02-916405-2  
\$22.95 postpaid from Simon &  
Schuster, 200 Old Tappan  
Road, Old Tappan, NJ 07675;  
800/223-2336

• Speaking directly to the audience, Fo explains that the story might remind them of other acts of greed perpetrated in the name of the church. He suggests that the Vatican's collection of gold and jewels reflects a far more materialistic view of the world than was preached by Jesus, and launches into a discourse on the forgery of religious relics and the black market for bone fragments purported to be from the bodies of saints. "One dealer from Genoa sold the skeleton of Saint George to an Irish church," recounts Fo, "but it turned out to be the mummy of a crocodile from the Nile. What blasphemy! Not only was the body fake, it wasn't even Christian!"

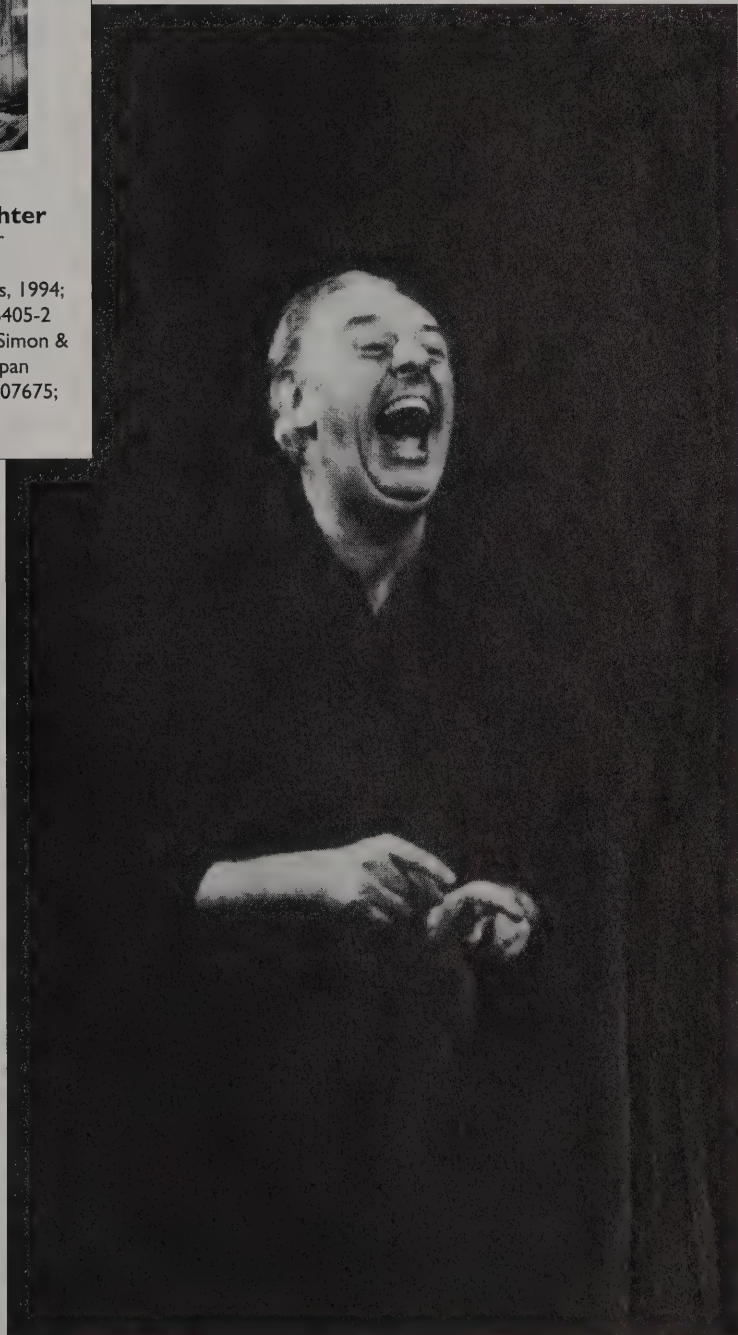
• My initiation into the mysteries of Japanese laughter came at an ancient Buddhist temple in Nara when I got stuck inside a hole in a sacred wooden pillar. It was supposed to bring luck to anyone who crawled through it, but I got wedged in with my shoulders on one side and my hips on the other. A crowd gathered around to watch the foreigner try to wriggle out, but my squirming got me nowhere. Looking around in panic at the stern-faced Japanese,

**Dario Fo mocks the perpetrators of political and religious corruption in Italy.**

I imagined their dismay at the prospect of an American infidel installed as a permanent feature of the temple architecture. I prayed to the giant Buddha behind us for a graceful exit.

To my surprise I felt tiny hands pushing at the soles of my size thirteen sneakers. Children were trying to help me through. Old women and businessmen

joined in the effort by pulling on my arms. After a few well-placed shoves, I plopped unceremoniously onto the floor of the temple courtyard. The crowd greeted my release with laughter and applause. In the course of my absurd dilemma a miniature community had come into being and forgiven me for disrupting the temple's decorum. I had entered the hole as an outsider, but by the time they pulled me through to the other side, I had been accepted into their clan, at least temporarily.



# Pitbull 11

**B**EFORE JESUS STEPPED IN and jammed the gun, I considered myself an outlaw. I know now that I was an addict, a thief, an armed robber, liar, fornicator, and a dealer. I broke all the Commandments but one. I never directly killed anyone, but I tried.

"Speed does kill. Everybody I know is dead, killed by meth and crosstops and booze and stupidity and greed. My little brother got me started on speed, on the streets of Seattle, when he was twelve and I was fourteen. We were walking down along Pike Street and he just walked up to this dude, gave him five bucks, and we went into the alley. My little brother was packing the works, man, at the age of twelve. First time meth hit my guts, I messed my pants.

"A year later I was popping myself in the side of the neck, getting the rush that much closer to my brain. I weighed a third of what you see before you. Look. I ground my molars smooth, just walking around. I was busy.

"Speed freaks need money. No mon no fun. In the early years I got mine out of adult movie theaters. You walk into the back room of a girly joint, you rip back one of those little curtains, you put a gun to the head of some guy who has his unit in his hand, take all his money, his watch, his eyeglasses, sometimes his shoes. Nobody who gets heisted in a porno shop is going to complain to the cops. There's forty-seven of those places between Seattle and Portland. Couple of times I got chased when I came back into the same place too soon, but I never got caught. Plenty of money for drugs and candy bars. There wasn't anything else to life.

*J. D. Smith is an old-time Whole Earth Catalog editor. He has not thus far been asked to leave Weston, Oregon. Nor has he grown so rich from his freelance writing that he would turn up his nose at somebody who wanted to retain him to do more of it. Contact him through WER if you're one of those somebodies. —JD(onnely)*

"My little brother, he always was smarter than me. By the time he was nineteen he knew how to manufacture the stuff, so we moved to Pasco and started the Bros in the Basement crystal meth factory. It would take us eleven days to build a batch, then we'd haul back to Seattle, down I-5 as far as Oakland. Two years later we were big-time wholesalers, rolling high. Everybody knew the Bros. My little brother was into late-sixties Camaros, big block, tuck and roll. I liked big motorcycles and bad dogs. I kept pitbulls.

"Our trouble was that we were addicts, didn't separate the buzz from the bucks. On the day we got busted we had been drinking and shooting up for six steady days, getting a delivery ready. We were lost and crazy. My little brother was driving his candy-apple-green fast ride, and I was in the backseat with my big pitbull, Breedin' Butch, and a sixteen-gauge Winchester pump shotgun, sucking a fifth of black Jack. Lost and crazy, man, cruising down I-5 through the armpit of Oregon and I am blowing away freeway signs with the shotgun, at seventy miles an hour, all along the busiest commercial route in the world.

"My little brother was even crazier than me. He wheels out an exit in Roseburg, Oregon, leaves me and the car idling in front of a Payless drugstore, then comes running out five minutes later, tosses a whole garbage sack of prescription drugs in my window, downers mainly, Seconal, Demerol, codeine, then peels back onto the freeway. I mean, you don't do that man. You don't stick up a chainstore pharmacy then make a getaway

BY J. D. SMITH

## (heard in Walla Walla, Washington)



in the only candy-apple-green automobile north of Pasadena. We never even thought about that. We were so far gone we were invisible.

"Then, south of Myrtle Creek, my little brother decides he has to pee, twists off into a Texaco station and runs for the head, leaving me and Butch and the trunkful of drugs, the garbage sack and the shotgun just sitting out in the open, like turds in a punchbowl. First thing I see in the mirror is a bubble-gum machine on top of an Oregon State cruiser, pulling up right behind us. I get sober and cranky and scared real fast.

"The windows of the Camero are smoked, way smoked, so I know that the state cop doesn't see me. I pump a shell into the shotgun. When the cop steps out of the car, I level on him, through the back window, and fully intend to remodel his face with safety glass and number six shot, but when I jerk the trigger there's just a big hollow click. I'd fired a thousand rounds through that gun, and that was the first dud shotgun shell I'd run into. I believe that Jesus Christ came into that car and saved me from the gas chamber and the fiery furnace of Hell by seizing the gun and causing it to misfire.

"Meanwhile my little brother comes out of the toilet, spots the cop, and splashes, man, faints all over the sidewalk before Allard, the arresting officer, even knows my little brother belongs to the

green car. I gotta hand it to Allard. He was careless and stupid and very lucky, but he took us alone.

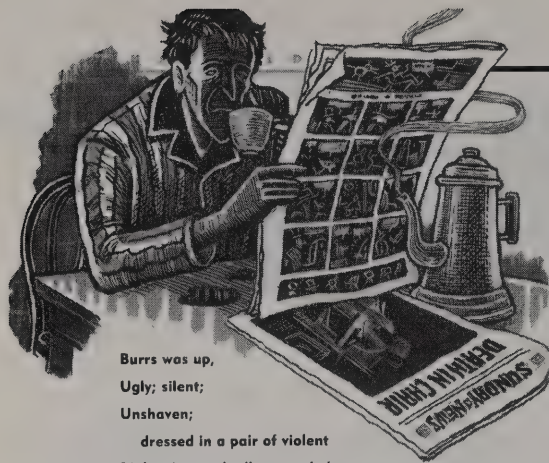
"While Allard is leaning over my little brother, I decide to call it quits myself, so I open the car door real easy, sticking my hands out first, but, when the door comes open far enough, Butch blows through the hole and takes Allard by the hamstring, big time. Pitbulls earn the reputation. This one was stout and awful close to mean. Allard is screaming and pounding with the butt of his revolver. Butch ain't letting go.

"There is only one sure way to get a pitbull to stop biting. You grab it by the tail and you put about this much of your finger straight up its asshole. That is what I did. Butch reached around to snap at whatever was bugging him, and Allard shot him through the head, then arrested us.

"Four counts of manufacturing a controlled substance, four of intent to deliver, one of armed robbery, one of illegal use of a firearm in the commission of a felony, one of interstate flight. I was looking at thirty years before Allard testified to the sentencing judge about Butch and how I had saved his leg. As it was I got five to fifteen, indeterminate, and spent six years and four days, working in the print shop, reading the Holy Word. Been on the streets three weeks. My little brother is still in there. Praise Jesus." 🐾



James Donnelly



Burrs was up,  
 Ugly; silent;  
 Unshaven;  
 dressed in a pair of violent  
 Pink pyjamas, badly crumpled.  
 His eyes were pouched.  
 His hair was rumped.  
 He sat brooding like a captive satyr  
 Over a cup and a percolator.  
 He was gross;  
 Morose.  
 The Sunday Tabloid spread before him  
 Rather unusually well supplied  
 With murder,  
 Rape,  
 And suicide,  
 Left him cold: unsatisfied.  
 Even the comics seemed to bore him.

## The Wild Party

Here's a book that takes right to the dance floor and cuts it up big-time — at least until the cops rush in. Reaching back to 1926, Art Spiegelman picked up the rhythm of Joseph Moncure March's syncopated rhyme and illustrated the work with giddy respect. The result is great fun and entirely adult. Not so oddly, its debauchery and lovestruck violence seems as much of the Raving Nineties as the Roaring Twenties. —Winslow Colwell



### The Wild Party (The Lost Classic)

Joseph Moncure March; drawings by Art Spiegelman. Pantheon Books, 1994; 112 pp. ISBN 0-679-42450-4 \$22 (\$24 postpaid) from Random House, Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminster, MD 21157; 800/733-3000



# 2

Studio;  
 Bedroom;  
 Bath;  
 Kitchenette:  
 Furnished like a third act passion set:  
 Oriental;  
 Sentimental;  
 They owed two months on the rental.

## Kooks

These pages are full of rants and raves, extraterrestrials, divine callings, flat earth and hollow earth societies, and even a method of obtaining spiritual enlightenment by drilling a hole in your head with an electric drill. **Kooks** takes you on a walk on the wild side of the thin line that separates the genius from the crackpot. Kossy treats the kooks herein with care and respect. Amidst their mental cacophony she manages to hear the human voices of individuals who, in their own ways, are trying to deal with the bewildering age we live in. —Paul Wintemitz

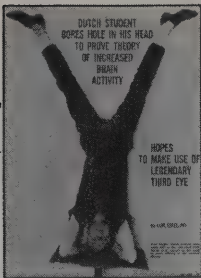
■ SCIENCE IS; Greasy Spoon Superstition. Now all know what we call the "Grease ball" world or delusion comes from the fact every school tells us, and is known by most, the "Ball-Planet" idea came from Grease. . . . Now, to anyone who has checked into this whole thing . . . know that the "great ones" of old Grease had a custom of eating "lard!" Now they didn't just dip it out with their hands, but used a spoon. So the glorious "founders" of the present education-science-religion system sat around eating lard from a bucket with a spoon . . .

Pink cushions,  
 Blue cushions: overlaid  
 With silk: with lace: with gold brocade.  
 These lay propped up on a double bed  
 That was covered with a Far East tapestry spread.

Chinese dragons with writhing backs:  
 Photographs caught to the wall with tacks:  
 Their friends in the profession,  
 Celebrities for the impression—  
 ("So's your old man—Isidore."  
 "Faithfully—Ethel Barrymore.")



On a Chinese lacquer tray there stood a  
 Gong with tassels, and a brass Buddha.  
 Brass candlesticks.  
 Orange candles.  
 An Art vase with broken handles,  
 Out of which came an upthrusting  
 Of cherry blossoms that needed dusting.



In 1970 Amanda Fielding decided to join Mellen in his blissful state, documenting the whole thing on film. . . . Fielding performed the operation herself with an electric drill. . . . One viewer of the film reports, "The film shows her carefully at work, dressed in a blood-spattered white robe. She shaves her hair, makes an incision in her head with a scalpel and calmly starts drilling. Blood spurts as she penetrates the skull. She lays aside the drill and with a triumphant smile advances toward the camera." . . . According to a film critic, at one London showing, the audience "dropped off their seats one by one like ripe plums."

All motions ever strive to go straight — until they bump. . . . nothing else ever happens at all. That's all there is. . . . In all the cosmos there is naught but straight-flying bumping, caroming and again straight flying. Phenomena are but lumps, jumps and bumps. A mass unit's career is but lumping, jumping, bumping, rejumping, rebumping, and finally unlumping.

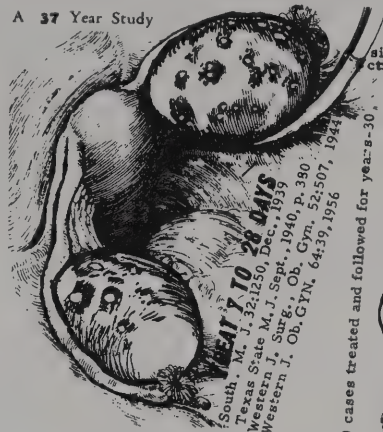


**Kooks**  
(A Guide to the Outer Limits of Human Belief)  
Donna Kossy. 1994; 253 pp.  
ISBN 0-922915-19-9 \$16.95 (\$18.95 postpaid)  
from Feral House, PO Box 3466, Portland,  
OR 97208-3466

## Harvard MD Decries Unnecessary Surgery In Treatment of the Polycystic Ovary - *NOT SURGERY- ENDOCRINE* *Com* **STILBESTROL STILL BEST. 1937-75**

The Treatment of Cystic Ovaries with Stilbestrol

A 37 Year Study



What to do with cystic ovaries of less than five centimeters in diameter, has been a problem to the medical profession ever since Ephraim McDowell rode 60 miles on December 13, 1809, to see a woman named Jane Todd Crawford, about an ovarian cyst.

### PROGESTINS CONTRAINDICATED ENDOCRINOLOGY.

**STILBESTROL**—0.5 milligram tablets. One-half tablet for 3 nights at 9:00 P. M.

Take 1 tablet for 3 nights  
2 tablets for 3 nights  
3 tablets for 3 nights  
TAKE HORMONE TABLETS AT 9:00 P. M.

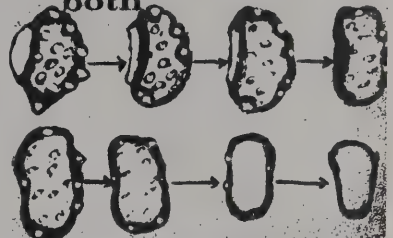
#### CASE STUDIES

There were 107 clinic and 118 private patients who were treated for cystic ovaries. The patients who were not aided by this therapy were laparotomized. The findings were: ten dermoids; seven paraovarian; four papillary cyst adenoma; two Brenner's tumors; two fibromas. None of these cysts ruptured.

and increase one NIGHTLY, if no nausea or if nausea controlled. B complex vitamin. Palpate ovaries weekly and see if they became smaller and smaller—if so are benign—malignant no change in 2 to 6 weeks.

Matropinal Rectal Suppositories (Blue) q 1-2 Hrs prevents side reactions.

### HEXESTROL or STILBESTROL ONLY or both



Use "Blue" Matropinal Rectal Suppositories to prevent & control Nausea or Side Reactions.

Over 2000 cases treated and followed for years—30.

and increase it NIGHTLY until taking 25mg nightly. B-Complex VITAMIN (Livitamin). First day—2 four time before the first dose at 9:00 P. M. IF EVER BECOME T SLIGHTEST OF NAUSEA, TAKE 3Vitamin every 15 to 30 minutes until it stops—usually —one to four doses. NOTE:—If no nausea from the 0.5mg tablet with vitamin then can increase the tablet, NIGHTLY. Can ever move up to the 5mg

KARL JOHN KARNARY, M.D., F.A.C.O.  
Director of The Obstetrical & Gynecological Research Foundati and Research Instit  
2164 Addison  
Houston, Tex 7702

## Woosh

Pick it up. Find a friend. Throw it. Catch it. Suddenly you are circus performer and Bodhisattva. In flight it seems the thing must be filled with helium. Also makes a fine hat. A Woosh saved the back of my neck from crippling sun at 13,000 feet in the high Sierra, and I would love it if only for that. But it is much more.

This frisbeeish object, a hoop of Spandex and plastic, is easier for children to throw than the hard plastic variety. Best of all, it causes no tears upon inadvertent impact to nose or parked car. During last year's MWEC siege the WE production crew threw three Wooshes around whenever it wasn't raining or windy. Now that the rains have passed, the '95 season is well under way. We are still entranced, and giggling. —Winslow Colwell

### Woosh

Approximately \$8 at your local toy store.

## You Can't Be Too Careful

Ah, death . . . what a hoot. Finally, a book combining the spirits of Monty Python and **Faces of Death**. Either you won't be able to stop reading aloud, prompting your friends to contemplate murder, or you'll live the rest of your days in fear of falling tar buckets and lawyers. —Andrew Needham



### You Can't Be Too Careful

David Pryce-Jones. 1992;  
80 pp. ISBN 1-56305-156-7  
\$4.95 (\$7.95 postpaid) from Workman  
Publishing Co., Consumer Orders,  
708 Broadway, New York, NY 10003;  
800/722-7202

- Nine people died in Ho Chi Minh City after a bridge collapsed under the weight of a fifty-strong crowd that had gathered to watch a girl commit suicide. The girl was rescued.

- Mr. Henry S. slipped to his death on the stairs of his home in Brixton because he was wearing shiny silk socks, a Southwark inquest was told.

- A Frenchwoman has been sentenced to five years in jail for killing her husband by regularly feeding him fruit tart laced with a powerful tranquilizer. Mme Marcelle de S. told a court in Metz that she had not meant to kill her husband with the sedatives, but just to keep him quiet.

- A thirty-four-year-old man died of blood poisoning in Varna, Bulgaria, after his wife, who had eaten contaminated fish, playfully bit the lobe of his ear.

## The Body Atlas

This book is a must for a pre-pubescent child's library, and should be front-and-center at any pediatrician's office.

Gloriously illustrated, **The Body Atlas** takes an artistic approach to its examination of human anatomy and physiology. Mark Crocker relates the inner workings and functions of the body to everyday circumstances, beginning with a map of the body depicted as a fictional town. These relations are in the book everywhere; the digestive system acting as a conveyor belt, your bloodstream a system of roads and highways, your nervous system the body's communication network.

## Death to Dust

Don't read this book over breakfast. But if you've ever wondered about how long a body takes to decompose, how cremation is carried out, or what undertakers do when they embalm, **Death to Dust** is for you.

Iseron's motive is simple. He wants to persuade us that our bodies are going to be useless masses of decomposing waste soon after we're dead (no matter what the morticians tell us), so we should consider bequeathing organs and tissues to those who can use them. In the process he gives fascinating discussions of everything from cryonics to grave robbing.

**Death to Dust** makes its case informatively, persuasively, and with flashes of macabre humor. If you've ever wondered what will happen to your mortal remains after you're gone, you should read this book. —Richard Smoley

NB: To encourage us to bequeath our remains for harvesting, the publishers have thoughtfully included a handy-dandy organ/tissue donor card on the book flap. It may be photocopied for duplication. **WER** hopes you'll share it with friends and family. —Vera



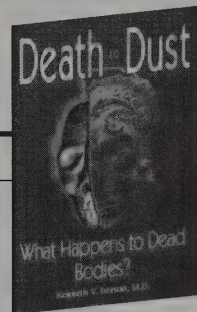
- Carnivores and rodents also help destroy exposed corpses. Carnivores, including dogs, coyotes, wolves, and foxes, eat the body's soft tissues, especially the face and hands. They also prefer the spongy part of the arm and leg bones, pelvis and backbone. Dogs and coyotes eat exposed human corpses in a definite order . . . and often carry the bones long distances to their dens to continue feeding. Mice and rats generally feed on the soft tissues of the face, hands, and feet, on the abdominal organs, and on the small bones of the hands and feet. The farther away from human habitation a corpse lies, the greater the chance that a carnivore will feed on it, although even Lassie might take a bite from a corpse should one show up in her neighborhood.

### Death to Dust

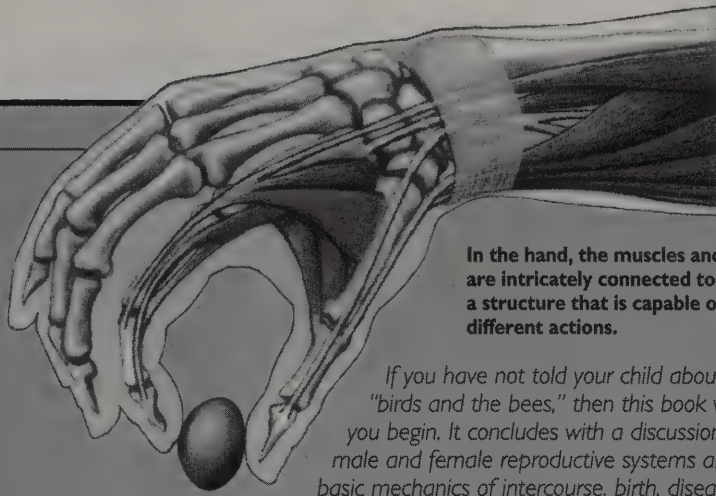
(What Happens to Dead Bodies?)  
Kenneth V. Iseron. 1994; 740 pp.  
ISBN 1-883620-07-4  
\$38.95 (\$41.95 postpaid) from Galen Press,  
Limited, PO Box 64400, Tucson, AZ  
85728-4400; 602/577-8363

A would-be body snatcher discovering a premature burial. Originally published by J. B. Winslow: *The Uncertainty of the Signs of Death*, London, 1746.

- Any body may be cremated, but many items in our bodies do not burn. Dental gold, prostheses, metal plates, and metal sutures or screws cannot be destroyed by cremation. Although pacemakers do not burn, those with lithium batteries explode when cremated. Most funeral directors remove pacemakers before cremation to eliminate this hazard. They normally discard the device unless the family requests that it be given back. While cremated tooth fillings emit so much mercury that health authorities are investigating them as toxic air pollutants, bodies with some radioactive isotopes, such as those administered in diagnostic and therapeutic medical procedures, may be cremated. The crematorium must keep special records and must not handle an excess amount of radioactive material per year.



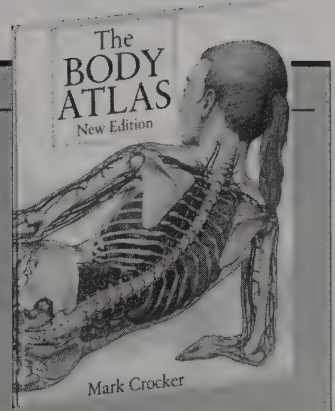




In the hand, the muscles and bones are intricately connected to form a structure that is capable of many different actions.

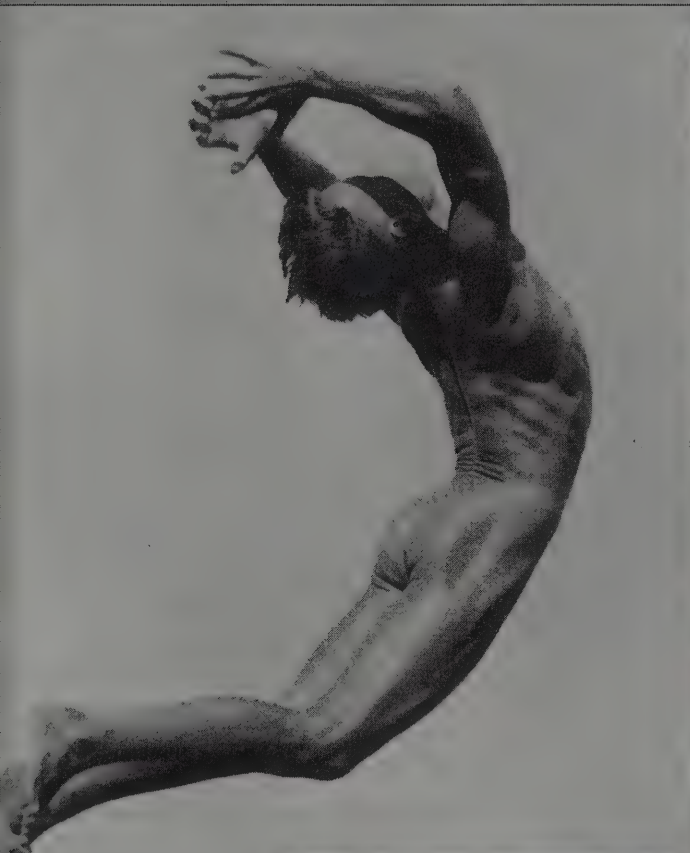
If you have not told your child about the "birds and the bees," then this book will help you begin. It concludes with a discussion of the male and female reproductive systems and the basic mechanics of intercourse, birth, diseases and immunizations, and aging. The final two sections include body facts and a glossary.

This is a marvelous book to sit down and read with your pre-teen. I know it will help my family. —Ed Tankus



### The Body Atlas

Mark Crocker. 1994;  
64 pp. ISBN 0-19-520963-X  
\$16.95 (\$18.95 postpaid) from  
Oxford University Press, Order Dept.,  
2001 Evans Road, Cary, NC 27513;  
800/451-7556



Leaping Man c. 1930.

The Hilton Siamese Twins of Texas 1925.



## The Body

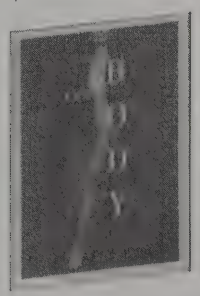
Since the advent of the daguerreotype, photographers have had a fascination with the human body. The Victorians, seeing in the photograph a final measure of objective truth, used pictures for anthropological and anatomical studies (studies that also fueled a growing market for pornography). Postmoderns, convinced that all truth is relative, distort, fragment, splice, divide, and restructure images of the human form. Between these two extremes we have more than a hundred years' photos of humanity used for art, science, propaganda, and advertising.

**The Body** explores these images, how they are used, and how the photos affect our perception of ourselves. This collection of photos is too varied to accurately summarize: carnival freaks to olympic athletes, Victorian dirty postcards to postmodern fine-art collages, sublime freaks, freakish advertising beauties, stunning displays of human potential. This is not a coffee-table celebration of humanity; it will surprise, delight, and challenge the reader. —Wade Fox

I have said that an image is political when it is used to sway our opinions because images are often appropriated for uses which were never intended by their makers. In the 1930s Nazi propagandists juxtaposed medical photographs of deformed and handicapped bodies with the distorted figures of Expressionist paintings to 'prove' the degeneracy of the artists and thereby justify censorship. In our own time, 'Pro Life' demonstrators hold up a medical photograph of a foetus in the womb to attack what they see as the inhuman practice of abortion, while a clothing manufacturer appropriates an image of a man dying of AIDS for an advertisement. Where politics are concerned, context is all.

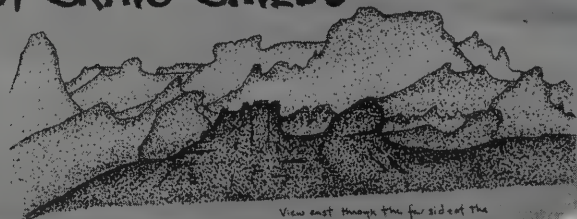
### The Body

(Photographs of the Human Form)  
William A. Ewing. 1994; 432 pp.  
ISBN 0-8118-0762-2  
\$29.95 (\$33.45 postpaid) from Chronicle  
Books, Order Dept., 275 5th Street, San  
Francisco, CA 94103; 800/722-6657



# FIELD NOTES

TEXT AND DRAWINGS  
BY CRAIG CHILDS



View east through the far side of the Kofu mesa basin.

In March, which precedes the season of ice and mud in the San Juan Mountains, I construct a tepee in a meadow between Horsefly Peak and Dallas Creek. The meadow is an open bank of grasses which spans ponderosa forests. At its edges the elk and deer congregate at certain times of the year. It leads south and east, into walls of young, seditious mountains, which erode in radical dives like candle wax. Wind channels along this meadow, brushed off the mountains like a shrugged comment. When the bulky ponderosa pines are reigned by snow, the wind selects a few and hurls them to the earth, snapping roots in frozen soil. In the winter the drifts range freely over the meadow, building gentle waves as capricious as dune sand. In this part of Colorado March is the season of the big avalanches and I build the

structure, a Cheyenne design, on a day between storms, leaning the stripped lodgepoles into each other and draping the skeleton with canvas.

I have moved here from the town of Ouray, twenty miles away, where the sun has been reaching my window just before lunch and setting in the early afternoon between an array of 13,000-foot mountains. I had rented the top floor of a house on Main Street from the county judge, although I spent much of my time elsewhere in the county, putting together the local newspaper. As I had been warned, the electric baseboard heating failed severely through the winter. (I was later told that every newcomer to town gets stuck with this top-floor apartment. Surviving the winter there is a sordid initiation and its residents have consistently fled come March or April, as if we were the butt of a nasty local prank.)

I haul a woodstove to the tepee site and heave my belongings inside, just before it snows again. When I show up a week later at the hardware store to buy a cover for the stovepipe, which extends just above the tepee door, I smell like I've been in a smokehouse and I am groggy from a night of little sleep. "Woodstove back up on you in the wind?" the guy asks. I grunt and shove him wadded bills.

Slowly, pieces of my life come together. I build an entryway

of moss rock and lay sturdy carpet inside. From the nearest road I heft pieces of antique furniture and arrange them artfully around the stove, adding to them a huge down quilt I made when I was in Ouray. The quilt pinpoints home: much later, when I am traveling for years on end, it will be boxed up so that mice can't get to it. Its patterns backdrop my dreams like a nesting instinct calling me back. The threads and scraps run between me and home, like trying to walk away from a sewing table and they are tangled all over my legs.

I carry in a solar panel and lean it against the tepee's south face, to power my computer, a radio that picks up the two stations that make it this far, and a hand-held food processor. In the summer I've got a solar shower outside and I dry off in the sun. In the winter I use a ceramic pitcher and basin with warm water and a towel, and when I wash my hair outside it freezes into an unfashionable style within seconds. There are floods after monumental storms which are melted by sunny days; I move the tepee to higher ground just inside the forest.

Snow rattles against the white marine canvas in storms: a gracious sound that covers me like a protective blanket, sealing me around the warm woodstove and burying the door while I sleep. There are winters of struggling to keep water from freezing, not to mention toothpaste and peanut butter. Eventually I realize that it is impossible to keep water fluid between October and April. Miners in town tell me I just have to sleep with it in my bed. The night the air inside reaches 27 below



zero, I kick the water bottles out of bed and let them fend for themselves on the floor.

Quiet dreams are sunk into the pillows in the summer. The soft end of a quilt is bunched between my clutching fingers and my cheek. In these dreams I know that the sun is up. The tepee is absorbing light, spreading it through the carvas, then immersing the interior. But my knowledge of it is distant, like hearing my mother calling from very far away, and I turn to keep playing.

There is a breeze on my face, as if someone were blowing on my eyelids. I barely let go of the dreams and open my eyes like carefully peeling the shell off an Easter egg.

A hummingbird is floating just above my nose. I am not breathing. I know not to move, even though the dream and the hummingbird have yet to separate. Seventy wingbeats per second send a draft across my lips. With serious, black points for eyes it studies me.

It is a broad-tailed hummingbird, a male with a throat the color of fresh raspberries, its back iridescent green like a metallic scarab. It is barely the length of my shortest finger. Its curled feet could land square on a matchhead.

It flits away so quickly I only see where it ends up: the red wooden handle on the kettle. Then the red knobs on the antique cabinet. Red is the color hummingbirds go weak over. It hovers, investigating the red in the oil lamp. Its needle bill points long and thin to slip into the sticky recesses of a flower. It finds no nectar at the lamp, then suddenly appears elsewhere. A pile of red yarn.

It begins rising, making rounds through the elliptical shape of the tepee. Its levitating circles grow tighter near the top where the lodgepoles come together. It then shoots out through the open smoke flaps. I can hear the whir of tight wings racing into the forest. That is when I breathe again and let go of the dreams all together, slipping into morning. ☺

## Real Places

The author of this wide-eyed book tugs at your sleeve, points, prods, and gets you to see the part of the world you live in with new eyes. His sometimes trivial, sometimes essential selections identify the very fabric of what you mean when you say you "know your way around," but he missed the hollow forsythia bush I used as headquarters when I was about eight years old. The there that makes the there there is there, though. There.  
—J. Baldwin



### Real Places

(An Unconventional Guide to America's Generic Landscape)  
Grady Clay. University of Chicago Press, 1994; 297 pp. ISBN 0-226-10946-1  
\$35 (\$38 postpaid) from Chicago Distribution Center, 11030 S. Langley Avenue, Chicago, IL 60628; 800/621-2736



Familiar and often illegal, crosses put up along roadsides memorialize fatalities, either in groups or alone, as here in the median of I-65, southern Indiana, viewed to the north against a backdrop of older wreck jobs and junkers at upper left.

*This is the third consecutive appearance of Craig Childs's "Field Notes" in WER. His Stone Desert is forthcoming from Westcliff Publishers. He is also working on a book about his encounters with animals. His last letter began this way:*

I am sluggishly withdrawing my grip from San Diego, turning my truck around and pointing it back to Arizona, to the desert. I have been frisked to get into a rave club, have stayed out dancing until 6 a.m., have been fondled in passing by a number of transvestites, and the whole time have wanted to shout, "I am not from here! This is not my world! Somebody help me!"

—JD



# INDEX 1994

BY DAVID BURNOR

This index comprises the last three issues of *Whole Earth Review* (#82, #83, #84).

Book titles are in *italics*.

The authors of books reviewed are included.



**Abdallah, Anouar, et al.**  
*For Rushdie*, 83:80

**Aboba, Bernard**  
*Online User's Encyclopedia, The*, 82:24

**Accidents**  
*Fatal Moments*, 83:68

**Ackerman, Diane**  
*Natural History of the Senses, A*, 83:59

**Acoustic Guitar**, 84:52

**Acoustic Guitar Guide, The**, 84:46

**Activism**  
*Change of Heart, A*, 82:60  
Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, 84:43  
*Kindness of Strangers, The*, 83:74  
*Learning True Love*, 82:57  
*Plan for Improvisation,* 84:37

**Advertising**  
*Naked Consumer, The*, 84:97

**Africa**  
*"African Rhythms,"* 84:50  
*Bamba*, 84:50  
*Boyobi*, 84:53  
*No Make Palaver*, 84:50  
*Song from the Forest*, 84:53

**African-American women**  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God*, 83:60

**Agate, Elizabeth**  
*Footpaths*, 83:63

**Agng**  
*Coming To Age*, 83:61  
*Second 50 Years, The*, 83:61

**Agriculture**  
*At Nature's Pace*, 83:114  
*Farming for the Future*, 84:106  
*Great Central Valley, The*, 84:107  
*In Good Hands*, 84:109

**Aikido**  
see also Martial Arts.  
*"Holy Curiosity, A,"* 82:52

**Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do**, 83:60

**Ainu people**  
*Our Land Was a Forest*, 84:79

**Alaska**  
*Four Seasons North*, 83:112

**Alchemy**  
*Jewish Alchemists, The*, 84:21

**Alien Dreamtime**, 82:106

**Allen, Marvin**  
*Angry Men, Passive Men*, 84:60

**Alstad, Diana**  
*Guru Papers, The*, 82:60

**Alternative medicine**  
see Health, Medicine.

**Amazon**  
*True Hallucinations*, 82:107  
*World Is As You Dream It, The*, 84:35

**American West**  
*Before the Wilderness*, 82:42  
*Gunfighter Nation*, 83:19  
*"Tex-Mex Music,"* 84:51  
*Under Western Skies*, 84:106  
*Way We Lived, The*, 82:42

**Amish**  
*At Nature's Pace*, 83:114

**Anarchy**  
*T.A.Z.: Temporary Autonomous Zone*, 82:61

**And No Birds Sing**, 84:110

**Anderson, Kat**  
*Before the Wilderness*, 82:42

**Angry Men, Passive Men**, 84:60

**Anima**, 83:20

**Animals**  
see Endangered species, Zoology.

**Animation**  
*Making Movies on Your PC*, 82:55, 84:119

**Anomalies**  
*Journal of Scientific Exploration*, 83:21

**Another Lost Whole Moose Catalog**, 83:112

**Appropriate technology**  
see also Technology.  
*Plain*, 82:13

**Arboreal Expeditions**, 83:111

**Archaeology**  
see also History.  
*"Leaving Things Behind,"* 84:116

**Architecture**  
*City Comforts*, 84:90  
*Edge of the Millennium, The*, 84:100  
*Greenhome*, 82:51  
*Homing Instinct*, 83:53  
*Houses of Glass*, 83:52  
*"How Buildings Learn,"* 83:44  
*Show Starts on the Sidewalk, The*, 84:98  
*SITES*, 83:52  
*3D Home Architect*, 83:83

**Army**  
see Military.

**Aromatherapy Quarterly**, 84:114

**Art**  
see also Graphic design.  
*Artist Beware*, 84:101  
*Fine Artist*, 84:101  
*How to Draw Plants*, 84:111  
*Messing Around with Drinking Straw Construction*, 83:62  
*Paintbrush Diplomacy*, 84:69  
*Painting Plant Portraits*, 84:111  
*Perspective*, 82:73  
*World of Enchantment: Legends & Myths*, 84:69

**Art & Science of Dumpster Diving**, 82:80

**Art Meets Science and Spirituality in a Changing Economy**, 82:106

**Art of Warfare, The**, 83:12

**Artificial life**  
*Artificial Life Playhouse*, 84:99  
*"Out of Control,"* 82:82

**Asia**  
see also Japan.  
*Asian Mind Game*, 83:30  
*Gnosis on the Silk Road*, 84:21  
*Nautilus Bulletin*, 84:74

**Astonishing Hypothesis, The**, 84:115

**At Nature's Pace**, 83:114

**Atlases**  
*Atlas of Satellite Observations Related to Global Change*, 83:87  
*Japan: a Bilingual Atlas*, 84:76  
*Map Catalog, The*, 83:84

**Atomic Bomb**  
see Nuclear energy & weapons.

**Attentive Heart, The**, 83:111

**Audio recordings**  
see also Music.  
New Dimensions Radio & Tapes, 84:66  
Sounds True Audio, 84:66

**Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment**, 84:113

**Autoharp**  
*Autoharp Book, The*, 84:47  
*Care & Feeding of the Autoharp*, 84:47  
*Folk Style Autoharp*, 84:47  
*Mandolin Bros.*, 84:47

**Automobiles**  
see Transportation.

**Awakening of the West, The**, 84:20



**Backpacking**  
Convertible Backpacks, 83:86

**Balance**, 84:50

**Baldwin, J.**  
*"Classic Obstacles,"* 82:72  
*"Four-Wheel Jive,"* 83:79  
*"Poison Spider Tag,"* 82:47  
*"Smart Highways?,"* 84:86  
*"Where Did You Get Your Axe?,"* 82:16

**Balog, James**  
*Anima*, 83:20

**Bamba**, 84:50

**Barak, Gregg**  
*Gimme Shelter*, 83:74

**Barber, Theodore Xenophos**  
*Human Nature of Birds, The*, 83:63

**Barry, Dave**  
*Dave Barry Does Japan*, 84:82

**Barstow, Anne Llewellyn**  
*Witchcraze*, 84:20

**Basch, Reva**  
*Secrets of the Super Searchers*, 82:33

**Baseball**  
*You Gotta Have Wa*, 84:83

**Batchelor, Stephen**  
*Awakening of the West, The*, 84:20

**Bathing**  
*How to Take a Japanese Bath*, 84:76

**Battin, Tom, Editor**  
*Guide to Automating Information & Referral Systems*, 82:32

**Baum, Alice S.**  
*Nation in Denial, A*, 83:74

**Beard, Henry**  
*"How a Book Gets Published,"* 83:116

**Beat poetry**  
howls raps & roars, 82:71

**Before the Wilderness**, 82:42

**Bel-Bolt**, 83:86

**Ben-Horin, Daniel**  
*"CompuMentor,"* 82:30  
*Guide to Online Systems for Nonprofits*, 82:32

**Bennett, Hal Zina**  
*Holotropic Mind, The*, 82:107

**Berry, Thomas, Editor**  
*Earth and Spirit*, 84:29

**Bey, Hakim**  
*T.A.Z.: Temporary Autonomous Zone*, 82:61

**Beyond Machiavelli**, 84:14

**Bible**  
*What the Bible Really Says*, 84:98

**Bicycles**  
Convertible Backpacks, 83:86  
HelMuls, 84:93  
Pedal Pusher Bike Buyer's Guide, 84:93

**Bill Monroe: Father of Bluegrass Music**, 82:71

**Binoculars**  
*Outdoor Optics*, 82:50

**Biodiversity**  
see also Biology, Environment, Evolution.  
*Biophilia Hypothesis, The*, 82:43

**Biography**  
*How Can I Keep from Singing*, 84:43  
*Street Zen*, 82:69

**Biology**  
see also Evolution, Zoology.  
*Artificial Life Playhouse*, 84:99  
*By Nature's Design*, 83:87  
*Naturalist*, 84:111  
*"Out of Control,"* 82:82  
*Secret Garden, The*, 84:104

**Biophilia Hypothesis, The**, 82:43

**Biotechnology**  
*Perilous Knowledge*, 83:115

**Birds**  
*And No Birds Sing*, 84:110  
*Human Nature of Birds, The*, 83:63

**Birnbaum, Alexandra Mayes**  
*Europe for Business Travelers*, 83:76  
*United States for Business Travelers*, 83:76

**Birnbaum, Alfred, Editor**  
*Monkey Brain Sushi*, 84:82

**Bitzinger, Richard A.**  
*Globalization of Arms Production*, 83:12

**Blackburn, Thomas C.**  
*Before the Wilderness*, 82:42

**Blackley, Becky**  
*Autoharp Book, The*, 84:47  
*Care & Feeding of the Autoharp*, 84:47

**Blank, Joani**  
*Femalia*, 83:58

**Blanton, Brad**  
*Radical Honesty*, 83:20

**Blood, Peter**  
*Rise up Singing*, 84:42  
*Where Have All the Flowers Gone*, 84:42

**Blues**  
*Land Where the Blues Began*, 84:44  
*Nothing But the Blues*, 84:44

**Bodanis, David**  
*Secret Garden, The*, 84:104

**Bolt, Bruce A.**  
*Earthquakes and Geological Discovery*, 83:114

**Book of Stratagems, The**, 83:30

**Books and booksellers**  
see also Censorship, Education, Literature.  
Extreme Books, 82:104  
Kinokuniya Book Stores of America, 84:81  
Laissez Faire Books, 82:81

**Borrowed Design**, 84:100

**Borstein, Kate**  
*Dagger*, 84:60

**Bosnia**  
*Zlata's Diary*, 84:69

**Botany**  
*Carnivorous Plant Growing Guide*, 84:105  
*Carnivorous Plants*, 84:105  
*Exotic Pest Plan Councils (EPPC)*, 83:105  
*How to Draw Plants*, 84:111  
*Painting Plant Portraits*, 84:111  
*Secret Garden, The*, 84:104  
*"Slow-Motion Explosion,"* 83:101  
*"Weed Vandalism,"* 83:104  
*Wildlife Survivors*, 84:113

**Bottom-Up Review, The**, 83:12

**Box Beam Sourcebook**, 83:82

**Boyobi**, 84:53

**Brady, Mark**  
*"My Difficulty With Dharma Talks,"* 82:58

**Brain**  
*Mega Brain Power*, 83:85

**Brand, Stewart**  
*"How Buildings Learn,"* 83:44

**Branscomb, Anne Wells**  
*Who Owns Information?*, 83:95

**Bringhurst, Robert**  
*Elements of Typographic Style, The*, 83:98

**Broadcasting**  
*Media Events*, 83:97

**Buddhism**  
*Awakening of the West, The*, 84:20  
*Cultivating the Empty Field*, 84:26  
*Learning True Love*, 82:57  
*Passionate Enlightenment*, 84:66  
*Peace is Every Step*, 82:54  
*Street Zen*, 82:69  
*Thank You and OK!*, 84:84  
*Tricycle*, 82:55  
*Turning Wheel*, 82:55  
*What the Buddha Never Taught*, 82:56

**Building**  
see also Architecture, Design.  
*Box Beam Sourcebook*, 83:82  
*Gridcore Structural Panels*, 83:86  
*"How Buildings Learn,"* 83:44  
*Wood Reference Handbook*, 83:53

**Bulletin board systems**

see Internet.

**Bunting, Eve**

*Fly Away Home*, 83:73

**Burberry Trench coat**, 83:77**Business**

see also Economics, Employment.

*Asian Mind Game*, 83:30

"Classic Obstacles," 82:72

*Enterprising Women*, 84:63

*Europe for Business Travelers*, 83:76

"Greenhouse 101," 84:16

*Human Element, The*, 84:28

*Mindfulness and Meaningful Work*, 84:29

"Mutual Life," 84:5

*SELLING Magazine*, 83:98

*United States for Business Travelers*, 83:76

**Butler, Robert O.**

*Good Scent From a Strange Mountain*, 82:56

**By Nature's Design**, 83:87**Café Mam Organically Grown Coffee**, 82:28**Cajete, Gregory**

*Look to the Mountain*, 84:108

**California**

*Before the Wilderness*, 82:42

*Great Central Valley, The*, 84:107

*Way We Lived, The*, 82:42

**Can-Do Clamp**, 82:28**Canada**

*Old Time Fiddlers of Prince Edward*

*Island*, 82:70

*Tremendous Canada of Light, A*, 83:95

**Canadian Wood Council**

*Wood Reference Handbook*, 83:53

**Canopy Climbs**, 83:111**Care & Feeding of the Autoharp**, 84:47**Careers**

see Employment.

**Caretaker Gazette, The**, 84:61**Carney, George O., Editor**

*Sounds of People and Places, The*, 84:45

**Carnivorous Plant Growing Guide**, 84:105**Carnivorous Plants**, 84:105**Carpentry**

see Building, Woodworking.

**Cars**

see Transportation.

**Cartography**

*Dymaxion Globe*, 84:26

*Map Catalog, The*, 83:84

**Cartoons**

see Comics.

**Censorship**

see also Media.

*For Rushdie*, 83:80

"Futility in Cyberspace," 84:94

**Center for Civic Networking**, 82:27**Center for Defense Information**

*Defense Monitor*, 84:72

**Chadwick, David**

"It's the Plutonium Economy, Stupid," 84:70

"Jenglish and Englese," 84:84

*Thank You and OK!*, 84:84

**Chang, Stephen T.**

*Complete System of Self-Healing*, 83:21

**Change of Heart, A**, 82:60**Cheney, Walter J., et al.**

*Second 50 Years, The*, 83:61

**Chesser, Barbara**

*Fatal Moments*, 83:68

**Children**

see also Education, Toys.

*DinoPark Tycoon*, 84:68

*Earth-Friendly Toys*, 84:68

*Gardens For Growing People*, 84:114

*Kids Shenanigans*, 84:68

*Paintbrush Diplomacy*, 84:69

*Stroller Pack*, 84:92

*World of Enchantment:*

*Legends & Myths*, 84:69

*Zlata's Diary*, 84:69

**Childs, Craig Leland**

"Field Notes," 84:102

"Leaving Things Behind," 84:116

**Chimpanzees**

*Visions of Caliban*, 84:15

**"Chorus of Stones, A"**

Griffin, Susan, 83:13

**Christianity**

*Just As I Am*, 83:68

*Promise of Nature, The*, 82:12

*What the Bible Really Says*, 84:98

**Chu, Chin-Ning**

*Asian Mind Game*, 83:30

**City planning**

*City Comforts*, 84:90

**"Civic Networking"**

Rheingold, Howard, 82:26

**Civilization**, 82:24**Clamps**

Can-Do Clamp, 82:28

**"Classic Obstacles"**

Baldwin, J., 82:72

**Clearcut**, 83:113**Clearwater (the Video)**, 84:43**Cleary, Thomas**

*Human Element, The*, 84:28

*Thunder in the Sky*, 84:66

**Climate**

*Atlas of Satellite Observations Related to*

*Global Change*, 83:87

**Climbing**

*Arboreal Expeditions*, 83:111

*Canopy Climbs*, 83:111

*New Tribe*, 83:111

*On Rope*, 83:111

*Rappelling*, 83:111

*Tree Climbers International*, 83:111

"Waking Up the Monkey," 83:106

**Clothing**

*Burberry Trench coat*, 83:77

*Driza-Bone Rainwear*, 83:76

*HellMuts*, 84:93

*Tilley Hats*, 84:92

*Zanika Sportswear*, 83:111

**Coffee**

*Café Mam Organically Grown Coffee*, 82:28

**Cohn, Lawrence, Editor**

*Nothing But the Blues*, 84:44

**"Cold Fusion" Magazine**, 84:34**Comics**

"How a Book Gets Published," 83:116

*Tune in Tomorrow*, 84:99

**Coming To Age**, 83:61**Communications**

see also Internet.

"Civic Networking," 82:26

"Digital Dark Horse—Newspapers," 83:23

*Edge of the Millennium, The*, 84:100

"Making Sense of the 'Information

Superhighway'," 82:18

*Technologies of Freedom*, 84:96

*Tremendous Canada of Light, A*, 83:95

**Compass and Gyroscope**, 82:17**COMPASS: Oregon ED-NET**, 82:27**Complete System of Self-Healing**, 83:21**Complexity**

"Out of Control," 82:82

**"CompuMentor"**

Ben-Horin, Daniel, 82:30

**Computer games**

see Software.

**Computer networks**

see Internet.

**Computers**

see also Information technologies,

Internet, Software.

"CompuMentor," 82:30

"Futility in Cyberspace," 84:94

"How to Get a Job as a Software

Designer," 83:35

"Lonely Thrill of Self-Encryption," 83:34

"MacMagic," 83:55

"Making Sense of the 'Information

Superhighway,'" 82:18

*PC First-Aid Kit, The*, 83:81

*SafeBoot PC Security System*, 83:34

*Secrets of a Super Hacker*, 83:80

*Secrets of the Super Searchers*, 82:33

*Zapl!: How your computer can hurt you*, 84:97

**Conflict resolution**

see Negotiating.

**Conjunto music**

"Tex-Mex Music," 84:51

**Connell, John**

*Homing Instinct*, 83:53

**Consciousness**

*Asian Mind Game, The*, 82:107

**Conservation**

see Environment.

**Construction**

see Architecture, Building.

**Consumer goods**

*Naked Consumer, The*, 84:97

*Re-Made in Japan*, 84:80

**Controlling Technology**, 84:96**Convertible Backpacks**, 83:86**Cooking**

*Large Quantity Recipes*, 84:109

*Permaculture Book of Ferment & Human*

*Nutrition*, 84:108

**Corporations**

see Business.

**Corridos**, 84:51**Cosmology**

"Is the Universe Alive?," 84:30

**Crafts**

see also Art, Design.

*Messing Around with Drinking Straw*

*Construction*, 83:62

**Craig, James**

*Working with Graphic Designers*, 84:101

**Cramer, Richard Ben**

*What It Takes*, 82:33

**Crash Collusion**, 82:104**Creating Health**, 84:63**Creative Fire, The**, 82:46**Creative Problem Solver's Toolbox**, 82:73**Crick, Francis**

*Astonishing Hypothesis, The*, 84:115

**Crime**

*Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do*, 83:60

**Cuban music**

*Good-bye Mr. Cat*, 84:50

**Cultivating the Ch'i**, 84:26**Cultivating the Empty Field**, 84:26**Cults**

*Guru Papers, The*, 82:60

**Culture**

*Culture Jamming*, 82:100

*Mapping American Culture*, 84:27

*Mapping the Invisible Landscape*, 84:27

*MediaCulture Review*, 82:100

*Mediamatic*, 82:102

**Culture, Japanese**

*Dave Barry Does Japan*, 84:82

*How to Take a Japanese Bath*, 84:76

*Japan Inside Out*, 84:77

*Japan Through American Eyes*, 84:80

"Jenglish and Englese," 84:84

*Learning to Bow*, 84:77

*Our Land Was a Forest*, 84:79

*Thank You and OK!*, 84:84

*Tokyo Style*, 84:83

*Wabi-Sabi for Artists, Designers, Poets &*

*Philosophers*, 84:78

**Culture, Native American**

*Before the Wilderness*, 82:42

*In Good Hands*, 84:109

*Look to the Mountain*, 84:108

*Way We Lived, The*, 82:42

**Cybernetics & Human Knowing**, 84:15**Cyberspace**

see Internet.

**D&G Sign and Label**, 84:92**D'Amato, Peter**

*Carnivorous Plant Growing Guide*, 84:105

**Dagger**, 84:60**Dass, Ram**

*Change of Heart, A*, 82:60

**Databases**

see Online databases

**Dave Barry Does Japan**, 84:82**Davis, Kenneth**

*Don't Know Much About Geography*, 83:21

**Davis, Mary Bird**

*Old Growth in the East*, 83:111

**Dawson, Robert**

*Great Central Valley, The*, 84:107

**Dayan, Daniel**

*Media Events*, 83:97

**Death and dying**

*Fatal Moments*, 83:68

**Defense industry**



**Dorsey, Issan**  
*Street Zen*, 82:69

**Drawing**  
 see Art, Graphic design.

**Dreams**, 84:61

**Dreamtime Talkingmail**, 82:104

**Driza-Bone Rainwear**, 83:76

**Duby, Georges, Editor**  
*History of Private Life, Vol. II*, 84:62

**Dulcimers**  
 Jeremy Seeger Dulcimers, 84:47

**Dunaway, David K.**  
*How Can I Keep from Singing*, 84:43

**Dunnington, Bruce**  
 "Lonely Thrill of Self-Encryption," 83:34

**Dymaxion Globe**, 84:26

**Dyna Girl**  
 "Regarding Slacking," 82:80



*Earth and Spirit*, 84:29

*Earth As Transformed by Human Action*, 84:112

*Earth Ship*, 84:74

*Earth-Friendly Toys*, 84:68

*Earthquakes and Geological Discovery*, 83:114

"**Earthsick**"  
 smith, jd, 84:89

**Ebensten, Hanns**  
*Volleyball with the Cuna Indians*, 83:69

**Ebersole, Lucinda**  
*Mondo Barbie*, 83:68

**Ecological design**  
*Ecological Design*, 84:90  
*Environmental by Design*, 84:91

**Economics**  
 see also Business.  
 Nautilus Bulletin, 84:74  
*Seven Laws of Money, The*, 83:30

**EcoTimber International**, 82:40

*Edge of the Millennium, The*, 84:100

**Education**  
 see also Environmental education.  
*Asian Mind Game*, 83:30  
*Learning to Bow*, 84:77  
 "MacMagic," 83:55  
*Possibilities Catalog*, 84:28

**Egan, Timothy P.**  
*Good Rain*, 82:41

**Elderly**  
 see Aging.

**Elderly Instruments**, 84:48

*Elements of Typographic Style, The*, 83:98

*Elevator Music*, 84:44

"**Elvis Sighted in Ancient Rome**"  
 DiLucchio, Patrizia, 83:89

**Email**  
 see also Internet.  
 Eudora 2.01, 83:31

**Emerson, Ralph Waldo**  
*Esoteric Emerson, The*, 84:61

**Employment**  
*Caretaker Gazette, The*, 84:61  
*Mindfulness and Meaningful Work*, 84:29

**Encryption**  
 "Lonely Thrill of Self-Encryption," 83:34  
 SafeBoot PC Security System, 83:34  
*Secrets of a Super Hacker*, 83:80

**Encyclopedias**  
 see Reference books.

**Endangered species**  
*And No Birds Sing*, 84:110  
*Wildlife Survivors*, 84:113  
*Witness*, 84:35

*Energetics of Western Herbs*, 84:114

**Energy**  
 see also Nuclear energy & weapons.  
*Directory of Energy-Related Graduate Programs*, 84:34

**Engineering**  
*Ghost of the Executed Engineer*, 83:84

**Eno, Brian**  
 "Resonant Complexity," 83:42

**Enterprising Women**, 84:63

**Environment**  
 see also Biodiversity, Sustainable agriculture, Sustainable forestry.  
*Atlas of Satellite Observations Related to Global Change*, 83:87  
*Earth and Spirit*, 84:29  
*Earth As Transformed by Human Action*, 84:112  
*Ecological Design*, 84:90  
*Environmental by Design*, 84:91  
 "Greenhouse 101," 84:16  
*Greenways*, 84:112  
 "Mutual Life," 84:5  
*Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment*, 84:113  
*Natural High*, 83:63  
*Nautilus Bulletin*, 84:74  
*Promise of Nature, The*, 82:12  
 "Rain Forest Crunch," 82:34

**Environmental education**  
*Directory of Energy-Related Graduate Programs*, 84:34  
*Education For The Earth*, 84:34  
*Look to the Mountain*, 84:108  
*Wilderness U*, 84:34

**Environmental engineering**  
*Greenhome*, 82:51

**Epistemology**  
 "My Life in the Golden Age of Epistemology," 83:37

**Erik Is Homeless**, 83:73

*Esoteric Emerson, The*, 84:61

*Essential Pete Seeger, The*, 84:42

**Estes, Clarissa Pinkola**  
*Creative Fire, The*, 82:46

**Ethics**  
 "Chorus of Stones, A," 83:13  
*Perilous Knowledge*, 83:115  
 "Scum Also Rises, The," 83:9

**Ethnobotany**  
*True Hallucinations*, 82:107

**Eudora 2.01**, 83:31

*Europe for Business Travelers*, 83:76

**Evolution**  
 see also Biology.  
*By Nature's Design*, 83:87  
*Evolution's End*, 83:80  
*Future of the Body, The*, 84:14  
 "Is the Universe Alive?," 84:30  
 "Out of Control," 82:82  
*What the Bones Tell Us*, 84:115

**Exercise**  
*Complete System of Self-Healing*, 83:21

**Exotic Pest Plan Councils (EPPC)**, 83:105

**Experts**  
 "Twenty-Five Ways to Spot an Expert," 83:33

**Extreme Books**, 82:104



*Fanafody*, 84:50

**Farming**  
 see Agriculture.

*Fascinating Freshwater Fish Book*, 84:110

*Fatal Moments*, 83:68

**Feiler, Bruce S.**  
*Learning to Bow*, 84:77

**Femalia**, 83:58

**Field, Norma**  
*In the Realm of a Dying Emperor*, 84:79

"**Field Notes**"  
 Childs, Craig Leland, 84:102

**54 Ways You Can Help the Homeless**, 83:71

**Filipovic, Zlata**  
*Zlata's Diary*, 84:69

**Finance**  
 see Business, Economics.

**Fine Artist**, 84:101

**Fintushel, Eliot**  
 "My Life in the Golden Age of Epistemology," 83:37

**First Recordings (1928-1938)**, 84:51

**Fisher, Roger, et al.**  
*Beyond Machiavelli*, 84:14

**Fishes**  
*Fascinating Freshwater Fish Book*, 84:110

**Flame Wars**, 82:99

**Flute**  
 Shakuhachi Flutes, 84:47

**Fly Away Home**, 83:73

**Fobes, Richard**  
*Creative Problem Solver's Toolbox*, 82:73

**Folk music**  
*Essential Pete Seeger, The*, 84:42  
*Folk Style Autoharp*, 84:47  
*How Can I Keep from Singing*, 84:43  
*Incomplete Folksinger, The*, 84:43  
*Old Time Fiddlers of Prince Edward Island*, 82:70  
*Pete Seeger's Greatest Hits*, 84:42  
*Rise up Singing*, 84:42  
*Sounds of People and Places, The*, 84:45  
*We Shall Overcome*, 84:42  
*Where Have All the Flowers Gone*, 84:42

**Folklore, Japanese**  
 Kwaidan, 84:80

**Food**  
 Café Mam Organically Grown Coffee, 82:28  
 Food Research and Action Center, 82:74  
 Foodchain, 82:74  
 "Keeping It Out of the Dumpster," 82:74  
*Large Quantity Recipes*, 84:109  
*Permaculture Book of Ferment & Human Nutrition, The*, 84:108  
 "Starting A Food Rescue Program," 82:78

**Footpaths**, 83:63

**For Rushdie**, 83:80

**Forests and forestry**  
 see also Tree climbing.  
*Attentive Heart, The*, 83:111  
*Clearcut*, 83:113  
 EcoTimber International, 82:40  
*Old Growth in the East*, 83:111  
 Pacific Heritage Foundation, 82:34  
 "Rain Forest Crunch," 82:34  
*Thinking Like a Forest*, 82:40  
 Wildwood, 82:40

**Fossils**  
 Trilobites, 84:105

**Foster, Patricia, Editor**  
*Minding the Body*, 84:62

**Four in the Morning**, 83:41

**Four Seasons North**, 83:112

"**Four-Wheel Jive**"  
 Baldwin, J., 83:79

**Franklin, Wayne, Editor**  
*Mapping American Culture*, 84:27

**Freedman, Marc**  
*Kindness of Strangers, The*, 83:74

**Friendship Letter, The**, 83:60

**Fuller, R. Buckminster**  
 Dymaxion Globe, 84:26

**Funk, Alex**  
 "How to Get a Job as a Software Designer," 83:35

**Furyu**, 84:78

"**Futility in Cyberspace**"  
 Rheingold, Howard, 84:94

**Future of Ritual, The**, 83:69

*Future of the Body, The*, 84:14

**Games**  
 see also Toys.  
*Civilization*, 82:24  
 DinoPark Tycoon, 84:68  
*Over the Edge*, 82:46  
 "Poison Spider Tag," 82:47

**Gardening**  
*Carnivorous Plant Growing Guide*, 84:105  
*Carnivorous Plants*, 84:105  
 Gardens For Growing People, 84:114  
 Groundbreakers Landscaping  
 Tools, 82:29, 84:119  
 Mulch X Twin-Blade Mulcher, 82:51

**Gays and Lesbians**  
 Dagger, 84:60  
*Just As I Am*, 83:68  
*Volleyball with the Cuna Indians*, 83:69

**Geldard, Richard G.**  
*Esoteric Emerson, The*, 84:61

**Genetics**  
*Perilous Knowledge*, 83:115

**Geography**  
*Don't Know Much About Geography*, 83:21  
*Earth As Transformed by Human Action*, 84:112  
*Mapping American Culture*, 84:27  
*Mapping the Invisible Landscape*, 84:27  
*Under Western Skies*, 84:106

**Geology**  
*Earthquakes and Geological Discovery*, 83:114

**Geometry**  
 Symmetry, 84:91

**Geopolitics**  
*Dictionary of Geopolitics*, 84:27

**Gergen, Kenneth J.**  
*Saturated Self, The*, 83:80

**Gersh, Barbara**  
*Guide to Online Systems for Nonprofits*, 82:32

*Getting of Wisdom, The*, 83:19

*Ghost of the Executed Engineer*, 83:84

**Gilder, George**  
 "Digital Dark Horse—Newspapers," 83:23

**Gilford, Judith**  
*Packing Book, The*, 84:88

**Gilliam, Gwendolyn**  
*Fatal Moments*, 83:68

**Gimme Shelter**, 83:74

**Glauber, Barbara, Editor**  
*Lift and Separate*, 83:98

**Global Meditation**, 82:70

**Globalization of Arms Production**, 83:12

**Globes**  
 Dymaxion Globe, 84:26  
 Gluck, Jay, Sumi & Garet  
*Japan Inside Out*, 84:77  
*Gnosis on the Silk Road*, 84:21

**Goldberg, Natalie**  
*Long Quiet Highway*, 83:81  
*Writing Down the Bones*, 83:81

**Gone to Croatan**, 83:40

**Good Life Album, The**, 84:54

**Good Life of Helen Nearing, The**, 84:54

**Good Rain**, 82:41

**Good Scent From a Strange Mountain**, 82:56

**Good-bye Mr. Cat**, 84:50

**Goodall, Jane**  
*Visions of Caliban*, 84:15

**Goodwin, Jan**  
*Price of Honor*, 84:20

**Government**see *Politics*.**Grady, Wayne***Greenhome*, 82:51**Graham, Loren R.***Ghost of the Executed Engineer*, 83:84**Graphic design***Borrowed Design*, 84:100*Elements of Typographic Style, The*, 83:98*Lift and Separate*, 83:98*Making a Digital Book*, 84:107*New Logo from California*, 83:99*Perspective*, 82:73*Visual Literacy*, 83:99*Working with Graphic Designers*, 84:101**Great Central Valley, The**, 84:107**Greenberg, Keith Elliot***Erik Is Homeless*, 83:73**Greenhome**, 82:51**Greenpeace***"Greenhouse 101,"* 84:16**Greenways**, 84:112**Gregory, Hugh***1000 Great Guitarists*, 84:46**Gribbin, John***"Is the Universe Alive?,"* 84:30**Gridcore Structural Panels**, 83:86**Griffin, Susan***"Chorus of Stones, A,"* 83:13**Grof, Stanislav***Holotropic Mind, The*, 82:107**Groundbreakers Landscaping***Tools*, 82:29, 84:119**Guide to Automating Information & Referral Systems**, 82:32**Guide to Online Systems for Nonprofits**, 82:32**Guitar***Acoustic Guitar*, 84:52*Acoustic Guitar Guide, The*, 84:46*Martin Backpacker Guitar*, 84:48*1000 Great Guitarists*, 84:46*Silhouette Guitar*, 84:48*Vagabond Travel Guitar*, 84:48**Gunfighter Nation**, 83:19**Gurney, Robert J., et al.***Atlas of Satellite Observations Related to Global Change*, 83:87**Guru Papers, The**, 82:60**Hackers**see *Computers*.**Halpern, Sue***Migrations to Solitude*, 83:59**Hand's End**, 82:14**Hanh, Thich Nhat***Learning True Love*, 82:57*"My Difficulty With Dharma Talks,"* 82:58*Peace is Every Step*, 82:54**Hardware**see also *Tools*.*Bel-Bolt*, 83:86*Box Beam Sourcebook*, 83:82*Gridcore Structural Panels*, 83:86**Hargittai, István & Magdolna***Symmetry*, 84:91**Harms, Valerie***Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment*, 84:113**Harrison, Tony***"On Not Being Milton,"* 82:4*"Rhubarbarians, The,"* 82:9**Hartmann Briefcase**, 83:77**Haslam, Gerald***Great Central Valley, The*, 84:107**Hats***Tilley Hats*, 84:92**Haught, John***Promise of Nature, The*, 82:12**Headlund, Dorothea B.***Large Quantity Recipes*, 84:109**Health**see also *Medicine*.*Coming To Age*, 83:61*Complete System of Self-Healing*, 83:21*Creating Health*, 84:63*Cultivating the Chi*, 84:26*Energetics of Western Herbs*, 84:114*How to Take a Japanese Bath*, 84:76*Parabola Book of Healing, The*, 83:58*Second 50 Years, The*, 83:61**Hearn, Lafcadio***Kwaidan*, 84:80**Heckler, Richard Strozzi***"Holy Curiosity, A,"* 82:52*"Landing,"* 84:22**Heller, Steven***Borrowed Design*, 84:100**HelMufs**, 84:93**Henderson, Max***"Rain Forest Crunch,"* 82:34**Herbert, Anne***Random Kindness & Senseless Acts of Beauty*, 83:66**Herbs***Energetics of Western Herbs*, 84:114**Herpetology***Snakes*, 84:110**Hillman, James***We've Had A Hundred Years of Psychotherapy and the World's Getting Worse*, 83:59**Hirshfield, Jane, Editor***Women in Praise of the Sacred*, 83:19**History***Borrowed Design*, 84:100*Earth As Transformed by Human Action*, 84:112*Gnosis on the Silk Road*, 84:21*Gone to Croatan*, 83:40*Good Rain*, 82:41*Hand's End*, 82:14*"How Buildings Learn,"* 83:44*Jewish Alchemists, The*, 84:21*Mapping the Invisible Landscape*, 84:27*What the Bones Tell Us*, 84:115*Women Music Makers*, 84:45**History, European***Ghost of the Executed Engineer*, 83:84*History of Private Life, Vol. II*, 84:62*Making of the English Working Class*, 82:6*"New Old Luddites, The,"* 82:3*Rape of the Rose, The*, 82:10*Witchcraze*, 84:20**History, Japanese***In the Realm of a Dying Emperor*, 84:79*Japan: An Illustrated Encyclopedia*, 84:77*Japan Through American Eyes*, 84:80*Mirror, Sword & Jewel*, 84:76*Our Land Was a Forest*, 84:79**History, U.S.***Before the Wilderness*, 82:42*Gunfighter Nation*, 83:19*Land Where the Blues Began, The*, 84:44*Nothing But the Blues*, 84:44*Sounds of People and Places, The*, 84:45*Under Western Skies*, 84:106*Way We Lived, The*, 82:42**Hoffman, John***Art & Science of Dumpster Diving*, 82:80**Hollis, James***Under Saturn's Shadow*, 84:60**Holmes, Peter***Energetics of Western Herbs*, 84:114*Holotropic Mind, The*, 82:107*"Holy Curiosity, A"*

Heckler, Richard Strozzi, 82:52

**Homelessness***Erik Is Homeless*, 83:73*54 Ways You Can Help the Homeless*, 83:71*Fly Away Home*, 83:73*Gimme Shelter*, 83:74*Homeless*, 83:72*Moving to Nowhere*, 83:72*Nation in Denial, A*, 83:74*Quality of Mercy, The*, 83:71*Tell Them Who I Am*, 83:72*"13 Steps to Recovery from Homelessness,"* 83:75**Homespun Tapes**, 84:48**Homing Instinct**, 83:53**Homosexuals**see *Gay* and *Lesbians*.**Honesty***"Chorus of Stones, A,"* 83:13*Radical Honesty*, 83:20*"Scum Also Rises, The,"* 83:9**Hopping Freight Trains in America**, 83:76**Horvath, Hacsí***"Music from Madagascar,"* 84:50**House building**see *Architecture, Building*.**Houses of Glass**, 83:52**"How a Book Gets Published"**

Beard, Henry &amp; Ron Barrett, 83:116

**"How Buildings Learn"**

Brand, Stewart, 83:44

**How Can I Keep from Singing**, 84:43**How to Draw Plants**, 84:111**"How to Get a Job as a Software Designer"**

Funk, Alex, 83:35

**"How to Get Your Town to Turn Off Television"**

Kane, J.H., 82:96

**How to Take a Japanese Bath**, 84:76**howls raps & roars**, 82:71**Hudson River Sloop Clearwater**, 84:43**Hughes, Glyn***Rape of the Rose, The*, 82:10**Hull, Fritz, Editor***Earth and Spirit*, 84:29**Human Element, The**, 84:28**Human Genome Project***Perilous Knowledge*, 83:115**Human Nature of Birds, The**, 83:63**Humor***Dave Barry Does Japan*, 84:82*"How a Book Gets Published,"* 83:116*Tune in Tomorrow*, 84:099**Hurston, Zora Neale***Their Eyes Were Watching God*, 83:60**Hutchinson, Michael***Mega Brain Power*, 83:85**Illness**see *Health*.**Immigration***A Good Scent From a Strange Mountain*, 82:56*In Good Hands*, 84:109*In the Realm of a Dying Emperor*, 84:79*Incomplete Folksinger, The*, 84:43**Indians**see *Native Americans*.**Industrial Revolution**see *Luddites*.**Information technologies**see also *Computers*, *Internet*.*"Digital Dark Horse—Newspapers,"* 83:23*Guide to Automating Information & Referral Systems*, 82:32*Guide to Online Systems for Nonprofits*, 82:32*"Making Sense of the 'Information Superhighway,'"* 82:18**Information technologies continued***Naked Consumer, The*, 84:97*National Public Telecomputing Network*, 82:27*Technologies of Freedom*, 84:96*Understanding Japanese Information Processing*, 84:83*Who Owns Information?,* 83:95**Insects***Secret Garden, The*, 84:104*Ultimate Bug Book, The*, 83:62**Insurance industry***"Greenhouse 101,"* 84:16*"Mutual Life,"* 84:5**Internet***Center for Civic Networking*, 82:27*"Civic Networking,"* 82:26*COMPASS: Oregon ED-NET*, 82:27*Eudora 2.01*, 83:31*Flame Wars*, 82:99*"Futility In Cyberspace,"* 84:94*"Weed Sense of the 'Information Superhighway,'"* 82:18*National Public Telecomputing Network*, 82:27*Online User's Encyclopedia, The*, 82:24**Into The Wind**, 83:61**Invasive plants***Exotic Pest Plan Councils (EPPC)*, 83:105*"Slow-Motion Explosion,"* 83:101*"Weed Vandalism,"* 83:104**"Is the Universe Alive?"**

Gribbin, John, 84:30

**Islam***For Rushdie*, 83:80*Price of Honor*, 84:20*"It's the Plutonium Economy, Stupid"*

Chadwick, David &amp; Alex Steffen, 84:70

**Jaffe, Mark***And No Birds Sing*, 84:110**Japan**see also *Culture*, *History*.*Deja-Vu*, 84:81*Fury*, 84:78*Japan: a Bilingual Atlas*, 84:76*Japan: An Illustrated Encyclopedia*, 84:77*Kinokuniya Book Stores of America*, 84:81*Kwaidan*, 84:80*Kyoto Journal*, 84:75*Monkey Brain Sushi*, 84:82*Nuclear Arming of Japan, The*, 84:74*Re-Made in Japan*, 84:80*Senchimentaru Tabi: Fuyu No Tabi*, 84:74*Thank You and OK!*, 84:84*Understanding Japanese Information Processing*, 84:83*You Gotta Have Wa*, 84:83**"Jenglish and Englese"**

Chadwick, David, 84:84

**Jenkins, Ella***This Is Rhythm*, 84:49**Jeremy Seeger Dulcimers**, 84:47**Jergenson, Phil**

- Journal of Scientific Exploration*, 83:21  
**Journal of Carpooling**, *The*, 83:85  
**Judaism**  
*Jewish Alchemists*, *The*, 84:21  
**Jungian psychology**  
*Creative Fire*, *The*, 82:46  
**Just As I Am**, 83:68



- Kane, J.H.**  
 "How to Get Your Town to Turn Off Television," 82:96  
**Karraker, Roger**  
 "Making Sense of the 'Information Superhighway'," 82:18  
**Kaza, Stephanie**  
*Attentive Heart*, *The*, 83:111  
**"Keeping It Out of the Dumpster"**  
 McConnell, Joseph, 82:74  
**Kellert, Stephen R.**  
*Biophilia Hypothesis*, *The*, 82:43  
**Kelly, Kevin**  
 "Out of Control," 82:82  
**Khong, Chan**  
*Learning True Love*, 82:57  
**Kids Shenanigans**, 84:68  
*Kindness of Strangers*, *The*, 83:74  
**Kinokuniya Book Stores of America**, 84:81  
**Kites**  
*Into The Wind*, 83:61  
**Klimkeit, Hans Joachim**  
*Gnosis on the Silk Road*, 84:21  
**KlutZ Press**  
*Kids Shenanigans*, 84:68  
**Knightmare**  
*Secrets of a Super Hacker*, 83:80  
**Koehnline, James, Editor**  
*Gone to Croatan*, 83:40  
**Kohlmaier, Georg**  
*Houses of Glass*, 83:52  
**Kolos, Daniel**  
 "Obsessions," 82:44  
**Koren, Leonard**  
*How to Take a Japanese Bath*, 84:76  
*Wabi-Sabi for Artists, Designers, Poets & Philosophers*, 84:78  
**Kotler, Arnold, Coauthor**  
*Peace is Every Step*, 82:54  
**Kramer, Joel**  
*Guru Papers*, *The*, 82:60  
**Krepinevich, Andrew F.**  
*Bottom-Up Review*, *The*, 83:12  
**Kroloff, Charles A.**  
*54 Ways You Can Help the Homeless*, 83:71  
**Kurtz, Ernest**  
*Spirituality of Imperfection*, *The*, 83:85  
**Kwaidan**, 84:80  
**kyoto Journal**, 84:75



- Laissez-Faire Books**, 82:81  
**Land Where the Blues Began**, *The*, 84:44  
**"Landing"**  
 Heckler, Richard Strozzi, 82:22  
**Landscape**  
*Greenways*, 84:112  
 "Landing," 84:22  
*Mapping American Culture*, 84:27  
*Mapping the Invisible Landscape*, 84:27  
**Landscaping**  
 Groundbreakers Landscaping  
 Tools, 82:29, 84:119

- Language**  
*Long Quiet Highway*, 83:81  
*Oxford-Duden Pictorial French & English Dictionary*, 83:87  
*Writing Down the Bones*, 83:81  
**Language of the Night**, *The*, 82:47  
**Lanza, Joseph**  
*Elevator Music*, 84:44  
**Large Quantity Recipes**, 84:109  
**Lark In The Morning**, 84:52  
**Larson, Eric**  
*Naked Consumer*, *The*, 84:97  
**Lawns**  
 Mulch X Twin-Blade Mulcher, 82:51  
**Lawson, Lee**  
*Dreams*, 84:61  
**Le Guin, Ursula K.**  
*Language of the Night*, *The*, 82:47  
**Leadership**  
*Art of Warfare*, *The*, 83:12  
 "Classic Obstacles," 82:72  
*Human Element*, *The*, 84:28  
*Leading the Way*, 83:12  
*Thunder in the Sky*, 84:66  
*West Point Way of Leadership*, *The*, 83:12  
**Learning**  
 see Education.  
**Learning to Bow**, 84:77  
**Learning True Love**, 82:57  
**"Leaving Things Behind"**  
 Childs, Craig Leland, 84:116  
**Leclair, Kim**  
*Environmental by Design*, 84:91  
**Lecoufle, Maurice**  
*Carnivorous Plants*, 84:105  
**Lee, Kai N.**  
*Compass and Gyroscope*, 82:17  
**Lee, Paul**  
*Quality of Mercy*, *The*, 83:71  
**Leighton, Taigen D.**  
*Cultivating the Empty Field*, 84:26  
**Leonard, George**  
*Mastery*, 84:67  
*"Modern Warrior, The"*, 83:11  
 "13 Counter Intuitive Principles," 84:67  
**Lesbian**  
 see Gays and Lesbians.  
**Letters At 3 AM**, 83:40  
**Levengers**, 83:32  
**Levi-Setti, Riccardo**  
*Trilobites*, 84:105  
**Libertarian books**  
*Laissez Faire Books*, 82:81  
**Liebow, Elliot**  
*Tell Them Who I Am*, 83:72  
**Lift and Separate**, 83:98  
**Liltschwager, David**  
*Witness*, 84:35  
**Literature**  
 see also Books and booksellers.  
*Esooteric Emerson*, *The*, 84:61  
*For Rushdie*, 83:80  
 Kwaidan, 84:80  
*Language of the Night*, *The*, 82:47  
*Monkey Brain Sushi*, 84:82  
**Littlejohn, Duffy**  
*Hopping Freight Trains in America*, 83:76  
**Living the Good Life**, 84:54  
**Logsdon, Gene**  
*At Nature's Pace*, 83:114  
**Lomax, Alan**  
*Land Where the Blues Began*, *The*, 84:44  
**"Lonely Thrill of Self-Encryption, The"**  
 Dunnington, Bruce, 83:34  
**Long Quiet Highway**, 83:81  
**Look to the Mountain**, 84:108  
**Loomis, Ruth**  
*Wildwood*, 82:40  
**Lost Whole Moose Catalogue**, *The*, 83:112  
**Louisiana**  
*Good Scent From a Strange Mountain*, 82:56

- Luddites**  
*Making of the English Working Class*, 82:6  
 "New Old Luddites, The," 82:3  
*Rape of the Rose*, *The*, 82:10  
**Luggage**  
 Convertible Backpacks, 83:86  
 Hartmann Briefcase, 83:77  
 TerraPax Briefcase, 83:77  
 Travel Pro Rollerboard Suitcase, 83:77  
**Luke, Elmer, Editor**  
*Monkey Brain Sushi*, 84:82  
**Lumber Jack**, 82:28  
**Lunde, Ken**  
*Understanding Japanese Information Processing*, 84:83



- "MacMagic"**  
 Digger, 83:55  
**Madagascar**  
*Balance*, 84:50  
*Fanafody*, 84:50  
*Malagasy Guitar*, 84:50  
 "Music from Madagascar," 84:50  
*World Out of Time*, *A*, 84:50  
**Magazines**  
 see Zines.  
**Maida, Gaetano Kazuo**  
 "Plan for Improvisation," 84:37  
**Making a Digital Book**, 84:107  
**Making Movies on Your PC**, 82:25, 84:119  
**Making of the English Working Class**, 82:6  
**"Making Sense of the 'Information Superhighway'"**  
 Karraker, Roger, 82:18  
**"Making the Price of Technology Visible"**  
 Rheingold, Howard, 83:94  
**Makower, Joel, Editor**  
*Map Catalog*, *The*, 83:84  
**Mandolin Bros.**, 84:47  
**Manichaeism**  
*Gnosis on the Silk Road*, 84:21  
**Manning, Garrin**  
*This Is Rhythm*, 84:49  
**Mapping American Culture**, 84:27  
**Mapping the Invisible Landscape**, 84:27  
**Maps**  
 Dymaxion Globe, 84:26  
*Japan: a Bilingual Atlas*, 84:76  
*Map Catalog*, *The*, 83:84  
**Margolin, Malcolm, Editor**  
*Way We Lived*, *The*, 82:42  
**Martial arts**  
*Cultivating the Chi*, 84:26  
*Furyu*, 84:78  
 "Holy Curiosity, A," 82:52  
**Martin Backpacker Guitar**, 84:48  
**Martin, Cliff**  
 "Tex-Mex Music," 84:51  
**Martin, Tom**  
*Rappelling*, 83:111  
**Mason, David K.**  
*Making Movies on Your PC*, 82:25, 84:119  
**Mastery**, 84:67  
**Mayan culture**  
*In Good Hands*, 84:109  
**McCann, Michael**  
 Artist Beware, 84:101  
**McConnell, Joseph**  
 "Keeping It Out of the Dumpster," 82:74  
 "Starting A Food Rescue Program," 82:78  
**McKenna, Terence**  
*True Hallucinations*, 82:107  
**McMillon, Bill**  
*Wilderness U*, 84:34  
**McWilliams, Peter**  
*Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do*, 83:60  
**Mead, Nathaniel**  
 "Wrestling with Demons," 82:63

- Media**  
*Culture Jamming*, 82:100  
 "Digital Dark Horse—Newspapers," 83:23  
 "Elvis Sighted in Ancient Rome," 83:89  
*Flame Wars*, 82:99  
 "Making Sense of the 'Information Superhighway,'" 82:18  
*Media Events*, 83:97  
*Media Future*, 82:101  
*Media Studies Journal*, 83:96  
*Media Culture Review*, 82:100  
*Mediamatic*, 82:102  
*New Citizen*, *The*, 82:102  
*Seizing The Media*, 83:96  
*Technologies of Freedom*, 84:96  
**Medicine**  
 see also Health.  
*Complete System of Self-Healing*, 83:21  
*Creating Health*, 84:63  
*Energetics of Western Herbs*, 84:114  
*Parabola Book of Healing*, *The*, 83:58  
**Medieval history**  
*History of Private Life*, *Vol. II*, 84:62  
**Meditation**  
*Cultivating the Empty Field*, 84:26  
*Global Meditation*, 82:70  
 "Holy Curiosity, A," 82:52  
*Mega Brain Power*, 83:85  
 "My Difficulty With Dharma Talks," 82:58  
*Peace is Every Step*, 82:54  
*What the Buddha Never Taught*, 82:56  
 "Wrestling with Demons," 82:63  
**Men**  
*Angry Men, Passive Men*, 84:60  
*Under Saturn's Shadow*, 84:60  
**Mentoring**  
 "CompuMentor," 82:30  
*Kindness of Strangers*, *The*, 83:74  
**Messing Around with Drinking Straw Construction**, 83:62  
**Metaphysics**  
*T.A.Z.: Temporary Autonomous Zone*, 82:61  
**Meyerowitz, Daniel**  
 "Symbol Game," 82:48  
**Mi Unico Camino (My Only Path)**, 84:51  
**Microbiology**  
*Secret Garden*, *The*, 84:104  
**Middleton, Susan**  
*Witness*, 84:35  
**Might**, 83:99  
**Migrations to Solitude**, 83:59  
**Military**  
 see also Defense industry.  
*Leading the Way*, 83:12  
*Nuclear Arming of Japan*, *The*, 84:74  
 "Scum Also Rises, The," 83:9  
*West Point Way of Leadership*, *The*, 83:12  
**Mindfulness and Meaningful Work**, 84:29  
**Minding the Body**, 84:62  
**Mirror, Sword & Jewel**, 84:76  
**MIT Program in Science, Technology and Society**, 82:33  
**"Modern Warrior, The"**  
 Leonard, George, 83:11  
**Mollison, Bill**  
*Permaculture Book of Ferment & Human Nutrition*, *The*, 84:108  
**Mondo Barbie**, 83:68  
**Money**  
*Seven Laws of Money*, *The*, 83:30  
**Monkey Brain Sushi**, 84:82  
**Movies and video**  
*Making Movies on Your PC*, 82:25, 84:119  
*Show Starts on the Sidewalk*, *The*, 84:98  
**Moving Successfully**, 84:88  
**Moving to Nowhere**, 83:72  
 Mulch X Twin-Blade Mulcher, 82:51  
**Multiculturalism**  
 see Culture.  
**Multimedia**  
 "MacMagic," 83:55  
**Murphy, Michael**  
*Future of the Body*, *The*, 84:14



**Murphy, Pat**

*By Nature's Design*, 83:87

**Music**

see also Africa, Blues, Cuba, Folk music, Madagascar, Sufi, Tejano.  
*Acoustic Guitar*, 84:52  
 "African Rhythms," 84:50  
*Bill Monroe: Father of Bluegrass Music*, 82:71  
*Elevator Music*, 84:44  
*Global Meditation*, 82:70  
*How Can I Keep from Singing*, 84:43  
 Music for People, 84:49  
 "Music from Madagascar," 84:50  
*Old Time Fiddlers of Prince Edward Island*, 82:70  
 "Plan for Improvisation," 84:37  
 "Resonant Complexity," 83:42  
*Rhythm Music Magazine*, 84:49  
*Sing Out!*, 84:43  
*Sounds of People and Places, The*, 84:45  
*This Is Rhythm*, 84:49  
*Women Music Makers*, 84:45

**Music, instruction**

Homespun Tapes, 84:48

**Musical instruments**

see also Autoharp, Guitar.  
 Elderly Instruments, 84:48  
 Jeremy Seeger Dulcimers, 84:47  
 Lark In The Morning, 84:52  
 Mandolin Bros., 84:47  
 Shakuhachi Flutes, 84:47  
*This Is Rhythm*, 84:49

**Muslim women**

*Price of Honor*, 84:20

**"Mutual Life"**

Warshall, Peter, 84:5

**Muzak**

*Elevator Music*, 84:44

**"My Difficulty With Dharma Talks"**

Brady, Mark, 82:58

**"My Life in the Golden Age of Epistemology"**

Fintushel, Elliot, 83:37

**My Own Stories**, 83:62



**Naked Consumer, The**, 84:97

**Namey, Rick**

"13 Steps to Recovery from Homelessness," 83:75

**Nation in Denial, A**, 83:74

**National Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment**, 84:113

**National Public Telecomputing**

Network, 82:27

**Native Americans**

*Before the Wilderness*, 82:42

*Look to the Mountain*, 84:108

*Way We Lived, The*, 82:42

**Natural High**, 83:63

**Natural History of the Senses, A**, 83:59

**Nature**

*Biophilia Hypothesis, The*, 82:43

*By Nature's Design*, 83:87

*Hand's End*, 82:14

*Natural High*, 83:63

*Naturalist*, 84:111

*Promise of Nature, The*, 82:12

*Secret Garden, The*, 84:104

**Naturism**

*Nude & Natural*, 83:58

**Nautilus Bulletin**, 84:74

**Naval Academy**

"Scum Also Rises, The," 83:9

**Nearing, Helen**

"View from Ninety, The," 84:54

**Nearing, Helen & Scott**

*Living the Good Life*, 84:54

*The Good Life*, 84:54

**Negotiating**

*Beyond Machiavelli*, 84:14

"Greenhouse 101," 84:16

*Asian Mind Game*, 83:30

**Neill, William**

*By Nature's Design*, 83:87

**Ness, Tom**

"Waking Up the Monkey," 83:106

"Weed Vandalism," 83:104

**Networks**

see Information technologies, Internet.

**Neurology**

*Astonishing Hypothesis, The*, 84:115

*Natural History of the Senses, A*, 83:59

**New Citizen, The**, 82:102

**New Dimensions Radio & Tapes**, 84:66

**New Logo from California**, 83:99

**"New Old Luddites, The"**

Rossney, Robert, 82:3

**New Tribe**, 83:111

**Newspapers**

"Digital Dark Horse—Newspapers," 83:23

"Elvis Sighted in Ancient Rome," 83:89

**Nichols, Janet**

*Women Music Makers*, 84:45

**No Make Palaver**, 84:50

**Nobyuyoshi, Arika**

*Senchimentaru Tabi: Fuyu No Tabi*, 84:74

**Nonprofits**

"CompuMentor," 82:30

*Guide to Automating Information & Referral Systems*, 82:32

*Guide to Online Systems for Nonprofits*, 82:32

**Northrup, Chris**

*Creating Health*, 84:63

**Notehelper, F.G.**

*Japan Through American Eyes*, 84:80

**Nothing But the Blues**, 84:44

**Nuclear energy & weapons**

"Chorus of Stones, A," 83:13

*Earth Ship*, 84:74

"It's the Plutonium Economy, Stupid," 84:70

*Plutonium Free Future*, 84:74

*Nuclear Arming of Japan, The*, 84:74

**Nude & Natural**, 83:58



**O'Loughlin, John, Editor**

*Dictionary of Geopolitics*, 84:27

**"Obsessions"**

Kolos, Daniel, 82:44

**Oda, Mayumi**

*Earth Ship*, 84:74

"It's the Plutonium Economy, Stupid," 84:70

*Random Kindness & Senseless Acts of Beauty*, 83:66

**Office supplies**

Levengers, 83:32

Topstar Dry Highlighters, 83:86

**Old Growth in the East**, 83:111

**Old Time Fiddlers of Prince Edward**

*Island*, 82:70

**Olson, Stuart Alve**

*Cultivating the Chi*, 84:26

**"On Not Being Milton"**

Harrison, Tony, 82:4

**On Rope**, 83:111

**1000 Great Guitarists**, 84:46

**Online databases**

*Guide to Automating Information & Referral Systems*, 82:32

*Guide to Online Systems for Nonprofits*, 82:32

*Secrets of the Super Searchers*, 82:33

**Online User's Encyclopedia, The**, 82:24

**Optics**

*Outdoor Optics*, 82:50

**Organizations**

"Classic Obstacles," 82:72

*Human Element, The*, 84:28

**Ornstein, Robert**

*Roots of the Self, The*, 83:20

**Our Land Was a Forest**, 84:79

**"Out of Control"**

Kelly, Kevin, 82:82

**Outdoor Optics**, 82:50

**Over the Edge**, 82:46

**Oxford-Duden Pictorial French & English**

*Dictionary*, 83:87



**Pacific Heritage Foundation**, 82:34

**Pacific Northwest**

*Good Rain*, 82:41

**Packing Book, The**, 84:88

**Padgett, Allen**

*On Rope*, 83:111

**Paintbrush Diplomacy**, 84:69

**Painting Plant Portraits**, 84:111

**Palaeontology**

*Trilobites*, 84:105

**Papua New Guinea**

*Pacific Heritage Foundation*, 82:34

"Rain Forest Crunch," 82:34

**Parabola Book of Healing, The**, 83:58

**Passionate Enlightenment**, 84:66

**Patai, Raphael**

*Jewish Alchemists, The*, 84:21

**Pavel, Margaret M.**

*Random Kindness & Senseless Acts of Beauty*, 83:66

**PC First-Aid Kit, The**, 83:81

**Peace**

see also Activism.

*Peace is Every Step*, 82:54

*Turning Wheel*, 82:55

**Pearce, Joseph Chilton**

*Evolution's End*, 83:80

**Pedal Pusher Bike Buyer's Guide**, 84:93

**Pena, Manuel**

*Texas-Mexican Conjunto, The*, 84:51

**Performance art**

*Future of Ritual, The*, 83:69

**Perilous Knowledge**, 83:115

**Perkins, John**

*World Is As You Dream It, The*, 84:35

**Permaculture Book of Ferment & Human**

*Nutrition, The*, 84:108

**Personality**

*Roots of the Self, The*, 83:20

**Perspective**, 82:73

**Pests**

see Gardening, Invasive plants.

**Pete Seeger's Greatest Hits**, 84:42

**Peterson, Dale**

*Visions of Caliban*, 84:15

**Pfiffner, George**

*Earth-Friendly Toys*, 84:68

**Philbin, Tom**

*Moving Successfully*, 84:88

**Phillips, Michael**

*Seven Laws of Money, The*, 83:30

**Philosophy**

*Art of Warfare, The*, 83:12

*Biophilia Hypothesis, The*, 82:43

*Cultivating the Chi*, 84:26

*Discovering*, 82:13

*Hand's End*, 82:14

*Human Element, The*, 84:28

"My Life in the Golden Age of Epistemology," 83:37

T.A.Z.: *Temporary Autonomous Zone*, 82:61

*Thunder in the Sky*, 84:66

**Photography**

*Anima*, 83:20

*Deja-Vu*, 84:81

*Great Central Valley, The*, 84:107

*Making a Digital Book*, 84:107

*Senchimentaru Tabi: Fuyu No Tabi*, 84:74

**Physics**

"Cold Fusion" *Magazine*, 84:34

**Plain**, 82:13

**"Plan for Improvisation"**

Maida, Gaetano Kazuo, 84:37

**Plants**

see Botany, Gardening, Invasive plants.

**Play**

*Playing by Heart*, 83:115

**Plutonium**

see also Nuclear energy & weapons.

*Plutonium Free Future*, 84:74

**Poetry**

howls raps & roars, 82:71

"On Not Being Milton," 82:4

"Rhubarbarians, The," 82:9

*Women in Praise of the Sacred*, 83:19

**"Poison Spider Tag"**

Baldwin, J., 82:47

**Politics**

"Civic Networking," 82:26

*Compass and Gyroscope*, 82:17

*Dictionary of Geopolitics*, 84:27

*In the Realm of a Dying Emperor*, 84:79

*Politics and Technology*, 82:16

*Technologies of Freedom*, 84:96

*Tremendous Canada of Light, A*, 83:95

*Tune in Tomorrow*, 84:99

*What It Takes*, 82:33

**Pollution**

Safer Home Test Kit, 82:29

**Pool, Ithiel de Sola**

*Technologies of Freedom*, 84:96

**Possibilities Catalog**, 84:28

**Powe, B.W.**



**Quality of Mercy, The**, 83:71  
**Quinn, John R.**  
*Fascinating Freshwater Fish Book*, 84:110  
*Wildlife Survivors*, 84:113  
**Racism**  
*White Lights*, 82:104  
**Radical Honesty**, 83:20  
**Railroads**  
*Hopping Freight Trains in America*, 83:76  
**"Rain Forest Crunch"**  
 Henderson, Max, 82:34  
**Rainbow Serpent**  
*Earth Ship*, 84:74  
**Rainforests**  
 see Forests and forestry.  
**Random Kindness & Senseless Acts of Beauty**, 83:66  
**Rape of the Rose, The**, 82:10  
**Rappelling**, 83:111  
**Re-Made in Japan**, 84:80  
**Recordings**  
 see Audio recordings, Music.  
**Recycling**  
*Art & Science of Dumpster Diving*, 82:80  
*Earth-Friendly Toys*, 84:68  
**Reference books**  
*Dictionary of Geopolitics*, 84:27  
*Japan: An Illustrated Encyclopedia*, 84:77  
*Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment*, 84:113  
*Oxford-Duden Pictorial French & English Dictionary*, 83:87  
**"Regarding Slacking"**  
 Dyna Girl, 82:80  
**Reijntjes, Coen, et al.**  
*Farming for the Future*, 84:106  
**Religion**  
 see Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Manichaeism, Spirituality.  
**Research**  
 see also Online databases, Reference books.  
*Secrets of the Super Searchers*, 82:33  
**"Resonant Complexity"**  
 Eno, Brian, 83:42  
**Returning**, 84:52  
**Rheingold, Howard**  
 "Civic Networking," 82:26  
 "Futility in Cyberspace," 84:94  
 "Making the Price of Technology Visible," 83:94  
**"Rhubarbarians, The"**  
 Harrison, Tony, 82:9  
**Rhythm**  
*This Is Rhythm*, 84:49  
*Rhythm Music Magazine*, 84:49  
**Richardson, Henry H.**  
*Getting of Wisdom, The*, 83:19  
**Rifkin, William D.**  
 "Twenty-Five Ways to Spot an Expert," 83:33  
**Right livelihood**  
*Mindfulness and Meaningful Work*, 84:29  
**Rise up Singing**, 84:42  
**Ritual**  
*Future of Ritual, The*, 83:69  
**Robinson, Lief J.**  
*Outdoor Optics*, 82:50  
**Role-playing games**  
*Over the Edge*, 82:46  
**Root-Bernstein, Robert S.**  
*Discovering*, 82:13  
**Roots of the Self, The**, 83:20

**Rosentsweig, Gerry**  
*New Logo from California*, 83:99  
**Rossney, Robert**  
 "New Old Luddites, The," 82:3  
**Rothenberg, David**  
*Hand's End*, 82:14  
**Rushdie, Salman**  
*For Rushdie*, 83:80  
**Ryden, Kent C.**  
*Mapping the Invisible Landscape*, 84:27



**Sabar, Ariel**  
 "Greenhouse 101," 84:16  
**Safe is Desire**, 82:106  
**SafeBoot PC Security System**, 83:34  
**Safer Home Test Kit**, 82:29  
**Safransky, Sy**  
*Four in the Morning*, 83:41  
**Sakolsky, Ron, Editor**  
*Gone to Croatan*, 83:40  
**Sales**  
*SELLING Magazine*, 83:98  
**Sandberg, Larry**  
*Acoustic Guitar Guide, The*, 84:46  
**Santoli, Al**  
*Leading the Way*, 83:12  
**Sarajevo**  
*Zlata's Diary*, 84:69  
**Sarno, Louis**  
*Song from the Forest*, 84:53  
**Saturated Self, The**, 83:80  
**Schatz, Howard**  
*Homeless*, 83:72  
**Schechner, Richard**  
*Future of Ritual, The*, 83:69  
**Schneider, David**  
 "Slow-Motion Explosion," 83:101  
*Street Zen*, 82:69  
**Schools**  
 see Education.  
**Schwartz, Jeffrey H.**  
*What the Bones Tell Us*, 84:115  
**Schwarz, Loring LaB., et al.**  
*Greenways*, 84:112  
**Science**  
 see also Biology, Botany, Geography, Geology, Physics.  
*Art Meets Science and Spirituality in a Changing Economy*, 82:106  
*Compass and Gyroscope*, 82:17  
*Discovering*, 82:13  
 MIT Program in Science, Technology and Society, 82:33  
**Science fiction**  
*Language of the Night, The*, 82:47  
**Scotto, Joyce, Editor**  
*Possibilities Catalog*, 84:28  
**"Scum Also Rises, The"**  
 Anonymous, 83:9  
**Second 50 Years, The**, 83:61  
**Secret Garden, The**, 84:104  
**Secrets of a Super Hacker**, 83:80  
**Secrets of the Super Searchers**, 82:33  
**Seeger, Pete**  
*Clearwater (the Video)*, 84:43  
*Essential Pete Seeger, The*, 84:42  
*How Can I Keep from Singing*, 84:43  
*Hudson River Sloop Clearwater*, 84:43  
*Incomplete Folksinger, The*, 84:43  
*Pete Seeger's Greatest Hits*, 84:42  
 "Plan for Improvisation," 84:37  
*We Shall Overcome*, 84:42  
*Where Have All the Flowers Gone*, 84:42

**Seigel, Richard A.**  
*Snakes*, 84:110  
**Seizing The Media**, 83:96  
**Self**  
*Roots of the Self, The*, 83:20  
**Self-care**  
 see Health, Medicine.  
**Sellers, Don**  
*Zap! How you computer can hurt you*, 84:97  
**SELLING Magazine**, 83:98  
**Semiotics**  
 "Symbol Game," 82:48  
**Senchimentaru Tabi: Fuyu No Tabi (Sentimental Journey, Winter's Journey)**, 84:74  
**Senses and sensation**  
*Natural History of the Senses, A*, 83:59  
**Seven Laws of Money, The**, 83:30  
**Sexuality**  
*Dagger*, 84:60  
*Femalia*, 83:58  
*Just As I Am*, 83:68  
*Safe is Desire*, 82:106  
**Shakuhachi Flutes**, 84:47  
**Shamanism**  
*World Is As You Dream It, The*, 84:35  
**Shankle, Susan**  
*Joy of Carpooling, The*, 83:85  
**Shaw, Miranda**  
*Passionate Enlightenment*, 84:66  
**Shigeru, Kayano**  
*Our Land Was a Forest*, 84:79  
**Show Starts on the Sidewalk, The**, 84:98  
**Signs**  
 D&G Sign and Label, 84:92  
 "Symbol Game," 82:48  
**Silhouette Guitar**, 84:48  
**Silver, A. David**  
*Enterprising Women*, 84:63  
**Simon, Tami**  
 "View from Ninety, The," 84:54  
**Simple Food for the Good Life**, 84:54  
**Singer, Kurt**  
*Mirror, Sword & Jewel*, 84:76  
**Singing**  
*Rise up Singing*, 84:42  
*Sing Out!*, 84:43  
**SITES**, 83:52  
**Slackers**  
 "Regarding Slacking," 82:80  
**Slotkin, Richard**  
*Gunfighter Nation*, 83:19  
**"Slow-Motion Explosion"**  
 Schneider, David, 83:101  
**Small Magazine Review**, 82:81  
**"Smart Highways?"**  
 Baldwin, J., 84:86  
**smith, jd**  
 "Earthsick," 84:89  
**Smith, Morton**  
*What the Bible Really Says*, 84:98  
**Snakes**, 84:110  
**Software**  
 3D Home Architect, 83:83  
*Artificial Life Playhouse*, 84:99  
 Civilization, 82:24  
 DinoPark Tycoon, 84:68  
 Eudora 2.01, 83:31  
 Fine Artist, 84:101  
 "How to Get a Job as a Software Designer," 83:35  
*Making Movies on Your PC*, 82:25, 84:119  
 My Own Stories, 83:62  
**Song from the Forest**, 84:53  
**Sounds of People and Places, The**, 84:45  
**Sounds True Audio**, 84:66  
**South America**  
*True Hallucinations*, 82:107  
*World Is As You Dream It, The*, 84:35  
**Soviet Union**  
*Ghost of the Executed Engineer*, 83:84  
**Sparks, Sophia, Coauthor**  
 "Waking Up the Monkey," 83:106

**Spirituality**  
 see also Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Manichaeism.  
*Art Meets Science and Spirituality in a Changing Economy*, 82:106  
*Earth and Spirit*, 84:29  
*Esoteric Emerson, The*, 84:61  
*Evolution's End*, 83:80  
*Guru Papers, The*, 82:60  
 "Holy Curiosity, A," 82:52  
*Long Quiet Highway*, 83:81  
*Peace is Every Step*, 82:54  
*Spirituality of Imperfection, The*, 83:85  
*Women in Praise of the Sacred*, 83:19  
**Sports**  
*You Gotta Have Wa*, 84:83  
**Spritzer, Lois**  
*Europe for Business Travelers*, 83:76  
*United States for Business Travelers*, 83:76  
**"Starting A Food Rescue Program"**  
 McConnell, Joseph, 82:78  
**Steffen, Alex**  
 "It's the Plutonium Economy, Stupid," 84:70  
**Steiner, Michael, Editor**  
*Mapping American Culture*, 84:27  
**Storage**  
*Moving Successfully*, 84:88  
**Storytelling**  
 "MacMagic," 83:55  
 My Own Stories, 83:62  
*Spirituality of Imperfection, The*, 83:85  
**Strategy**  
*Book of Stratagems, The*, 83:30  
*Thunder in the Sky*, 84:66  
**Street, John**  
*Politics and Technology*, 82:16  
**Street Zen**, 82:69  
**Stroller Pack**, 84:92  
**Sucher, David**  
*City Comforts*, 84:90  
**Sufi**  
*Returning*, 84:52  
**Sullivan, Lawrence E.**  
*Parabola Book of Healing, The*, 83:58  
**Sun-Tzu**  
*Art of Warfare, The*, 83:12  
**Sustainable agriculture**  
*At Nature's Pace*, 83:114  
*Farming for the Future*, 84:106  
**Sustainable forestry**  
*Thinking Like a Forest*, 82:40  
*Wildwood*, 82:40  
**"Symbol Game"**  
 Meyerowitz, Daniel, 82:48  
**Symmetry**, 84:91



**Tabloids**  
 "Elvis Sighted in Ancient Rome," 83:89  
**Tai Chi Ch'uan**  
 see also Martial Arts.  
*Cultivating the Chi', 84:26*  
**Tanahashi, Kazuki**  
*Earth Ship*, 84:74  
**Tantric Buddhism**  
*Passionate Enlightenment*, 84:66  
**Taussig, Harry**  
*Folk Style Autoharp*, 84:47  
**Teaching**  
 see Education.  
**T.A.Z.: The Temporary Autonomous Zone**, 82:61  
**Technologies of Freedom**, 84:96  
**Technology**  
*Compass and Gyroscope*, 82:17  
*Controlling Technology*, 84:96  
*Ghost of the Executed Engineer*, 83:84  
*Hand's End*, 82:14

**Technology continued**

- Making of the English Working Class*, 82:6  
 "Making the Price of Technology Visible," 83:94  
 MIT Program in Science, Technology and Society, 82:33  
 "New Old Luddites, The," 82:3  
*Plain*, 82:13  
*Politics and Technology*, 82:16  
*Rape of the Rose*, *The*, 82:10  
 "Where Did You Get Your Axe?," 82:16

**Tejano music**

- Corridos*, 84:51  
*First Recordings (1928-1938)*, 84:51  
*Mi Unico Camino (My Only Path)*, 84:51  
*Tejano Roots: The Women*, 84:51  
 "Tex-Mex Music," 84:51  
*Texas-Mexican Conjunto, The*, 84:51

**Telecommunications**

- see Information technologies, Internet.

**Telescopes**

- Outdoor Optics*, 82:50

**Television**

- see also Media.  
 "How to Get Your Town to Turn Off Television," 82:96

**Tell Them Who I Am**, 83:72**TerraPax Briefcase**, 83:77**Terrell, Margaret E.**

- Large Quantity Recipes*, 84:109

**"Tex-Mex Music"**

- Martin, Cliff, 84:51

**Texas-Mexican Conjunto, The**, 84:51**Thank You and OK!**, 84:84**The Good Life**, 84:54**Their Eyes Were Watching God**, 83:60**Theology**

- see Spirituality.

**Thinking Like a Forest**, 82:40**"13 Counter Intuitive Principles"**

- Leonard, George, 84:67

**"13 Steps to Recovery from Homelessness"**

- Namey, Rick, 83:75

**This Is Rhythm**, 84:49**Thompson, Edward**

- Making of the English Working Class*, 82:6

**3D Home Architect**, 83:83**Thunder in the Sky**, 84:66**Tilley Hats**, 84:92**Tobin, Joseph, Editor**

- Re-Made in Japan*, 84:80

**Tokyo Style**, 84:83**Tomorrow, Tom**

- Tune in Tomorrow*, 84:99

**Tools**

- see also Hardware.  
 Can-Do Clamp, 82:28  
 D&G Sign and Label, 84:92  
 Groundbreakers Landscaping Tools, 82:29, 84:119  
 Lumber Jack, 82:28  
 Veritas Woodworking Tools, 84:93

**Topstar Dry Highlighters**, 83:86**Toxics**

- Artist Beware*, 84:101  
 Safer Home Test Kit, 82:29

**Toys**

- see also Games.  
*Earth-Friendly Toys*, 84:68  
 Into The Wind, 83:61  
*Kids Shenanigans*, 84:68  
*Mondo Barbie*, 83:68

**Trademarks**

- New Logo from California*, 83:99

**Trails**

- Footpaths*, 83:63

**Transportation**

- "Four-Wheel Jive," 83:79  
*Hopping Freight Trains in America*, 83:76  
*Joy of Carpooling, The*, 83:85  
 Pedal Pusher Bike Buyer's Guide, 84:93  
 "Smart Highways?," 84:86

**Travel**

- Convertible Backpacks*, 83:86  
*Europe for Business Travelers*, 83:76  
*Japan Inside Out*, 84:77  
*Moving Successfully*, 84:88  
*Packing Book, The*, 84:88  
 Travel Pro Rollerboard Suitcase, 83:77  
*United States for Business Travelers*, 83:76  
*Volleyball with the Cuna Indians*, 83:69  
*Workamper News*, 84:88

**Tree climbing**

- Arboreal Expeditions, 83:111  
 Canopy Climbs, 83:111  
 New Tribe, 83:111  
*On Rope*, 83:111  
*Rappelling*, 83:111  
 Tree Climbers International, 83:111  
 "Waking Up the Monkey," 83:106  
 Zanika Sportswear, 83:111

**Trees**

- see Forests and forestry.

**Tremendous Canada of Light, A**, 83:95**Tricycle**, 82:55**Trilobites**, 84:105**True Hallucinations**, 82:107**Tsuchida, Atsushi**

- Nuclear Arming of Japan, The*, 84:74

**Tsuzuki, Kyoichi**

- Tokyo Style*, 84:83

**Tune in Tomorrow**, 84:99**Turner, B.L., Editor**

- Earth As Transformed by Human Action*, 84:112

**Turning Wheel**, 82:55**Tweet, Jonathan**

- Over the Edge*, 82:46

**"Twenty-Five Ways to Spot an Expert"**

- Rifkin, William D., 83:33

**Typography**

- see Graphic design.

**Ultimate Bug Book, The**, 83:62**Under Saturn's Shadow**, 84:60**Under Western Skies**, 84:106**Understanding Japanese Information Processing**, 84:83**Unger, Stephen H.**

- Controlling Technology*, 84:96

**United States for Business Travelers**, 83:76**Urban architecture**

- see City planning.

**Vagabond Travel Guitar**, 84:48**Valentine, Maggie**

- Show Starts on the Sidewalk, The*, 84:98

**Velavich, Susan, Editor**

- Edge of the Millennium, The*, 84:100

**Ventura, Michael**

- Letters At 3 AM*, 83:40

- We've Had A Hundred Years of Psychotherapy and the World's Getting Worse*, 83:59

**Veritas Woodworking Tools**, 84:93**Vietnam**

- Good Scent From a Strange Mountain*, 82:56  
*Leading the Way*, 83:12  
*Learning True Love*, 82:57

**"View from Ninety, The"**

- Simon, Tami, 84:54

**Visions of Caliban**, 84:15**Visual Literacy**, 83:99**Volleyball with the Cuna Indians**, 83:69**Volunteerism**

- see Activism.

**Von Sartory, Barna**

- Houses of Glass*, 83:52

**Von Senger, Harro**

- Book of Stratagems, The*, 83:30

**Wabi-Sabi for Artists, Designers, Poets & Philosophers**, 84:78**"Waking Up the Monkey"**

- Ness, Tom & Sophia Sparks, 83:106

**Walsh, Mary E.**

- Moving to Nowhere*, 83:72

**War**

- see also Military.  
*Art of Warfare, The*, 83:12  
*Bottom-Up Review, The*, 83:12  
 Defense Budget Project, 83:12  
*Defense Monitor*, 84:72  
*Globalization of Arms Production*, 83:12  
*Leading the Way*, 83:12

**Ward, Tim**

- What the Buddha Never Taught*, 82:56

**Warshall, Peter**

- "Mutual Life," 84:5

**Way We Lived, The**, 82:42**We Shall Overcome**, 84:42**We've Had A Hundred Years of Psychotherapy and the World's Getting Worse**, 83:59**Weapons**

- see Nuclear energy & weapons, War.

**"Weed Vandalism"**

- Ness, Tom, 83:104

**Wells, Malcolm**

- Perspective*, 82:73

**West, Keith**

- How to Draw Plants*, 84:111  
*Painting Plant Portraits*, 84:111

**West Point Way of Leadership, The**, 83:12**What It Takes**, 82:33**What the Bible Really Says**, 84:98**What the Bones Tell Us**, 84:115**What the Buddha Never Taught**, 82:56**"Where Did You Get Your Axe?"**

- Baldwin, J., 82:16

**Where Have All the Flowers Gone**, 84:42**White Lights**, 82:104**Whiting, Robert**

- You Gotta Have Wa*, 84:83

**Whitmyer, Claude, Editor**

- Mindfulness and Meaningful Work*, 84:29

**Who Owns Information?**, 83:95**Wilde, Richard & Judith**

- Visual Literacy*, 83:99

**Wilderness U**, 84:34**Wildlife Survivors**, 84:113**Wildwood**, 82:40**Wiley, John P., Jr.**

- Natural High*, 83:63

**Wilkie, Tom**

- Perilous Knowledge*, 83:115

**Williams, Robert**

- Just As I Am*, 83:68

**Wilson, Edward O.**

- Naturalist*, 84:111  
*Biophilia Hypothesis, The*, 82:43

**Winthrop, Theodore**

- Good Rain*, 82:41

**Witchcraze**, 84:20**Witness**, 84:35**Wolflein, Luise**

- Ultimate Bug Book, The*, 83:62

**Wolves**

- Playing by Heart*, 83:115

**Women**

- Creating Health*, 84:63  
 Dagger, 84:60  
*Enterprising Women*, 84:63  
*Minding the Body*, 84:62  
*Passionate Enlightenment*, 84:66  
*Price of Honor*, 84:20  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God*, 83:60  
*Witchcraze*, 84:20  
*Women in Praise of the Sacred*, 83:19  
*Women Music Makers*, 84:45

**Woodworking**

- see also Building.  
 Can-Do Clamp, 82:28  
 Lumber Jack, 82:28  
 Veritas Woodworking Tools, 84:93  
*Wood Reference Handbook*, 83:53

**Work**

- see Employment.

**Workamper News**, 84:88**Working with Graphic Designers**, 84:101**World Is As You Dream It, The**, 84:35**World of Enchantment:**

- Legends & Myths*, 84:69

**World Out of Time, A**, 84:50**Worster, Donald**

- Under Western Skies*, 84:106

**"Wrestling with Demons"**

- Mead, Nathaniel, 82:63

**Wright, Billie**

- Four Seasons North*, 83:112

**Writing**

- Language of the Night, The*, 82:47  
*Long Quiet Highway*, 83:61  
*Writing Down the Bones*, 83:81

**Wu, Yi**

- Cultivating the Empty Field*, 84:26

**You Gotta Have Wa**, 84:83**Yukon**

- Lost Whole Moose Catalogue, The*, 83:112  
*Yukon Reader, The*, 83:112

**Zanika Sportswear**, 83:111**Zapl: How your computer can hurt you**, 84:97**Zines**

- Crash Collusion*, 82:104  
*Dreamtime Talkingmail*, 82:104  
*Friendship Letter, The*, 83:60  
*Might*, 83:99  
*Puppy Toss*, 82:105  
*Small Magazine Review*, 82:81  
*White Lights*, 82:104  
*Zlata's Diary*, 84:69

**Zoology**

- And No Birds Sing*, 84:110  
*Fascinating Freshwater Fish Book*, 84:110  
*Human Nature of Birds, The*, 83:63  
*Snakes*, 84:110  
*Visions of Caliban*, 84:15  
*Wildlife Survivors*, 84:113  
*Witness*, 84:35  
**Zubrowski, Bernie**  
*Messing Around with Drinking Straw Construction*, 83:62

# BACKSCATTER



**O**utraged refutations, ecstatic syntheses, icy corrections, generous compliments, modest proposals and rebellious bellowings from readers to editors, writers, and each other.

• Letters may be edited for space, though we undertake the task with reluctance and a heavy heart.

## Yep, and You Know What Else . . .

Dear Ty,

Great article on making water into gasoline! [85:50]

One added point: you don't need a fuel tank larger and heavier than a gasoline tank. If you're going to put electric motors on the wheels, you can use the motors as generators and eliminate the brake shoes and drums (a saving in weight). About 40-50 percent of the power of a car is lost in braking, so if you use regenerative braking you don't have to carry as much hydrogen to get the same range.

Of course, to use the power from regenerative braking to accelerate the car, you need a flywheel that weighs about fifty pounds.

We are currently doing a hybrid diesel/flywheel system with Westinghouse for a school bus program here and an urban bus in Japan.

Alvin Duskin  
San Francisco

*I always knew the flywheel would come to our aid one day. Good work, Alvin!*  
—Ty Cashman

## Big If?

The laws of thermodynamics say "you can't win" and "you can't even break even," but Ty Cashman's article, "Fuel from Water," suggests otherwise.

"While hydrogen requires energy for its liberation from water," he writes, "it returns that energy during combustion." If he means the energy from burning hydrogen could both run the car and produce more fuel

(to keep the car moving that next mile), then yippee! But I don't think that's how it works. Cashman is describing the old perpetual-motion-machine-plugged-into-itself, something inventors keep trying to build but never can.

If, as he suggests later on, it's solar or wind power that separates the hydrogen from water to get things started, that's a big if — it could take a lot of bucks to produce a little bang. What the experts say hydrogen could be good for, as I understand it, is storing energy in a portable form, not making it in the first place.

By the way, isn't water vapor a potent greenhouse gas?

Sorry to be a spoilsport.

Doug Stewart

• *Thanks for clearing up a potential confusion. I assumed everyone knew "you can't even break even" when transforming energy from one form to another. The sentence should have read: "While hydrogen requires energy for its liberation from water, it returns most of that energy during combustion . . ." The present efficiencies in electrolytic production of hydrogen are 70 to 75 percent. Improvements in reducing Ohmic voltage losses are expected to bring the efficiencies up to 85 or 90 percent. Not too bad in this world of entropy.*

*That's why there is no "big if." Wind-produced electricity is now selling for five cents a kilowatt-hour, wholesale. New solar thermal electric power could soon be cheaper than that. Photovoltaic power is coming down in price fast. These primary sources will produce hydrogen at reasonable prices for power*

storage, power transfer, and mobile fuel. Good bang for the buck.

• *Yes, water vapor is a greenhouse gas. But it cycles back to earth as rain. The fossil fuel CO<sub>2</sub> build-up stays in the atmosphere, and through the warming it creates, causes greater evaporation of water vapor from the seas. A world solar-hydrogen economy would produce neither new atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub> nor its attendant evaporative effect. The added water vapor from hydrogen combustion would likely have some warming effect before it fell as rain, but far less than a fossil economy with its double-whammy of fossil CO<sub>2</sub> and massive increases in water vapor from the oceans.*  
—Ty Cashman

## Where Do I Start?

Whole Earth's "Water Talks" issue was the best in many a year. You folks seem to have found the secret formula that made me want to subscribe in the first place. Where do I start? Since I'm from LA originally, it did my heart good to learn of Lewis MacAdams's "Forty-Year Art Project." Most people in Los Angeles seem to have given up on even trying to heal the place.

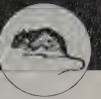
I was glad to hear about the Ecological Design Society. The conference at Big Sur must have been fascinating. We definitely need to bring whole-systems thinking into the mainstream. The earth can't support the status quo any longer.

News of the Kitlope victory, and of Curitiba: it's so important to get the word out about this kind of success story. It's inspirational. We need that to keep up the good fight. Perhaps the balance is slowly shifting.

I liked the provocative interview with Juliette Majot. It's great that women are on the frontlines of river activism. I'm going to join her organization, the International Rivers Network.

Thanks for a really good read. I keep coming back to it. I loved the whole issue.

Deborah Holden  
Boulder, Colorado



## Naked Is as Naked Does

Much has been written about "living lightly." Yet virtually every article written about how to "reduce, reuse and recycle" never mentions reducing clothes consumption. Maybe it is because we are so uncomfortable with anything that implies nudity — I call it our society's body shame. Consider the resource consumption and waste generation in the production of raw materials, (I personally think "natural" fibers are just as harmful as synthetics), the production of the finished product, the transportation and selling of apparel, and the cleaning and care of clothes. The environmental impact of clothes is tremendous!

We need to wear clothes and it will be years (decades?) before our society becomes comfortable with nudity, but consider the potential impact if everyone did just these three things — sleep in the nude, (eliminating the need for manufacturing or care of bed clothes), went naked whenever we would normally wear a bathing suit (other than modesty what purpose does a bathing suit serve?), and instead of turning on our air conditioners at home, we stripped for comfort (the environmental benefits of less air conditioner use is an added bonus

as is the time saved from doing less laundry). Add to this if the 30 to 50 percent of women who are small breasted gave up their bras (as I have), and simply having smaller wardrobes, and we have made a tremendous impact.

I can see all sorts of excuses environmentalists (or anyone) would give for not following these simple steps. Sleeping in the nude would be too cold (a down comforter keeps me plenty warm in winter and a good one lasts decades), or what if my kids need me or there is an earthquake (keep a robe or sweats next to the bed). The most serious criticism to these suggestions is that prolonged exposure to the sun can be harmful. This is true whether naked or not. Of course one should wear sun screen to avoid sunburn, but rather than cover up, the best solution is to provide more shade. We all know the scores of reasons we need more trees, well add shade to protect us from harmful rays and shrubbery to provide more privacy as yet another environmental benefit of shedding clothes.

I have never seen this aspect of environmentalism discussed. Do you dare print this letter?

Laura Hall  
Valencia, California

## Correction: WER #85

The correct phone number for Robert Dawson and the Water in the West Project (inside front cover and page 1) is 415/337-5472.

## Take Note

In WER 84 you reviewed Peter Holmes's *The Energetics of Western Herbs*. I sent Snow Lotus Press a check for \$85.80 for volumes 1 and 2 (as noted in the review \$42.90 for each volume). Snow Lotus promptly cashed my check the first week of November. I have subsequently sent four letters and left half a dozen messages during working hours on their answering machine inquiring about the status of my books. They have never acknowledged or answered my requests. This is the first time in more than twenty years of buying products recommended in your reviews that this has occurred and I hope you take note. Thank you.

Steve DiGiacomo  
Dallas, Texas

We called Snow Lotus Press. They apologized for the poor service, and promised to contact Mr. DiGiacomo.  
—RK

## Millennium Whole Earth Catalog Updates and Corrections

*Whole Earth Review* began life as a tool for keeping *The Whole Earth Catalog* current. We printed a mess of updated Catalog information in WER #85; here are the changes of which we've become aware since then.

**The Art of Field Sketching** (p. 17) is out of print.

The six-hour version of **The Mahabharata** (p. 32) is currently out of print; a three-hour version on VHS is available from the Society for the Study of Myth and Tradition, 656 Broadway, New York, NY, 10012, phone 800/560-MYTH. \$49.95 (\$56.45 postpaid). They intend to reissue the six-hour version soon. They also distribute an audio version of **The Power of Myth** (same page) for \$34.95 (\$40.45 postpaid).

The access for the **National Directory of Organic Wholesalers** (p. 98) in-

cludes a pointer to "CAFF" on p. 97. The review of **Community Alliance with Family Farmers** is actually on p. 95.

**Growing Community** newsletter (p. 140) has merged with **Communities Magazine** (same page). The address for both has been changed to Twin Oaks, Rt. 4, Box 169, Louisa, VA 23963; this is also the correct address (zip code was wrong in MWECC) for the **Directory of Intentional Communities** on the same page.

The MED Group (p. 188) does not offer free catalogs through its national office.

The Group is a network of independent medical-equipment specialists offering quality products, service and information. Call 800/825-5633 to find the nearest dealer. The Permobil pictured on p. 188 is distributed by some MED dealers, but is not a MED product.

The address for Trace Research & Development Center (p. 189) is S-151 Waisman Center, 1500 Highland Avenue, Madison, WI 53705. Their **Trace Center Resourcebook** is out of stock and scheduled to be next printed in late 1995.

Access for **The Voyager Company** (p. 269) and **I Photograph to Remember! Fotografia Para Recordar**, p. 270) is 1 Bridge Street, Irvington, NY 10533; 800/446-2001.

The correct phone number for Saxon Math Books (p. 359) is 800/284-7019. ☺

Since the all-too-graphic Old Days ended abruptly with a disappointed little grunt, GOSSIP has devolved, or co-devolved, to little more than pert, perky cheerleading, heavily larded with bland allusions to the wonderful time we at Gate Five Road are having despite being so dang poor. Only rarely has GOSSIP let slip the merest hint of . . . dysfunction . . . such as when half the names on the masthead disappear between one issue and the next: "Hey! A lot of us got irresistible opportunities to work someplace else! It's the new Lean, Light **WER**." Also, we use GOSSIP to beg a lot. As longtime readers will have noticed.

This begging is not really something we can get out of doing, at least not until each of you has subscribed\* and bought gift subscriptions for everyone you know and also purchased two or three copies of **The Millennium Whole Earth Catalog** apiece. But as an alternative to GOSSIP's characteristic mix of panhandling and gladhanding, in this issue we are going to tell lies about the staff as well as true or quasi-true anecdotes.

But first: We've just completed a sixteen-page supplementary update to the **MWEC**. One of these will be found in each copy of the Catalog, starting this fall. The update contains Catalog corrections and emendations, as well as selected **WER** articles and reviews from the past year. If you have a Catalog and want the Update, send us \$10 and there you go.

The eminent San Francisco **Chronicle** columnist and former **WER** guest editor Jon Carroll visited our grubby, sordid offices in Sausalito last April. We naively tried to serve him ham and beans. To our astonishment, Carroll became violent in his disdain for the dish! It took four of us — Meg Clark, Mike Stone, David Burnor, and Hacsí Horvath — to eject him from the building. Jon pulled Mike Stone's hair and banged him into the doorjamb, bringing tears to his eyes from the elbow trauma. And once locked outside, the former Pickle Family Circus board member staggered around the bald little hardpack yard, throwing Stewart's potted cactuses at, though not through, the windows and baying in *alte hochsdeutsch*.

\* See page 126 for a discussion of various special whipped-cream-on-top Supporting Subscriptions.

As hosts, we were caught between our amour-propre and professional respect for the well-known columnist, and our rapidly coalescing urgent desire to step out front and silence the bellowing yahoo with a tire iron. The neighboring entrepreneurs had long since been warned of their fate should they ever call the cops about any disturbance having the Point Foundation offices as its source. Eventually Hacsí skulked out the back door, went to a pay phone, and called a taxi. When the taxi had picked him up at the phone booth, Hacsí directed the driver to cruise slowly past the Whole Earth yard, where Carroll had gone to sleep with his head under the porch after butting a telephone pole five times. Creeping near, Meg emptied a can of shaving cream into Carroll's lap. Then Meg, David, and the taxi driver bundled the columnist into the cab and Mike paid his fare back to Oakland.

Somehow we neglected to thank a former intern, Brian Beffort, for his great help on Issue 85. Brian is now the managing editor of **Adventure West**, based in Lake Tahoe. This paragraph is definitely true, and the thanks are entirely sincere.

Speaking of technology: If you're on the

Internet, you should waddle over and visit the Whole Earth pages on the World Wide Web! We've been working with former **WELL** staffer Matisse Enzer to present some of the nicest features from both the Catalog and **Whole Earth Review**. We hope to sell more Catalogs this way, as well as to attract a huge number of new subscribers. You can find our Web pages by dialing: <http://www.well.net/mwec>

Andrea Chase, sometimes known as Vera, has just about recovered from the mysterious case of pica that had everyone running around behind her, spackling up the holes she chewed in the rotting plaster of the Whole Earth squat. "Mysterious" in Verandah's case because neither pregnancy nor chlorosis — an iron deficiency — could be established. The office walls now exhibit a strange lunar-wainscoting effect caused by fresh spackle from the floor up to as high as Andorra's teeth could reach. In the waning stages of her affliction, she contented herself with eating a stack of drywall left out on the deck by builders and miraculously not trampled into powder during the Carroll episode.

Speaking of disgraceful incidents: Our survival thus far has been made possible

### Interns Manipulate Sinister Device; Bird Puzzled

We warned them not to touch it. But they did. (Right) Michele Matter with the Device in its condensed form. (Below) Andrew Needham obtains maximum expansion. (Below right) Magritte has a real bad feeling about the Device.



Hillary Hoffman





by repeated dei ex machinae. If you haven't yet subscribed to WER, you should know how bad we need you to do so. To that end:

To subscribe to WER:  
Call 800/783-4903.

We need your help, and that's no lie.

This is true, too. We got a Kyowa tapwater filter in for review. It is the size of a box that engineer boots might come in and, like all other 1990s appliances, the color of pre-chewed gum. That is not the remarkable part, nor is the unresolved question of whether it's a good water filter. The remarkable part is that when you open the valve that routes tapwater through the filter, it plays a saccharine Paul McCartney tune, in a tiny wheezy whiny microchip voice, off-tempo. And there seems to be no Off switch for this feature, which engenders such pathological irritability among some of us — well: me — that I have to stop both ears and sing "The Old Chisholm Trail" while filling the coffee pot. This works well except for the half-second between activating the filter and getting my fist up to my ear. Given this tiny opportunity, the Kyowa is capable of sticking

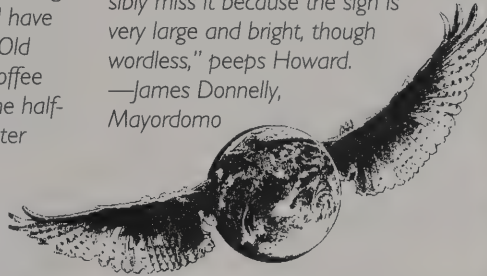
the McCartney song in a fellow's brain for the rest of the day.

Further truth: Jerry George has retired from the Point Board of Directors after helping lead us through a difficult year's transition. Thanks, Jerry, for all your time, effort, goodwill, and spirit!

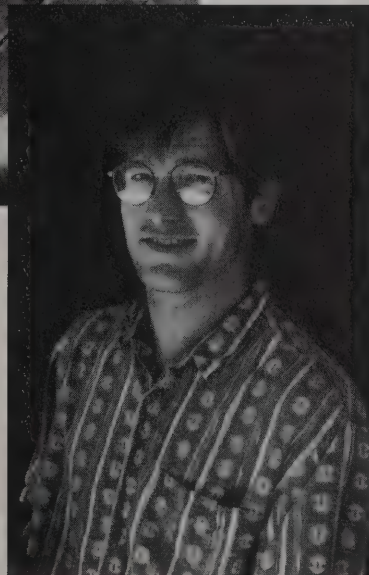
And more truth yet, unfortunately; designer Winslow Colwell's longtime azurpal Magritte (Parakeet), chief tweeter and indefatigable House Bird through many hairy months, died suddenly in April. We were always heartened to see the pleasure she took in her own reflected image as she danced on her perch before the mirror. We'll miss her.

Ex-employee Howard Rheingold wants us to tell all his old friends that the redwood-burl-table concession he is managing up in Cloverdale is thriving. "It's right off 101 as you come into Cloverdale from the south. You couldn't possibly miss it because the sign is very large and bright, though wordless," peeps Howard.

—James Donnelly,  
Mayordomo



(Left) Liz Thompson, moments after touching the Device. (Below left) Jennifer Mizel blithely pokes her head through it. (Below) Wade Fox holds it between his knees, feigning unconcern.



# WHOLE R E V I E W EARTH

**Ruth Kissane**  
Editor-in-Chief

**James Donnelly**  
Senior Editor

**Kathleen O'Neill**  
Art Director

**Winslow Colwell**  
Designer & Photographer

**Andrea Chase, Hacsí Horvath**  
Assistant Editors

**Lisa Winer**  
Copy Editor

**David Burnor**  
Acquisitor & Librarian

**J. Baldwin**  
Domain Editor: Ecological Design

**Peter Warshall**  
Domain Editor: Sustainability

**Richard Nilsen**  
Domain Editor: Land Use

**Howard Rheingold**  
Domain Editor: Corn on the Cob

**Michael Stone**  
General Manager

**Meg Clark**  
Circulation Director

**Katie Quinn**  
Bookkeeper

**Wade Fox, Andrew Needham**  
Editorial Assistants

**Frank Cordes, Alison Levin,  
Jennifer Mizel, Michele Matter,  
Sonda Frúdden, Liz Thompson**  
Invaluable Interns

**Stewart Brand**  
Founder

**POINT FOUNDATION BOARD**  
**Ty Cashman, Ruth Kissane,  
Peggy Lauer, Beau Takahara**

Special thanks to  
**Bill Armour,  
Larry Dieterich, Matisse Enzer,  
Annie Leonard, Gary MacEoin,  
Daniel Meyerowitz, Don  
Michael, Jennifer Roberts,  
Patricia Smith, Karen Van Epen,  
William T. Wandall**

**TRADITIONAL CHILDREN'S STORIES:** PC interactive multimedia. Sensitively told, skillfully illustrated. Catalog: Tellitagan, 1200W South 5th, Austin, TX 78704. 1-800-571-8927.

**ETHNOBOTANICALS AND SHAMAN PLANTS/ SEEDS:** Daturas, henbanes, poppies, cacti, belladonnas, heirloom vegetables. Catalog \$2. Horus Botanicals, HCR 82 Box 29, Salem, AR 72576

**ASTHMA PREVENTION and CURE** — I am seeking books, articles, personal insights and testimony from asthmatics who will fill out and return my questionnaire. J. Hepler, 292 Haydenburg Rd., Whitleyville, TN 38588

**MAGIC MUSHROOM SPORES.** Fertile spore prints of Hawaiian Copelandia Cyanescans, Panaeolus and Psilocybes. Specializing in the blue staining genera. Fresh hybrid Hawaiian Woodrose seeds. Catalog \$2.00. Pacific Exotic Spora P.O. Box 11611-WE Honolulu, HI 96828.

**THE READING TUTOR** Teach your child to read with individualized reading kits designed by certified master teachers. Cassette, activities, word lists, more! \$9.95. 1-800-557-0877.

**SINGLE SCIENCE/NATURE ENTHUSIASTS** are meeting through Science Connection. Contact us for info: 1-800-667-5179; e-mail: 71554.2160@compuserve.com.

**ORGANIC AND MACROBIOTIC NATURAL FOODS. FREE CATALOG.** Over 1200 natural products shipped to your door. MOUNTAIN ARK TRADING CO. P.O. BOX 3170, Fayetteville, AR 72702-3170 800-643-8909

**URINE TESTING** 250 legal medications cause false positives. Protect your civil liberties. Free info 24 hours. 800-480-2468

**AT THE GATE** links compatible singles sharing attitudes on holistic living, ecology, peace, personal growth. Nationwide. Since 1985. Free details. Box 09506-WER, Columbus, OH 43209

**FINE HERBAL EXTRACTS.** Free brochure. Yellow Emperor, Inc., Box 2631. Eugene, Oregon, 97402.

**"THE PERFECT PARTNER NETWORK NEWSLETTER"** links astrologically compatible, growth oriented men and women for personal, professional, and travel related purposes. For a complimentary copy call toll free: 1-800-626-4254.

**NATIONAL PARK JOBS**— Tour guide, dude ranch, host(ess), instructor, lifeguard, hotel staff, trail maintenance, firefighter, + volunteer & government positions available. Excellent benefits + bonuses! Apply now for best positions. Call: 1-206-545-4804 ext N9098

**\$ THOUSANDS MONTHLY!** Start your own home business. Free details or for complete kit send \$5.00: Box 271-WE Cambria CA 93428.

**HARDY BAMBOO**—selecting, growing, controlling, using, etc.—Want to know more? Subscribe to Temperate Bamboo Quarterly, \$24/year from TBO, 30 Myers Road, Summertown, Tenn. 38483-9768

**ISOLATED, PRIVATE 655 ACRES, \$98,950.** Breathtaking Central Oregon ranch land. Spectacular views, recreation. Ideal for retreat, conference center, gathering. . . Bergmans, Box 404, Corvallis, OR 97339

**LIVING FREE** newsletter. For freedom-seekers, homesteaders, survivalists, libertarians, anarchists, outlaws. Lively, unique. \$12.00 for 6 issues, sample \$2.00. Box 29-WER, Hiler Branch, Buffalo NY 14223.

**"WITH RESPECT TO PESKEOMSKUT"** A collection of poetry and prose by Don Ogden honoring the land and its inhabitants. Inspired by an ancient Native dwelling site in the Mid-Connecticut River Valley of Western Massachusetts. Available from Dafreedomada Press, 350 N. Leverett Road, Leverett, MA 01054 for \$5.76 (postage incl.). Proceeds will go toward creation of an interpretive trail at Peskeomskut. 31 pages, soft cover.

**IMPRISONED ANIMAL RIGHTS WARRIOR** desires mail from all kindered spirits of the earth. Reach out and light a candle in this darkness! Letters to: Wayne "Cody" Lassell D71733, P.O. Box 7500 B2 Cell 113, Pelican Bay State Prison, Crescent City, Calif. 95531-7500

**EARTHMATES—SUSTAINABLE RELATIONSHIPS,** in US and Canada. Your partner IS out there. Valuing the earth, growth and peace are the beginning. Unique approach. Confidential, no obligation. SASE: Box 6318-W, Louisville, KY 40206-0318

## READER SERVICES: HOW TO . . .

### Subscribe to WER

Subscription rates are as follows: \$20/1 year (4 issues), \$35/2 years (8 issues), and \$52/3 years (12 issues). Additional postage outside the US is \$8/year to Canada and Mexico (includes GST) and \$15/year (air mail) all other foreign. Please inquire about agency rates.

### Whole Earth Review Customer Service:

PO Box 3000, Denville, NJ 07834.  
800/783-4903; 201/627-2427,  
M-T-Th 9-8 EST; W-F 9-5 EST. Fax:  
201/627-5872. Email: wer@well.sf.ca.us

### Resolve Sub Questions

If you have any questions regarding your own or your gift subscriptions, please write or call us right away, and we'll do whatever we can to help. If possible, please provide us with your address and subscriber number from your magazine label, invoice or renewal notice. Missing issue claims will not be honored later than six months after publication.

### Change Your Address

Moving? Send us your old address, new address, and date effective, preferably six weeks in advance. The Post Office is not obliged to forward Second Class mail.

### Find Us in Indexes

WER is indexed by Access: the Supplementary Index to Periodicals, Alternative Press Index, Magazine Index, Consumers Index, Humanities Index, Book Review Index, Academic Index, Academic Abstracts, Health Source, and General Periodical Index.

### Order Back Issues

See page 128 for prices and availability. Back issues are also available on microfilm and as xerographic reprints through University Microfilm International, Serials Bid Coordinator, 300 Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

### Cope with Sales Tax

Our review access format gives list and post-paid price (list plus postage and handling). Depending upon where you live, and upon where they have their operations, many publishers and mail-order companies now charge your state's sales tax on mail-order sales. This is so complex, varied, and changeable that we have decided against including a tax figure with each review. However, if you do not send the tax, your order may be delayed while the publisher writes back asking for the money. To avoid this delay, you could add your state's sales tax based on the list price, or call to ask about your particular situation.

### Rent Our Mailing List

Occasionally we make our mailing list available to companies offering goods or services we feel would be of interest to our readers. If you do not wish to receive these mailings, please contact Customer Service and let us know. If you wish to have your name taken off other companies' mailing lists, please write to: Mail Preference Service, c/o DMA, Box 9008, Farmingdale, NY 11735-9008.

Our readers' concerns range from the environmental and technological to the political and personal. If you are interested in renting our mailing list, please contact Valerie Hutchinson at Pacific Lists: 415/381-0553.

### Reprint

We allow reprints in small quantities for non-profit classroom and community use at no charge. There is no need to request permission. While we appreciate being informed of the uses to which our material is put, we will not necessarily respond to requests for reprint permission from the academic community. Requests for commercial and trade reprinting should be sent to WER/Reprints, 27 Gate Five Road, Sausalito, CA 94965.





- Unclassifieds are \$2 per word, \$50 minimum. You count them and send us payment with the ad copy. We can't bill: payment must accompany the ad. We'll all be happier if your copy is neat and decipherable and comprehensible.
- The first few words in your ad will be in capital letters. That's the extent of the graphic treatments we can undertake.
- To run a repeat ad: Multiply your ad payment times the number of issues in which you want the ad to run. Send in that amount and we will print the same ad that many times. If you decide to repeat your ad after it has run, or if you wish to make a change in the copy, you must submit the ad again.
- The deadline is July 7, 1995 for WER 87. Ads received after the deadline will be held for the following issue.
- We reserve the right to refuse any advertisement.
- We print ads in the order received. "Unclassifieds" means "no categories."
- Mail ad and payment (made out to *Whole Earth Review*) to WER Unclassifieds, PO Box 38, Sausalito, CA 94966. Please include your phone number with your ad order.

**TREK-MOCCASINS.** Custom crafted to your feet. Light weight, rugged, immediately comfortable. For free brochure: send SASE to: Box 152, Llano, California 93544

**Making Money in the 90's.** The Birthday Club earns you thousands. Fun! Easy! Free Details, SASE, Box 7176 Boulder, 80306

**WIZARD OF THE UPPER AMAZON.** Has this book been important in your life? Would you like to be involved in making a film of it? We hold the movie rights to this book. If you are a producer, director, filmmaker, backer, or want to be involved in any other way contact: WZ, Box 291, Helena, MT 59624

**INSTANT DOMES AND GREENHOUSES:** Up in 20 minutes! Many models. Color catalog \$1. **SHELTER SYSTEMS,** 224 W. O'Connor, Menlo Park, CA 94025. (415) 323-6202

**ADIRONDACKS: A CREATIVE VISION.** Five people will share 325 acre wilderness preserve, each with an approved building site. Two taken, three left. Fish, Box 502, Lake Placid, NY 12946.

**BARBADOS:** 1798 coral Mill House in rural setting. Walled garden, tower. Alternative living. Sale or rent. Fish, Box 502, Lake Placid, NY 12946.

**START YOUR OWN TECHNICAL VENTURE!** Don Lancaster's newly updated *Incredible Secret Money Machine II* tells how. We now have autographed copies of the Guru's underground classic for \$21.50. Synergetics Press, Box 809-WE, Thatcher AZ, 85552. (520) 428-4073. VISA/MC.

**COMBINATORIAL LOGIC PROBE/** oscilloscope trigger. Up to four logic high, five low inputs yield trigger output, LED indication in 20ns. Matchbox size pod includes input cable. \$25 postpaid. SASE gets schematic. Alex Funk, Box 12669, RTP NC 27709

**JAPANESE T-SHIRT LOVERS!** You show me yours, I'll show you mine. Send xerox copies to M. Vincent Otto, 30 Paulding St, San Francisco 94112-2440.

**THE INSTITUTE FOR VERNACULAR PHILOSOPHY** is a non-profit providing tools, programs and publications to encourage non-academic philosophy and action worldwide in ecology, economics, ethics and cosmology. Information: IVP, PO Box 643W, Bellows Falls, VT 05101 or (603) 756-4245 or 71041.560@compuserve.com

**MUSELETTER** is "profound . . . unfailingly fascinating" (*Utne Reader*). Alternative Press Award nominee. Monthly essay exploring human situation at millennium's end by deep ecologist Richard Heinberg. \$15/year, \$1.50/sample. 1433-A Olivet Road, Santa Rosa CA 95401.

**HAWAII RETREAT,** Quiet hideaway, close to volcano park and black sand beaches. Facilities for visitors, rentals for group workshops and programs. P.O. Box 250, Pahala, Hawaii 96777, (808) 928-8539

**BEAUTIFUL OLYMPIC PENINSULA!** Find a home in God's Country. Free real estate information, Port Townsend, Washington area. Call Tim Horvath, Realty World 1-800-585-1448 or Fax 1-206-385-3512

**NATURAL AMERICAN SPIRIT TOBACCO** and cigarettes. 100% free of chemical additives. If you use tobacco the way Native Americans intended, or if you smoke out of choice rather than habit . . . here is an alternative you should try. Send \$1.00 for each sample — FILTER; NON-FILTER; FILTER-MENTHOLATED; and/or POUCH OF LOOSE TOBACCO — you certify that you are of legal age to purchase tobacco products and we will ship you your sample order the day we receive it. PLEASE: no requests for multiples of the same item. POB 25140, Sample Request Dept. WER20, Santa FE, NM 87504. Charge telephone sample orders (\$4.00 min. charge includes 4 items) to MC/V 1(800)332-5595.

VERUCAzine. Pansexual, S/M+, herbs, witchcraft, more. \$4. POB 4092 Amity, New Haven, CT 06525

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

**PROJECT MIND - The Conscious Conquest of Man & Matter Through Accelerated Thought** - by T. Kun. This "total immersion, higher creativity think tank," reconciling science and spirit will defeat DEATH & TAXES eliminating ignorance, wage slavery and suffering. 304 pages, U.S. \$17.44, postpaid, foreign \$19.44. Unimedia, Box 247, Indian Rocks Beach, FL 34635. Inquiries: marshlu@vms.huji.ac.il [http://www.webscope.com/project\\_mind/project\\_mind.html](http://www.webscope.com/project_mind/project_mind.html)

**EARN INCOME ORGANICALLY** and enhance your health and financial future with your own home based, high quality, wildcrafted, whole foods business. Top Ranking Company. 1-800-296-0755

**RAPIDLY EXPANDING NATIONAL Environmental Marketing Firm Needs Representatives.** Planet-sensitive readers of WER perfect. High Earning Potential for Motivated People. Commission Sales plus Bonuses and Rebates. No Sales Experience Necessary. Excellent Training Provided. P/T or F/T, Call 310/821-2590 T-W-Th 10 am to 4 pm.

**COMPLETE SET:** all 85 back issues of CQ/ WER plus bonus goodies ("Place", WESR, WE catalogs, etc). Sell or trade as set. Free shipping if you donate to library. Contact John Stierberg, 5727 Canoga Ave. # 134, Woodland Hills, CA 91367. Tel: 818-340-6138 or fax 818-340-2905.

**EUROPEAN SMART DRUGS!** Send \$10 for non-promotional information packet, directory of 15+ suppliers, more. Or, SASE for book catalog. Nootropic News, P.O. Box 177ws, Camarillo, CA 93011

**AMAZON MEDICINE/VISIONARY PLANTS/ PSYCHEDELICS Literature,** Discount Books, "Grow Guides", Art, Elixirs: Plant Sources: Cacti, Mushroom, Seeds/Spores, \$1/Catalog. ROSETTA, P.O. Box 4611 Dept. W, Berkeley, CA 94704-0611

**YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL — NATURALLY,** an extraordinary 90 minute audiocassette, send \$12 (cash) for airmail despatch to BCM-INNOHA, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND

**COMPLETE SET WHOLE EARTH REVIEW (#1-85)** for sale! Also: Fall '68 W.E.C (the first!), Spring '69, Fall '69, Spring '70, Fall '70, W.E. Epilog, Last W.E.C., Last Supplement, 6 — '69-'71 Supplements, Space Colonies, Domebooks 1 & 2, Shelter + 2 Cybernetic Frontiers (Brand). Also lots of Peter Max stuff! Offers & Inquiries: write Brown-Man, 1275 Briarbrook # 110, Wheaton, IL 60187

# THANK YOU.

Unlike most magazines, *Whole Earth Review* is almost entirely reader-supported. We depend on the extraordinary encouragement of our Supporting Subscribers. Thank you!

As a way of acknowledging your crucial importance, we print your illustrious name and that of your scenic hometown in the magazine (unless you prefer to remain anonymous). *Whole Earth Review* is published by Point Foundation, a 501(c)3 nonprofit corporation. Therefore most of your contribution is tax-deductible (check with your tax expert).

Would you consider joining the folks that make this magazine unique? You can support us at any of several levels:

- **Perpetual:** \$10,000/lifetime. Perpetuals get a set of back issues (as complete as we have), two copies of every existing Point book or product, and receive their *WER* in an envelope, air mail, forever (a Perpetual subscription can be willed to descendants, or passed on to others) — or as long as we are around. And we will gratefully print your name here, also forever.
- **Angelic:** \$5,000/lifetime. Angelic subscribers get two copies of every Point book or product, and get their *WER* in an envelope, air mail, for the rest of their life or ours, whichever comes first. And we publish your distinguished moniker forever.
- **Maniacal:** \$1000/lifetime. Maniacs get their *WER* in a sturdy, attractive envelope, air mail, as long as they (or we) live. And your name shines on these pages forevermore.
- **Munificent:** \$250/year. Munificents get their *WER* in an envelope, air mail, for a year, and two copies of whatever books we publish that year. Your generosity is trumpeted here for a year.
- **Sustaining:** \$100/year. Sustainers get their *WER* in an envelope, air mail, for a year. And their names appear on these pages for that year.
- **Retaining:** \$50/year. Retainers get their *WER* in an envelope, air mail, for a year. We print their names in one issue as an example to the potentially generous.
- *You may, of course, support us anonymously at any level if you prefer that we not enshrine your wonderful name.*

Won't you consider joining our Supporting Subscribers program?

## Perpetual Supporter

Marlon Brando  
Los Angeles, California

## Angelic Supporters

Grant Abert  
Hillpoint, Wisconsin  
Felix Dennis  
London, England

## Maniacal Supporters

Jaime Lubin Zermeño  
Acosta  
Guadalajara, Mexico  
Cash Adams  
Miami, Florida

Peter C. Akwai  
Dreieich-Gotzenhain,  
Germany  
Denise & Norman Alm  
Inchture, Perthshire,  
Scotland  
Kathy Archibald  
Tallahassee, Florida  
August  
Bamboo Flying Water  
New York, New York  
John Perry Barlow  
Pinedale, Wyoming  
Basic Living  
Products, Inc.  
Berkeley, California  
Leona  
& Bruce Baumgart  
Los Gatos, California  
Bonno Bernard  
Davenport, California

Alex Bornstein  
St. Louis, Missouri  
Donna Boyd  
& Gene Combs  
Lexington, Kentucky  
Mark & Amanda Brady  
Atherton, California  
Jim & Anne Bredouw  
Eastsound, Washington  
Stephen & Julie Briggs  
Vienna, Virginia  
Peter Buckley  
Mill Valley, California  
Kelly Celmer  
Cashton, Wisconsin  
Harvey Chang  
Montreal, Quebec,  
Canada  
Polly Cherner  
San Anselmo, California  
Continuous Wave

Joe S. Coulombe  
Cary, North Carolina  
Jerry Crutcher  
Rockville, Maryland  
W. Dale, Jr.  
Portland, Maine  
Tim Dalmau  
Samford Village,  
Australia  
Lynn Dondero, MD  
Sonoma, California  
Robert Dunn  
Albany, New York  
Editora Espaco  
E Tempo Ltda  
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil  
Hilary Fried  
Huntington, Connecticut  
Alex Funk  
Durham, North Carolina  
Toni Garrett  
Emeryville, California  
David Gotlib  
Toronto, Ontario,  
Canada  
Edward D. Grover  
Rolling Hills Estates,  
California  
Eric Haines  
Ithaca, New York  
Haines Borough  
Public Library  
Haines, Alaska  
Hampshire  
College Frog  
Amherst, Massachusetts  
Stephen F. Haust  
Cookeville, Tennessee  
David & Kay Hines  
Austin, Texas  
Stephen Hodgkin  
Lyneham, Australia  
Allen Hogle  
Gualala, California  
Alex Hunt  
Durham, North Carolina  
Harold Hunter  
Alexandria, Virginia  
R.W. Hurd  
Tucson, Arizona  
Michael O. Johnson  
Bremerton, Washington  
Elisabeth Jones  
Berkeley, California  
Mitch Kapor  
Cambridge,  
Massachusetts  
Kinswoman  
Eugene, Oregon  
David Kittrell  
Seattle, Washington

Kevin J. Kiwak  
Farmington, Connecticut  
Christophe Le Bret  
Paris, France  
Lawrence Lewis  
Sedro Wooley,  
Washington  
In Memoriam  
John Litt  
Love, Cy & Andrew  
James E. Lovelock  
Coombe Mill,  
Cornwall, England  
Lucky Loner  
of the Lurker Legions  
Antoine Maamari  
Paris, France  
Randy Mack  
North Miami Beach,  
Florida  
Jose Marti  
Rio Piedras, Guatemala  
Douglas Martin  
Sausalito, California  
Luther & Gloria McLeod  
La Center, Washington  
Arthur Milholland, MD  
Baltimore, Maryland  
Russ Molari  
Palo Alto, California  
James Moores  
County Clare, Ireland  
Mike Nathan  
Cambridge,  
Massachusetts  
W.K. Nelson  
Kalispell, Montana  
Anne Norcia  
Waynesville, Ohio  
Nothing Matters  
Everything Is Important  
Joshua Notowitz  
Baltimore, Maryland  
Ray Olszewski  
Palo Alto, California  
Gary Owens  
Mountain View,  
California  
Norman Pease  
Orinda, California  
Tom Peters  
Wells, Vermont  
The Pierpoints  
Republic of Panama  
Plant Just One Tree  
Love, Ma  
Julian Price  
Asheville, North Carolina  
Ron Pruitt  
St. Paul, Minnesota

J.H. Reynolds  
Albuquerque,  
New Mexico

Pierre A. Rioux  
Minot, North Dakota

Marcelo C. Rocha  
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Maria Rodale  
Emmaus, Pennsylvania

John Romkey  
Cambridge,  
Massachusetts

Jim A. Sanders  
Paia, Hawaii

The Schumacher Family  
San Diego, California

Jim Sells  
Corrales, New Mexico

Norman & Joanna Sher  
Brooklyn, New York

Virginia L. Smith  
Redford Township,  
Michigan

Lydia G. Storey  
Dalmatia,  
Pennsylvania

Mack Taylor  
Sausalito, California

Jack Tempchin  
Encinitas, California

Katherine  
W. Tremaine  
Santa Barbara,  
California

Gary Waldron  
Laguna Beach,  
California

Bob Wallace  
Seattle, Washington

S. Ashley Webb  
Palo Alto, California

Samuel Wigley  
Shreveport, Louisiana

David Williams  
Leeds, England

Greg & Pat Williams  
Gravel Switch,  
Kentucky

J. Kirk Wood  
Malibu, California

Ye Olde Tooth Fairye  
Birmingham, Alabama  
and fifteen anonymae

Michael Glancy  
Wilmington,  
North Carolina

Richard Kent  
Laramie, Wyoming

David Kent  
Cali, Colombia

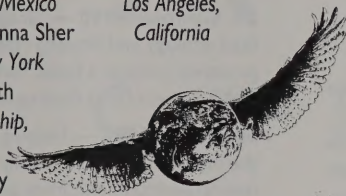
Richard Leopold  
Northbrook, Illinois

Bill Mayben  
Concord, California

Edward K. Robertson  
Bethesda, Maryland

Paul Selkirk  
North Reading,  
Massachusetts

Nick Such  
Los Angeles,  
California



### Sustaining Supporters

Jean Kennedy Alexander  
Somerset, New Jersey

Pamela Allee  
Portland, Oregon

Robbie Anderman  
Killaloe, Ontario  
Canada

Stefan Ashton  
Vienna, Austria

Sekai Chideya  
Baltimore, Maryland

Steve Church  
Avon Lake, Ohio

Dan Connelly  
Sublette, Illinois

Graeme Cottam  
London, England

Daniel Drake  
Mill Valley, California

Roger Easton  
Scottsville, New York

Don A. Ellis  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Canada

Jennifer Ellis  
Barrie, Ontario  
Canada

Tony Fardella  
Cotati, California

Hwly Fawr  
Hampshire, England

Martin Feeney  
Pacific Row, California

Michael & Amy Finn  
Belton, Texas

Barba Fix  
Sante Fe, New Mexico

David Florman  
New York, New York

Elaine Fontana  
Kelseyville, California

Louis Forsdale  
Sante Fe, New Mexico

David Fournet  
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Andrea & Gary Frankel  
Nevada City, California

Robert Franklin  
Creston, North Carolina

Jonathan Frieman  
San Rafael, California

Gregory Fullencamp  
New York, New York

Susan Genetta  
Montreal, Quebec,  
Canada

Steve Gildersleeve  
Duluth, Minnesota

Andrew & Judy Green  
Cleveland, Ohio

John Haag  
Englewood, Colorado

Charlie Haas  
Oakland, California

Tim Hare  
Tallahassee, Florida

Douglas  
Henderson-James  
Durham, North Carolina

Brent Huber  
Tokyo, Japan

Walter Kleeman, Jr.  
High Point,  
North Carolina

Bill Laub  
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dale Leifeste  
Mount Vernon  
New York

Stan Leopard  
Cupertino, California

Peter Lukes  
Portland, Oregon

Chuck Lundgren  
Chico, California

Eleanor Mameli  
Minstrel Island,  
British Columbia  
Canada

Phil Manhard  
Sarasota, Florida

Charles Martin  
Glendale, California

M. J. McAdams  
Washington, DC

John H.. McCord  
Oak Park, Illinois

Alan McCoy  
Spokane, Washington

David Miller  
Berkeley, California

T. Morrisette  
Huntington, Quebec,  
Canada

Bob Norris  
El Paso, Texas

Peter Outerbridge  
New York, New York

Kevin Patrick  
Washington, DC

Jim Peske  
San Jose, California

Elaine & Steve Pike  
Rochester, New York

Lyle Poncher  
Los Angeles, California

Mark Rance  
Los Angeles, California

Thomas F. Riesing  
New York, New York

Michael Saxton  
Davis, California

Suzanne Shafer  
Olympia, Washington

James F. Snyder-Grant  
Jamaica Plain,  
Massachusetts

Richard Subin  
Roanoke, Virginia

Robert K. Toni  
Los Angeles, California

Bianca Troll  
Chicago, Illinois

Miss J.M. Tuff  
Tokyo, Japan

Jean Ann Tyler  
Sacramento, California

C. Allen Waddle  
Santa Monica, California

John F. Warren  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Richard White  
Renfrew, Ontario,  
Canada

Bruce Wilson  
Kingshill,  
Virgin Islands

Winslow Printing  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Brian D. Wright  
Diamond Springs,  
California

David Wurlburt  
Branford, Connecticut  
and three anonymae

### Retaining Supporters

William Arrand  
W. Lebanon,  
New Hampshire

Frank Bernstein  
Hod Ha Sharon, Israel

Paul Bickart  
Washington, DC

Larry Blake  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Joseph Buttimer  
Savannah, Georgia

Dan Cardozo  
Montpelier, Vermont

Jonathan Cook  
St. Paul, Minnesota

Dewain Delp  
San Jose, California

Richard R. Dewees  
Westchester,  
Pennsylvania

Barry Dordahl  
Anchorage, Alaska

Richard Fritsson  
Paoli, Pennsylvania

Joe Gregg  
Appleton, Wisconsin

Jeff Longcore  
Sunnyvale, California

David Macdonald  
Houston, Texas

Lynn Marek  
& Richard Stout  
Bozeman, Montana

Frank Mastroly, JR.  
Hunticgton Beach,  
California

Debbie Nighingale  
Chicago, Illinois

Mark Rothstein  
Ellicott City, Maryland

Jeffrey Sorensen  
Seymour, Connecticut

The Wayne Family  
Dundee, Oregon

John Buck Wilkin  
Nashville, Tennessee  
plus 3 anonymae

### Munificent Supporters

Preston Balkes  
Beverly Hills, California

Anita Susan Brenner  
Pasadena, California



## BACK ISSUES BACK ISSUES BACK ISSUES

Long, slow aging is the secret of a great back issue. Each *Whole Earth Review* is loaded to the lip with memes, notions, arguments, intellectual artifacts of bewildering variety. In fact, their only confluent characteristic is that *WER* is typically about five years ahead of the mainstream in its examination of emerging ideas. Many of the back issues proffered here are at their peak of ripeness!

*All prices are postpaid.*

**85. Spring 1995** — *Water Talks!* Peter Warshall discourses on molecular water: its origins and genealogy, its hospitable structure and secret speech. A forty-year restoration project along the LA River; extracting clean fuel from water; hot springs, bamboo, and aromatic infusions. Also: an extraordinary conference that hatched a new approach to design. Interviews with Ursula Le Guin on the uses of language, Jaime Lerner on the Rechargeable City, and Juliette Majot on reversing water development. And a fish story by Huey Johnson. **\$10.**

**84. Winter 1994** — Greenpeace drafts insurers to fight global warming. Is the global insurance industry a contemporary version of an ancient, essential human network? The universe may be a living member of a still-evolving species. Interviews with Pete Seeger and Helen Nearing; a lightning tour of Japan and a climbing, crawling, muttering tour of Canyonlands. **\$10.**

**83. Summer 1994** — Brian Eno on a new theory of music; Stewart Brand's *How Buildings Learn* excerpted; epistemology clinics; tabloids as modern perpetrators of myth. Also: "Making the Price of Technology Visible," by Howard Rheingold. **\$10.**

**82. Spring 1994** — Kevin Kelly's recipe for a lively universe; Robert Rossney expiates the Luddites; a sustainable New Guinea sawmill; rescuing throwaway food; perilous meditation, sinister dharma, holy curiosity, pothole trouble. '93 Index. **\$10.**

**81. Winter 1993** — Child molestation: predation, psychiatric coercion and false memory. White expropriation of Indian religions. Sustainability versus EC agribusiness-as-usual in France. A technological Event comparable to the emergence of human life. Living gay in China. **\$10.**

**80. Fall 1993** — *Trees*: the shape of the universe, the arboreal path of life. Unpopular views on health care reform; a privacy toolkit. An aikido master discusses horsemanship, love, and common endeavor. Family life with an autistic child. Stephanie Mills on a piece of Michigan northwoods never cut for timber. **\$10.**

**79. Summer 1993** — Twenty-fifth anniversary issue: Stewart Brand, guest editor. "Unthinkable" futures, by Brian Eno and Kevin Kelly; Bruce Sterling assassinates the traditional story form; Jaron Lanier on performing music in virtual reality; Kevin Kelly on digital encryption technology; new work by R. Crumb. **\$10.**

**78. Spring 1993** — *Real-Life Women*: thrift-shop brawlers, childbirth tale-tellers, dykes, nuns, hymnists. Fiction involving birth, bulls, angels. Mark Twain annihilates Fenimore Cooper; fever dreams in the Himalayas. 1992 index. **\$10.**

**76. Fall 1992** — Post-Darwinian evolutionary theory; artificial life, benign and malevolent; redirecting the military and intelligence structures; the Seva Foundation and the way to do good; computational chemistry and multipurpose molecules; petroglyphs in L.A. County. **\$10.**

**75. Summer 1992** — Empathy, consensus, and consciousness; a crosscultural wedding in Cameroon; spirituality and feminism in Islam and Judaism; Huichol Indian peyoteros and Mayan healing; Big Sex Section!; literature for the back-alley semiotician. **\$10.**

**74. Spring 1992** — Z Budapest and Paula Gunn Allen; pagan zines; reflections of an outlaw volunteer; fighting for the forests: negotiating tactics, tools, and resources for forest activists; robot Olympics; Brian Eno on world music. **\$10.**

**73. Winter 1991** — Questioning technology: Jerry Mander, Langdon Winner, Howard Levine, Peter Calthorpe, J. Baldwin, Ivan Illich, Amory and Hunter Lovins, William Calvin, and others. **\$10.**

**71. Summer 1991** — Global and local electronic networking by citizen activists; interviews with Wendy Doniger and James Hillman; storytelling, from multimedia to native American traditions; Lara Owen on menstruation; Ecuadorian shaman Mercedes Mamallacta. **\$10.**

**70. Spring 1991** — A nationwide information and communication network; political tools and poetry; the Gesundheit Institute; backyard eclipse prediction, by William Calvin; Cyberthon 1.0. Plus Wavy Gravy, Will Baker, Gore Vidal. **\$10.**

**67. Summer 1990** — Biosphere II; artificial ecology and flocking robots; the solar-powered cottage; a book Stewart Brand won't write; rats as houseguests. **\$10.**

**66. Spring 1990** — *Helping Nature Heal*: the nitty-gritty of successfully restoring natural environment, from savannas to old mine pits to forest creeks. Also: a crime lab for animals; nonviolent witness/escorts in Central America. **\$10.**

**65. Winter 1989** — *The Global Teenager*, a first-hand report from around the world; rock'n'roll revolution in the Baltics; teaching English in Japan; spontaneous healing and miracle cures. **\$10.**

**62. Spring 1989** — John Todd on applied ecology; a revival of the Goddess; a flourishing cooperative movement in Spain; environmental idealism in Costa Rica; a section on feminist journals; Malcolm Wells, Will Baker, Pliny Fisk III. **\$10.**

### PRICES:

**Endangered** issues (fewer than 30 in stock): #2, 5, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16,\* 21, 23,\* 24,\* 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 45, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 56, 58, 61, 63, 68. **\$50.**

**Rare** issues (fewer than 10 in stock): #4, 7, 9, 28,\* 51, 52, 57, 60, 64, 69, 77. **\$100.**

**Extinct** issues (bound photocopies): #1, 3, 6, 8, 55. **\$30.**

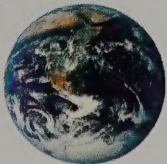
**Five-Year Index** (1988-92; issues 58 thru 77). **\$10.**

• **Issue 27** was *The Next Whole Earth Catalog*. It is not available as a back issue.

**TO ORDER:** Call 800/938-6657 (from outside the US: 415/332-1716) or fax 415/332-3110. \$20 minimum for credit-card orders (or we lose our shirts).

\* We just found a trove of these issues. They are neither rare nor endangered, so they're \$10 apiece while they last.

T H E M I L L E N N I U M

W H  L E

E A R T H

C A T A L O G

To order your copy for just **\$30\*** each, call **TOLL FREE**  
with your Visa/MC:

**800/938-6657** (9-5 PST)  
**415/332-1716** (from outside the US)

Or send **\$30\*/book** to:

Millennium Whole Earth Catalog  
PO Box 38  
Sausalito, CA 94966

\*Postage within the U.S included. Foreign orders: surface mail add \$5/book; air mail add \$15/book to Canada/Mexico and \$30/book to all other countries.  
CA residents add 7.25% sales tax.



The greater complex is never predicted  
by the parts of the lesser complex.  
Therefore, I surmise that to learn anything you  
must start with the whole – with universe.

– R. Buckminster Fuller